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JANUARY 1909

FIFTEEN CENTS

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



1909

I. The Supreme Court of the United States

MR. EX-JUSTICE BROWN

II. Making Uncle Sam's Money

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III. Secrets of the Secret Service

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IV. The National Public Health Service

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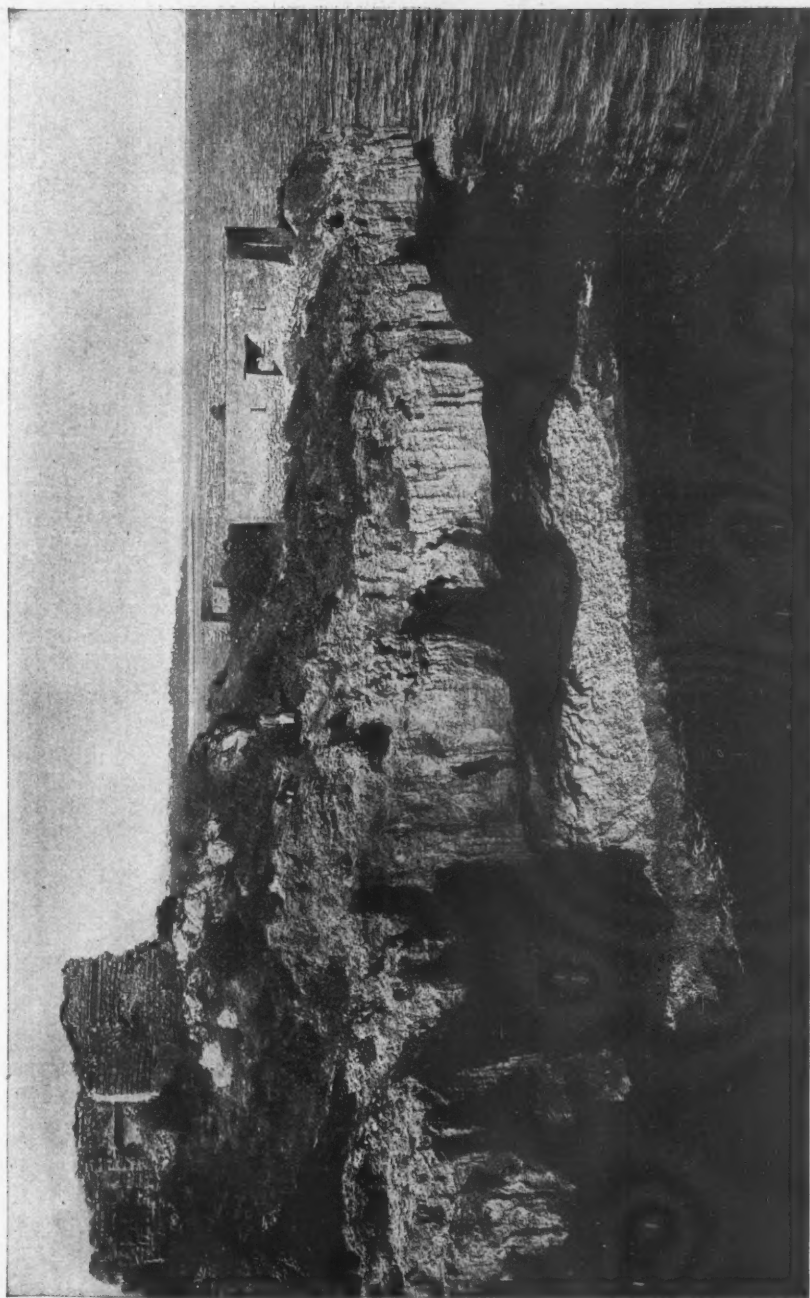
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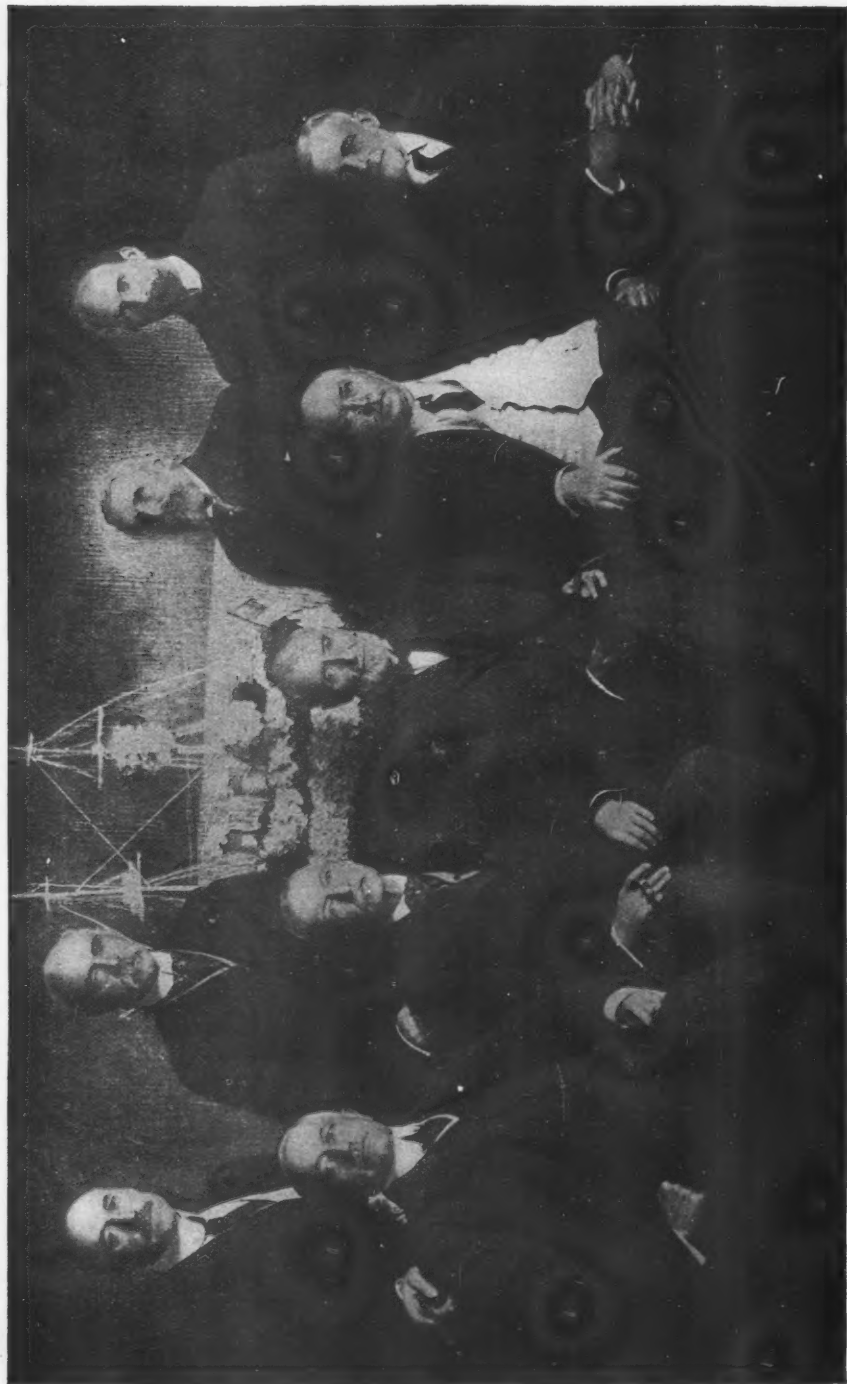






OLD PORTUGUESE FORTIFICATIONS AT THE ENTRANCE TO MOMBASA HARBOR

A bit of East African Coast very historical. Vasco da Gama landed near this old fort on Mombasa, the entrance now to the Uganda Railway, the great game centers of East Africa and the great Tanganyika Plateau



*Photo by Robert Lee Dunn*

Mr. Alexander H. Revell  
Rear Admiral Willard H. Brownson

Colonel Robert Means Thompson  
Rear Admiral Francis J. Higginson

Hon. Joseph Cannon

Rear Admiral Albert Ross  
Rear Admiral French E. Chadwick

Rear Admiral W. L. Capps  
Rear Admiral Jas. H. Dayton

VISITORS TO U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF THE MIDDLE WEST AT CHICAGO, LUNCHEON GUESTS OF MR. A. H. REVELL

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXIX

JANUARY, 1909

NUMBER FOUR



## Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



S a promising prelude for tariff revision scores, the meeting of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives took place in November. Altogether, it was one of the most important gatherings in Washington for years. Special days for the hearings were assigned the various industries; there was a hide and leather day, a jewelry day, an iron day, a paper day, and at the scheduled time each industry was well represented before the committee.

In a large corner room of the handsome new office building of the House of Representatives, under the chandeliers decorated with the Stars and Stripes draped in a fan-like manner, the members of the committee—Serenio E. Payne, John Dalzell, Samuel W. McCall, Ebenezer J. Hill, Henry S. Boutell, James E. Watson, James C. Needham, William A. Calderhead, Joseph W. Fordney, Joseph H. Gaines, Robert W. Bonyng, Nicholas Longworth, Champ Clark, W. Bourke Cockran, Oscar W. Underwood, Daniel L. D. Granger, James M. Griggs, Edward W. Pou and Choice B. Randell—sat on a circular bench, suggesting the arrayed judges of the Supreme Court when in session. Behind the chairman, Serenio E. Payne, a large red damask curtain, the pattern of which recalled old pictures of the walls of Troy, proved an effective background; the stately legislators entered between its folds and dropping them gracefully passed to their seats on the bench.

The deep bass voice of the chairman filled the room, and although he occasionally raised

his hand to his ear to catch an indistinct word, he doubtless heard everything worth hearing. Congressman Dalzell with florid necktie, the dignified Sam McCall chewing an unlit cigar and keeping his impassive, judicial gaze fixed on questioner and witness, Mr. Underwood wearing his usual pleasant smile, and Nicholas Longworth serenely studying his surroundings, were all in evidence. Many ladies and interested business men were present, and during the long sessions the room was always well filled.

The members of the committee appeared in relays, in order to hear every word. If Champ Clark retired behind the curtain, then Representative Underwood of Alabama instantly appeared on the scene; when Mr. Calderhead felt the strain of the long session, he was relieved by Congressman Longworth, who leaned back reflectively and took in the free-for-all volunteer testimony. Those who appeared were not sworn, but were quite as rigidly cross-examined as if in a court of justice, though there was a freedom from restraint not incident to judicial proceedings. The way those members did probe business secrets was a caution. It was finally decided that the form of a legal brief would best present the tariff requirements on each article named thus escaping the wearisome process of examining numerous witnesses. The revision prelude promises to furnish good material for some lively debates during the coming session.

Ex-Congressman Littauer appeared very popular with his old colleagues, bowing graciously to right and left as he "put on the

gloves," so to speak, to tell the committee of the glove factories at Gloversville. The contest between the importers and the ex-congressman on the glove industry was highly entertaining, showing, along with other phases of the trade, how the fancy of womankind for long hand coverings has affected this manu-



Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck

REV. U. G. B. PIERCE  
Rector All Souls Church and Spiritual Adviser of  
President-Elect Taft

facture, the tariff on short and long gloves being exactly the same. The development of this industry has given employment to over 20,000 people.

No sooner was the subject of gloves disposed of, under the call for time, than a gentleman arose and entered upon a dissertation concerning the tariff on "catgut and

wheel grease"; and the romantic way in which he presented these rather prosaic subjects showed the picturesque side even in practical business affairs.

When a witness indulged in a protective tariff speech it aroused the ire of Champ Clark, and things went merrily. The extemporaneous testimony and addresses of the volunteer witnesses proved exciting, and the interrogation that followed was strongly characteristic of the several members of the committee. Congressman Dalzell's queries were the incisive, sharp questions of a business man driving straight for the real point, while the deliberative dignity of Chairman Payne's interrogations might have served as a model for judicial department, and Bourke Cockran's grave queries savored of a religious ceremony; yet everyone appeared too busy to give much thought to these minor features.

The witnesses appeared to regard each member of the committee seated around that crescent table as a regular "Turk"; indeed, how much profit a man made on his last year's business was quite a common question, and some of the witnesses declined to make the facts public, promising to give the information in confidence at the proper time. The work done has confirmed the statement made years ago by General Hancock during his campaign for the presidency, that "the tariff is a local issue." In many sections the livelihood of the people is materially affected by the tariff on a given product or manufacture, and it behooves the committee to move cautiously and conservatively. There must be a tariff for revenue, though radical modification of the Dingley tariff schedule will be stubbornly contested.

It has been computed that at least from sixty to seventy thousand words of testimony were taken at each day's session of this hearing. What millions of words of testimony will be chronicled before the committee has reached the final comparison and discussion!

With the prospect of tariff revision, there will be busy days for the Ways and Means Committee, and midnight electric bells will tinkle merrily. This committee has to deal with the actual raising of the revenue. Each congressman and senator will have the local interests of his constituency to watch, and take heed that they are not injured in the shuffle-shuffle of the "Revisory Retort." Tariff revision is in the air; everybody talks about





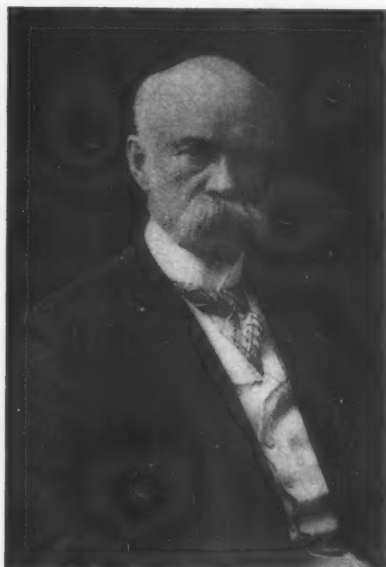
SENATOR W. P. FRYE OF MAINE

W. P. FRYE  
OF MAINE  
1850

it; everybody wants it, and revision it will be—revision with the cost-marks well displayed. No old-time secret cost-marks in Uncle Sam's shop now; it must be in "plain figures" and "one price to all," as my old friend Ike Schwager always advertised.

\* \* \*

AT the opening session of Congress there is always a goodly attendance of wives, sisters, cousins and aunts of the congressmen and senators, and the diplomatic gallery is



ROBERT MEANS THOMPSON

A naval man by education and active in Navy League work

usually well filled; but, despite the flash and brilliancy of the startling millinery in the galleries, the December session was inducted with a somewhat sombre atmosphere. As the roll was called and the vacant seats noted, a feeling of sadness fell upon the members. In the Senate the Grand Old Man of Iowa, the late Senator William B. Allison, who completed over a third of a century's service in that body, was deeply and sincerely missed by his brother legislators.

The first order of business in the Senate was the swearing-in of Senator Carroll S. Page of Vermont. In the House old comrades made merry with democratic friends

and carried on a lively conversation with the new leader of their party, the inimitable Champ Clark of Missouri. It was clear that in the House of Representatives the first order of business would be a sort of debating society movement on the tariff revision. By unanimous consent, the Ways and Means Committee were enjoined to continue tariff hearings, summon witnesses and call for such books and papers as they might require, without limit. This furnished the act giving formal sanction to the work of the tariff hearings.

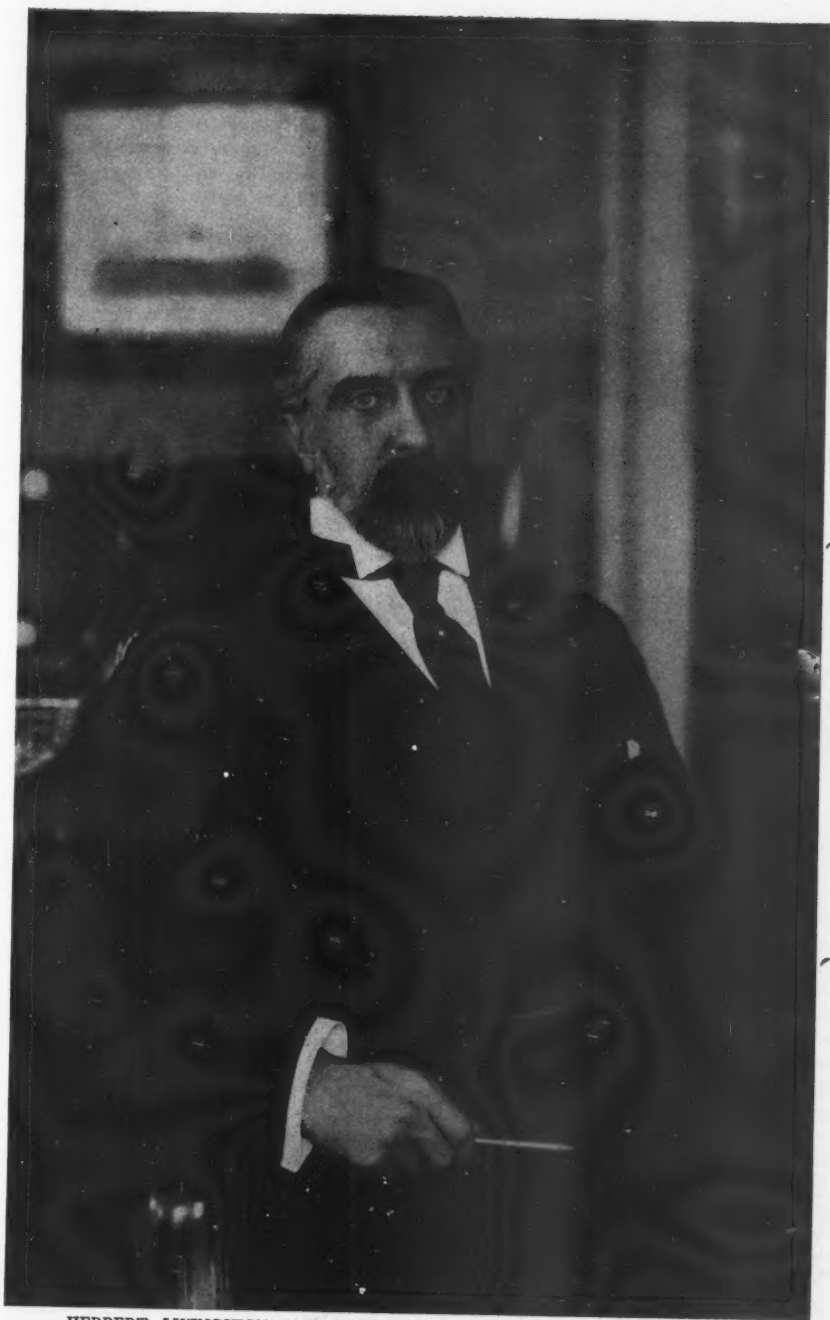
\* \* \*

IT is generally agreed in official circles that Herbert Livingston Satterlee is especially competent to take charge of the portfolio of assistant secretary of the navy; he has long been affiliated with naval affairs, has a thorough comprehension of past and present conditions and has already made his mark in other lines of usefulness, as a brilliant lawyer and a good business man of constructive as well as executive force. He is in the prime of life. A New Yorker by birth, he is the son of George B. Satterlee, a prominent merchant and banker of the Giant City. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1883, and has since obtained the degrees of B.S., A.M., Ph.D. and LL.B.

Mr. Satterlee was private secretary to Hon. William M. Everts, and was also aide-de-camp to Governors Morton and Black, New York State. During the Spanish-American war he was chief of staff to Captain J. R. Bartlett. He is a member of many patriotic societies, scientific institutions and of the principal New York clubs. Mrs. Satterlee was Miss Louisa Pierpont Morgan, the daughter of the great financier.

\* \* \*

THE periodic agitation in reference to the House' rules has subsided; difficulties are usually due to some misunderstanding of the rules. It seems that the criticism on Speaker Cannon is a direct protest against the decision of the majority of the membership of the House. Speaker Reed, who completely revolutionized the rules of the House, established a precedent for the guidance of every subsequent speaker, despite discontented mutterings in the cloak-room. Open discussion has proved that these rules are necessary for the despatch of business in a



HERBERT LIVINGSTON SATTERLEE, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

body of the size and constitutional limitations of the House of Representatives. With nearly 400 members before him, without knowing whether the anticipated speech would be in line with the matter under consideration, it



*Photo by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.*

HON. E. A. HAYES OF CALIFORNIA

would be a physical impossibility for the speaker to recognize indiscriminately every legislator who desired to be heard.

Speaker Randall insisted on designating who was to speak and who to keep silence, that power having been given him by the House, and, owing to the vast amount of work that has to be done during each session, it is more than ever necessary to recognize the rights of the senior member of the committee having charge of the special matter under discussion, for it is only reasonable to suppose that he has collected in his committee room a careful digest of the information required.

Therefore, it has been decided that the mere act of getting on his feet—"physical activity"—is no longer a valid reason for recognition by the speaker of the House of Representatives, when the member who desires to be heard has not been designated to speak.

**C**REDIT for modernizing governmental business methods, it is generally admitted, is largely due to the Honorable George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury. That quiet, unostentatious office in a corner of the Treasury Building, with windows overlooking the busy scene presented by the changing of the Parthenon columns, has witnessed a great business transaction carried through with as little fuss as though nothing more than a trifling outlay for the purchase of a few postage stamps were involved.

The offering of the \$30,000,000 issue of the Panama bonds brought a total of 831 bids, of which 159 were accepted, coming from all classes of citizens and all sections of the country. Only three irregular bids were received. The highest bid was \$105, but the average was slightly under \$102.50—



WIFE AND DAUGHTER OF SENATOR GORE  
OF OKLAHOMA

a very good price, considering that the bonds bear only two per cent. interest. Never before in the history of the Treasury Department has the public been so fully acquainted with all the details of any governmental transaction; the information was given in the clear manner characteristic of every utterance of Secretary Cortelyou, whose



work in the Treasury Department has been marked by the same systematic thoroughness with which he performed his duties as secretary at the White House, when he insisted that every letter received there should be answered within twenty-four hours. His paramount idea has always been to give careful attention to even minute details and have everything done systematically. No one has ever seen Secretary Cortelyou sitting at a desk cluttered with useless papers; his clear instructions keep all business passing through his hands moving in regular measure.

Few men in public life have so thorough a knowledge of the actual working of the various departments and of the presidential duties; he has served as secretary to three presidents and has also filled important positions in different departments, hav-

and represents the General with his famous horse, Rienzi, meeting his men in flight from Cedar Creek, when he shouted: "Turn, boys, we are going back," and led them on to a glorious victory.



REPRESENTATIVE CHARLES E. FULLER  
OF BELVIDERE, ILLINOIS



MISS CAROL NEWBERRY  
Daughter of Truman H. Newberry,  
Secretary of the Navy

ing held successively three Cabinet posts—a unique record in the official chronicles entered in the Blue Book.

\* \* \*

**I**MPRESSIVE indeed were the ceremonies in November at the unveiling of the statue of General Philip Henry Sheridan. It is one and three quarter times larger than life

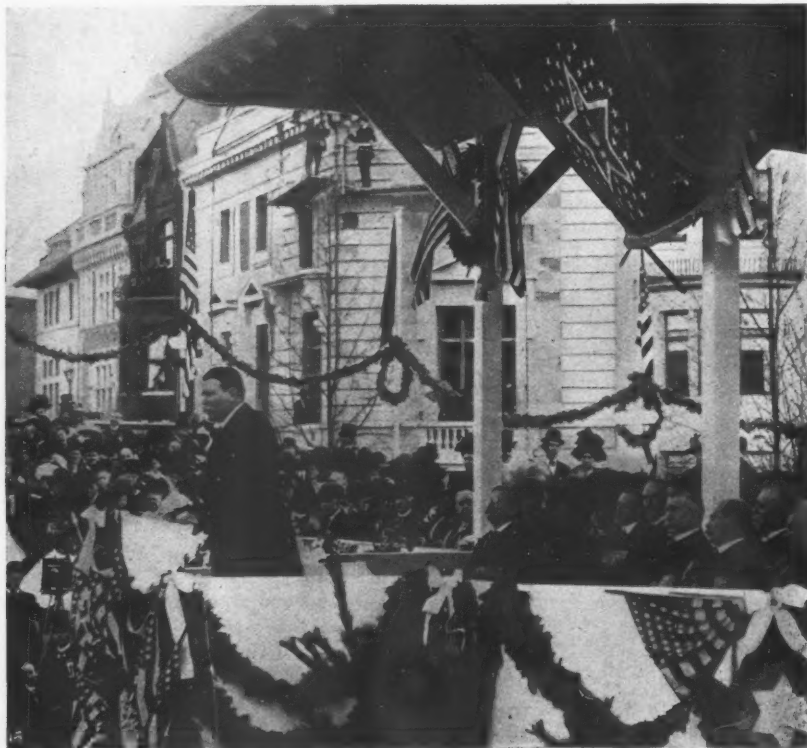
The statue was unveiled by Mrs. Sheridan, accompanied by her son, Lieutenant Phil Sheridan, who stood beside her as she drew the cord that held the drapery. The memorial to the brave General is located in Sheridan Square, one of the most popular drives for sight-seers in Washington, surrounded on all sides by handsome mansions. The military parade was headed by J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff of the army, and the assembly at the unveiling included a number of distinguished men—the President, veterans of the Civil War, prominent politicians, court officials and many well-known civilians.

The address of General Horace Porter, former ambassador to France, was a masterly oration delivered by one who had known the dashing cavalry officer whose glorious career will always furnish pages of history of which every American may be proud.

General Porter ably sketched the life of the illustrious soldier, from the time when,

as a youth of fourteen, and because he disliked to be a burden to his parents, he obtained in a country store a position at twenty-five dollars a year and board. Later he became a bookkeeper. The Mexican War awakened his military ambition and by the recommendation of the congressman for his district he was enabled in 1848 to enter the military academy at West Point.

General Halleck's auditor, quickly correcting his tangled accounts. He was afterward made quartermaster and commissary, performing valuable service and being highly commended. The young man longed for active service, however, and in 1862 his wish was granted when he was made a member of General Halleck's staff, then at Pittsburg Landing. Later he was appointed colonel



*Photo by The National Press Association*

**GENERAL HORACE PORTER SPEAKING AT UNVEILING OF SHERIDAN MONUMENT**

In grand stand, seated behind General Porter, are:—President Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President Fairbanks, Secretary of War Wright, Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor; Rev. O'Connell, Bishop-elect Harding, Lieutenant Sheridan

When the Indian troubles began in Oregon in 1856, Sheridan was chosen to lead an expedition, in which he rescued the whites from a blockhouse and held his ground until re-enforcements arrived. For this he was highly commended by General Scott and General Wool.

When the Civil War broke out Sheridan was transferred to the East, and became

of the Second Michigan Cavalry, and in this position developed characteristics which became conspicuous in all his after campaigns. He secured trustworthy scouts and guides, and finding no maps of any value in existence, he set to work to construct them, and with the knowledge thus attained made most effective and unexpected attacks when he was obliged to make sudden and rapid move-



*Photo by The National Press Association*

UNVEILING SHERIDAN MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., [NOVEMBER 25

ments in the enemy's country. It was said of him in the army that "if Sheridan took an afternoon nap, he went to sleep with a map in his hand."

In June, 1863, the Army of the Cumberland advanced against Bragg's army, and Sheridan's division was frequently in the lead. In bridging the Tennessee River and pursuing Bragg's army, Sheridan shone as a practical soldier. A week's marching and countermarching had wearied his men before their arrival on the field of Chickamauga; nevertheless, inspired by their commander, they suffered severe losses with gallantry.

In the retreat of the Twentieth Corps to Chattanooga, Sheridan's division formed the rear guard. Apropos of this event, General Porter said:

"I shall never forget General Sheridan's appearance when I met him that memorable second day of the fight. His cheeks were bronzed by Southern suns and his face was begrimed with the smoke of battle; he had scarcely slept or tasted food for nearly twenty-four hours, yet his voice was as cheery, his movements as vigorous and his mind as alert as on many a day when the army was advancing instead of retreating."

In the battle of Missionary Ridge, Sheridan's division was conspicuous for its brave front. It was the first time he had fought under General Grant's personal direction, and that officer was profoundly impressed with his admirable military qualities. In his memoirs he says:

"To Sheridan's prompt movement, the Army of the Cumberland and the nation are indebted for the bulk of the captures of

prisoners, artillery and small arms that day. Except for his prompt pursuit, so much in this way would not have been accomplished."

In March, 1864, when it was decided to reorganize the cavalry, General Grant suggested Sheridan as the most capable officer to command it, and the young officer, five feet, six inches in height, only thirty-three years old—though looking still younger—and weighing but 115 pounds, was presented to the President and other officials. When General Grant next met him, the President said: "The officer you brought on from the West seems rather a little fellow to handle your cavalry."

To which Grant replied: "You will find him big enough for the purpose before we get through with him."

In appreciation of his successes at Blue Ridge, Sheridan was made a brigadier-general in the regular army. Shortly after, when on his way back from Washington and within twenty miles of his army, he heard very heavy firing and learned that the enemy had attacked. Putting spurs to his favorite horse, Rienzi, and dashing at break-neck speed to the

front, he met his army in full retreat; whereupon, hardly drawing rein, he cried, "We must face the other way! We will go back and recover our camp!" The presence of the gallant commander changed the fortunes of the day. "Sheridan's Ride" has become famous in story and song, on canvas and, now, in sculpture. Grant ordered a salute to be fired in honor of the signal victory, and said to members of his staff, "No man would be better fitted to command all the armies in the field." At this time Sheridan was made major-general of the regular army.



REPRESENTATIVE G. W. FAIRCHILD  
OF ONEONTA, NEW YORK



In the final campaign against Lee's army, Sheridan over and over again distinguished himself. "It would be a sorry soldier who could help following such a leader," said General Porter.

When the war was ended Sheridan still continued in military service. In 1870 he visited Europe to witness the operations in the Franco-Prussian War. He was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general, and finally given the highest military title known in our government, that of general. From a personal acquaintance, General Porter sums up the ideal warrior in the following eloquent tribute:

"Possessed of the highest characteristics of the soldier—bold in conception, self-reliant, prompt in decision, fertile in resources, possessing an intuitive knowledge of topography, combining the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius—no wonder Sheridan stands in the front rank of the world's great captains."

\* \* \*

VERY frequently subscribers ask questions very diffi-

cult to answer concerning affairs at Washington. During the recent campaign scores of letters have come in asking for information as to the power of money in legislative affairs.

Personal observation confirms me in the belief that money is not a predominant force. It is unnecessary to affirm that Theodore Roosevelt has been impervious to all pecuniary temptations, and a personal acquaintance with the members of the Senate and House brings the conviction that the personnel of the Congress of the United States, as a whole, is true and loyal to the best interests of the people, and serves them with unim-

peachable integrity. Of course there may be exceptions, but mere wealth *per se* has less influence, to my mind, in 1908 than it has ever had in the history of this country.

Corruption brought about by money influence may exist, but I have not seen it; that may be my fault, for persons see what they look for, and it has never occurred to me to search for this. The limelight of publicity turned upon all affairs, personal and public, has done much to abolish corruption; nowadays nothing can be done and kept long hidden from the argus-eyed newspaper men, and the old-time secretive methods are as obsolete as they are unsafe.

\* \* \*

NOW that everything has fallen under the spell of mechanics and is run by machinery, a device has been invented called the stenotyper. It is much lighter in weight than a typewriter, and has six keys which operate combinations forming a complete alphabet in themselves, somewhat similar to the dots and dashes of the Morse code. It is said that much less

intelligence is required to run this machine than would be needed to memorize the rules of lawn tennis or any other popular game, and further, that in a very short time one can learn to operate the stenotyper at fairly high speed.

This new mode of writing shorthand is not based on phonetics, but on syllables, which are combined somewhat on the same plan as a chord of music; while many notes are produced, yet only one movement of the hand is required to obtain the combination of sounds, all unnecessary notes being eliminated. On the same principle, all unessential vowels and consonants are omitted.



Photo by Harris & Ewing

REPRESENTATIVE F. R. LASSITER  
OF VIRGINIA

THE striking portrait of Secretary Jefferson Davis always attracts attention. When General Dennison of Canada recently visited the War Department, he quickly recognized the picture of his old friend of *ante bellum* days, even in the dim light of the room, and told us some interesting reminiscences of the days when Mr. Davis was secretary of war. It seems that the Secretary took a great fancy

Cameron, later held the same Cabinet position; William H. Taft, as secretary of war, also occupied a post previously held by his father, and soon found his official seat in the War Department beneath the portrait of his distinguished parent, who served in Grant's Cabinet.

It was the day after the Army and Navy football game, and the rivalry between the two departments was at its height; gradually

the conversation drifted back from reminiscences of the good old days, and we fell into a discussion of the merits of the rival football teams. Presently General Michael V. Sheridan, retired, came in. He is a younger brother of General Phil Sheridan, and at the age of twenty years enlisted in the army, entering a Missouri regiment and serving many years. The General closely resembles his distinguished brother, his carriage displaying all the precision and dignified grace of the army officer, for, despite his civilian attire, nothing can conceal the bearing acquired in years of military training.

\* \* \*

A DINNER was given recently to Frank H. Hitchcock, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the members of the "young guard" who were associated with him in the Eastern and Western divisions at New York and Chicago headquarters during the campaign of 1908. A handsome watch was presented to him, a loving-cup to Victor L. Mason and a silver service to Richard V. Oulahan. The speeches were of a colloquial character and very suggestive of a big

family dinner party, and the occasion may result in the creation of a permanent and wide-awake organization. Senator Joseph M. Dixon of Montana, who was in charge of the Speakers' Bureau at Chicago, presided as toastmaster in his usual felicitous manner, while addresses were made by Mr. C. P. Taft, brother of the president-elect, and nearly every one of the fifty-six gentlemen present,



Copyright, 1908, Frederic B. Hyde, Washington

PRESIDENT-ELECT TAFT STANDING BENEATH THE PICTURE OF HIS FATHER

to the young British officer, who has since written a book which is an authority on cavalry tactics. In this room there is also a portrait depicting the massive head, smooth, strong face and picturesque gray locks of Simon Cameron, secretary of war during Lincoln's administration, and on the opposite wall a portrait of a gentleman with fierce military moustaches recalls the fact that his son, J. Don.



*Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck*

HON. H. DE LAGERCRANTZ, SWEDISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

so that altogether it was a delightful reunion of the men engaged in political work, many of whom had never seen each other before, though well acquainted by means of routine correspondence and the printed page.

Senator Penrose represented the old guard, and John "Evergreen" Monk and David Goliath Barry helped to throw the *bon mots* of the evening. Ormsby McHarg, silent and thoughtful, could have told some thrilling experiences of the campaign in the forty-seven states which he covered, had he been so minded. There were fifty-six varieties of answers to the roll-call; the dinner was a fitting



KERMIT ROOSEVELT  
On his way to school

climax of the "new era in political campaigning" and a splendid and well-deserved tribute to the young chairman of the National Republican Committee, who may do honor to a portfolio in President Taft's Cabinet.

\* \* \*

NEAR the Capitol at Washington lives Miss Alice C. Fletcher, a New England woman who has devoted many years to painstaking study of Indian life, and the lore collected in half a lifetime of observation presents indeed a realistic picture of the remote past of the red man. After fifteen years of research, she has succeeded in verifying the conclusions she had formed as to the nature and beauty of the ritual and music of

many Indian religious ceremonies. She has at last achieved her ambition, and been rewarded by the discovery of an aged Pawnee warrior who understands and remembers the "hako" or sacred verses, and has been persuaded to sing the entire ritual into a talking machine. According to the Pawnee chief, Tahí Russa Wichí, who is seventy years of age, even the wearing of the feather head-dress had its special religious significance, and was to them far more than a mere adornment.

Miss Fletcher has been very eager to learn all that she possibly could of the thoughts and customs of his warlike tribe and of all Indians while they are still with us as a people. It will soon be too late to acquire any definite information concerning their beliefs, and the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, where the value of such information is appreciated, has been glad to co-operate with her in this work of preserving some glimpses of a race that in another half-century may be extinct. It hardly seems possible that only two centuries ago they were absolute "lords of the soil."

It has been the fashion to decry the idea of the "noble savage," but those who know the Indians best declare that they have very clear ideas in regard to the existence of a God, who reigns all-powerful and alone, a belief set forth plainly in the "hako," a Pawnee Indian ceremony.

Father, unto thee we cry!  
Father thou of gods and men;  
Father thou of all we hear;  
Father thou of all we see.  
Father, unto thee we cry!

When the aged chief, Tahí Russa Wichí, looking upon the Washington Monument, was asked if he would not ascend to the top, he replied:

"I will not go up; the white man likes to pile up stones. He may go to the top of them. I will not. I have ascended the mountains builded by God himself."

It is not surprising that a race cherishing such sentiments and such a love of nature should have a religious ritual full of lofty poetic sentiment. This ritual Miss Fletcher has put together piece by piece after many years spent among the Indians, during which she never ceased to watch them with the keen eye of an enthusiast. Her clear and tactful understanding and sympathy have preserved for us something of the religious





*Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck*

MRS. LUKE WRIGHT, WIFE OF SECRETARY OF WAR WRIGHT

spirit existing in the red man's symbols and forming part of the old Indian ritual sung at daylight and nightfall by devotees with rapt faces. Miss Fletcher says that the face of the old Indian was almost transfigured as he told of the happiness brought to the worshippers by the visions which attend the "hako." The songs of the night season he would never speak of in the daytime. Miss Fletcher sat at the piano and played for us the Indian melodies, and these verses as

character of many of those American Indians who once traversed

Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,  
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar  
and wolf prowled near;  
To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and  
rose a-bloom;  
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's bush  
and gloom;  
By the veins of gold and silver and the mountains vast  
and grim—  
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's rim.

\* \* \*



JACKSON S. ELLIOTT

Who did good work in the Republican National Committee in the recent campaign

translated by her are certainly not the aspirations of a people of low ideals:

Holy visions!  
Hither come, we pray you, come unto us,  
Bringing with you joy;  
Come, O come to us, holy visions,  
Bringing with you joy.

Holy visions!  
They, the sky ascending, reach their dwelling;  
There they rest above.  
They their dwelling reach—holy visions—  
There they rest above.

On the day we visited Miss Fletcher she also received as a guest Edna Dean Proctor, whose "Song of the Ancient People, born with the sun and rain," has done so much to create a better understanding of the lofty

WARM was the welcome accorded by his colleagues in the Senate to Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina on his return from Europe. With all his pitchfork fierceness, he has always commanded the respect of political foes and friends. Mr. Tillman has returned with a good story about the "working minorities," which he has so ably represented for years past. It seems that Bill Tiggins dwells in Charleston. A friend came along one day and remarked, "Bill, it seems to me that you have not much voice in the management of your house these days."

Bill sadly shook his head; then, brightening visibly, said: "Well, I'll tell you one thing—I support my wife, seventeen children and four sons-in-law, and if I'm not doing much bossing around the house just now, I am surely a fine specimen of the 'workin' minority'—'the bossed of the bossed.'"

\* \* \*

THE term "intense" may be aptly applied to Governor Page. I shall always know him, as will his neighbors, by that title rather than by his new one of Senator. When I asked the Governor some time since to give me a few moments' time that I might construct a sort of thumb-nail sketch of Vermont's new United States Senator, he wore that cheery smile which is heightened by the twinkling, humorous eyes that win one's confidence before one has even had an opportunity to hear him talk on business, current events and politics. The Governor is certainly a wizard of the business world, and ought long ago to have been made a diplomat.

While Governor Page has made a success of buying and selling calfskins and of banking (largely by the liberal use of printers' ink), he has doubtless been the recipient of a greater number of complimentary press refer-

ences than the average public man receives, owing to the personal magnetism of the man himself.

Some day I expect the Senator will get reminiscent and add to the Senate's already large stock of cloak-room anecdotes. He is well known as a good story-teller and his tales are always apropos.

He is not an orator, but when he writes me a letter I am always inclined to read it several times. The recipient of an epistle from Senator Page cannot fail to reciprocate the impulse that has prompted the writer. Whether he is selling a man a car load of calfskins or extending his felicitations or condolences, there is always something magnetic and compelling in his letters.

He is one of the busiest men in Vermont and yet never too busy to lean back at his desk and listen courteously to questions or something the visitor wishes to tell him.

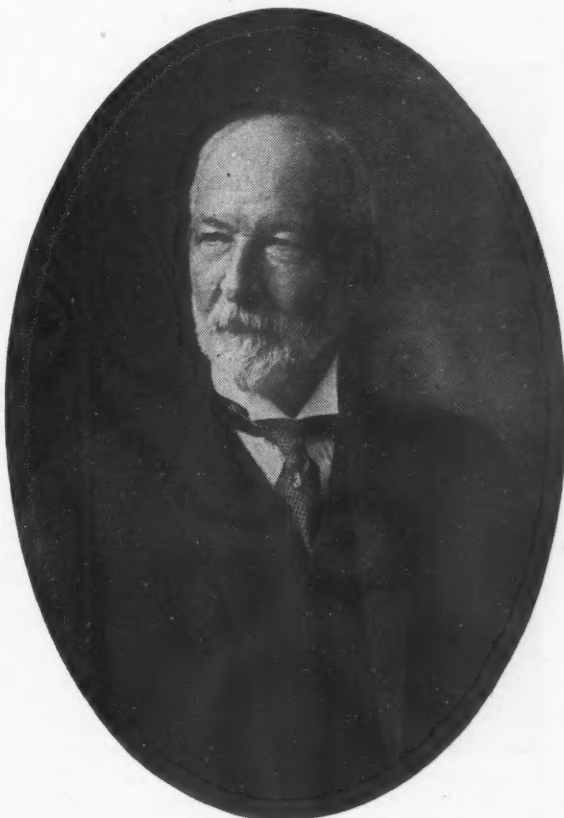
His home is characteristic of him, there being plenty of room, plenty of sunshine and a view from the south porch that the Swiss Alps cannot duplicate. Here inspiration for the intensely strenuous, the best, can be had.

\* \* \*

NOTHING in the way of charity appeals so strongly to the hearts of the American people as the work of finding homes for little waifs. When that contribution box comes around, one digs a little deeper than usual into the money pocket. This was impressed on me when on one of my trips West I saw sixty-seven babies, varying in age from two to five years, and of every shade of color from white to black, who were in a special car, with two sisters of charity and two trained nurses in charge, on a train speeding to the Middle West, where the Home Finding Society of New York had arranged to secure

homes for the little orphans. It is doubtful if we should have known who our fellow travelers in the next car were if the conductor had not come into the smoker and told us of the little ones.

"They look so happy," he said. "Every time I go through some of them want to shake



UNITED STATES SENATOR PAGE OF VERMONT

hands with me, play with my buttons or kiss me. They look up and smile—never saw such a happy crowd of kids."

So we went in relays to visit the little people, and agreed that they were as sweet as any babies could possibly be. The pity of it was that no father or mother would ever love and cherish them, but we were all glad to hear that they are kindly received in the homes where they are placed, and grow up to love and honor their adopted parents.

WITH the stirring lines of Longfellow—

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!  
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!  
Humanity with all its fears,  
With all the hopes of future years,  
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!—

ringing in my ears, I joined the delegation of North Dakota folk, a hundred strong, in Boston, and we entered the special train provided to convey passengers on that mo-



REPRESENTATIVE ADIN B. CAPRON  
OF STILLWATER, RHODE ISLAND

mentous day to the Fore River Shipyards, which have been prominently identified with the construction of the latest and best in naval and other shipping for many years. We were to witness the launching of the new battleship, the "North Dakota," the largest of her class that ever swept in majesty down the ways.

Made up of old friends and neighbors from North Dakota, with all the vim and generous enthusiasm of the determined, fearless people who breathe the crisp air of the giant West-

ern States, the party was a jolly one. Governor John Burke, the sturdy Democrat who has won his election in a Republican state, was there, his genial face framed by his tall silk hat and the fur collar of his overcoat. There, too, was courteous Colonel Brockmeyer, the master of ceremonies, and Colonels Lang, Burrows and McCutcheon—all thorough good fellows. No gold lace was displayed on this occasion, but it will doubtless be in evidence at the presentation of the handsome silver service, costing \$6,000, which will take place when the North Dakota makes her trial trip.

There was a large delegation of North Dakota ladies in the party, for the women of the Golden Northwest are always "at the front" when there is anything of interest going on. It was indeed a gay company, bedecked with silken flags and great chrysanthemums, and the fact that many of them were now to look for the first time on salt water added much interest to the trip.

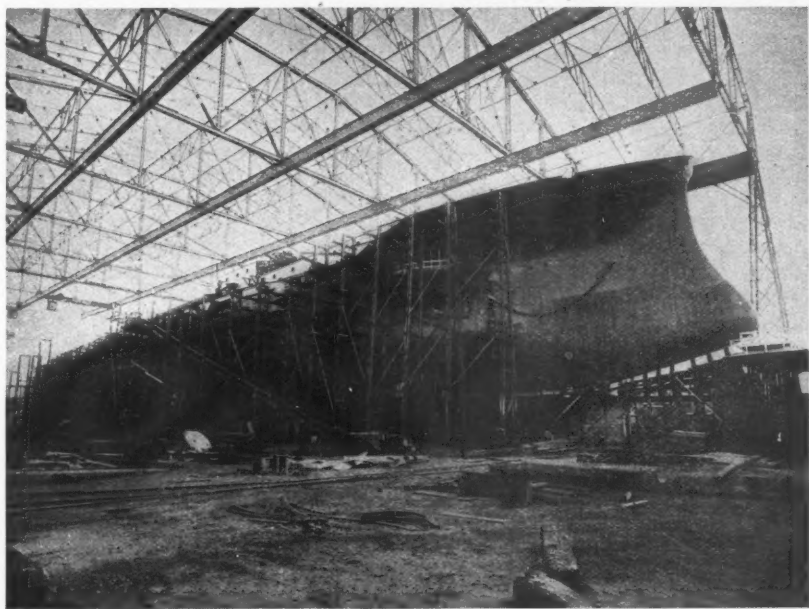
\* \* \*

The great hull of the mighty battleship stood out against the horizon, as if disdaining all chances of war or the naval rivalry of alien people; the powerful leviathan reminded one of a sleeping lion waiting to be unleashed. Standing before the bow of the vessel, the port-holes on either side of the monster's sharp nose looked like giant eyes staring one out of countenance, but from the great ram to the stern the lines swept in curves as delicate and true as those of the Venus de Milo. Thrills of expectancy from time to time seized and swayed the waiting throng, as the preparations for the naval baptism and the bridal of ship and sea went on. First came the artillery sounds of iron struck on iron—now a light tap, now a heavy one, as the tinkling little hammers or the heavy sledges tore at block and brace. Chains rattled against the sides of the ship, followed by the swishing sound of the cross-cuts sawing blocks and sole pieces; one snapped—another—another—it sounded like escaping steam; there was a graceful dip, an undulation of the bow, as the great mass settled into its cradle and swept down the ways to the sea. What a moment it was when Miss Benton stood before the great warship, her extended right hand holding by a ribbon of red, white and blue the christening magnum

of costly champagne, and uttered the formula, "I christen thee North Dakota." As she bent forward and dashed the fragile bottle against the red bows, the seething nectar covered the surface with splashes of white foam.

All the omens indicated good luck for the career of the North Dakota. The launching of a ship, even a little one, has something touching and solemn about it, suggestive of the commencement of a human career. As the great ship swept down the ways, driving the water before her, the crack, crack of the

shape of the actual parts. In this giant guest chamber a thousand or more people were heartily welcomed by an address from Admiral Bowles, the general manager of the Fore River Marine Ship Building Company. Governor Burke gave a hearty response, and at the close of his remarks read a poem composed for the occasion, impressing the fact on his hearers that other things beside wheat—poets, for instance—were grown in North Dakota. Admiral Bowles made a marked impression when he said that there was one



THE NORTH DAKOTA, AS SHE STOOD ON THE WAYS BEFORE LAUNCHING

smaller chains and ropes was heard, and at last nothing remained except the great chains that steadied her and kept her on an even keel. She settled on the waves, shaking her feathers and pluming her wings like some giant bird glad to be free at last. As far as the eye could reach across the harbor, motor boats and tugs were in evidence; closer, small craft hung about; everybody was watching and waiting for the great event of the day.

After the launching, luncheon was served in the mold loft, where every part of the great vessels is modeled in thin strips of wood and laid on the floor, all being the exact size and

thing the West could never take away from the East—salt water. Never a word did he utter about ship subsidies, and some of us thought he lost a good opportunity to speak on a burning subject.

We sympathized with the yard officials in their pride at having so nearly completed the great ship in so short a time. The keel of the North Dakota was laid on the sixteenth of December, the day on which the Atlantic fleet sailed away from Hampton Roads on its famous trip around the world. In less than a year the ship was launched, sixty per cent. complete. The machinery and engines are



still to be installed, and in her trial trip she is expected to make twenty-one knots an hour, being considered not only the largest but the swiftest battleship yet built.

True, the American navy is advancing by leaps and bounds, but what a great thing it would be for this nation to have once again on the Atlantic Coast such a merchant marine as that of 1860, to carry American enterprise to all the harbors of the world and bring their varied commodities to our shores.

The 4,000 men now employed in the Fore River Shipyards ought to be multiplied by many thousand, for this nation ought no longer to pay the enormous tribute of one hundred and sixty millions for foreign water transportation. It has been demonstrated that she can and does build the best battleships, and there is no reason why first-class merchant craft should not also be turned out from American shipyards.

\* \* \*

Yes, I followed the fashion and carried away a piece of cable; it was amusing to see the North Dakota friends doing up long strips of rope to take home. All hail to North Dakota!

Always the home of brave, patriotic, enduring and aggressive people, from now on she will be represented on the waters of the world by a mighty champion of the seas, even though the inviolable ocean can never touch her boundary lines with its fleecy foam.

\* \* \*

WHEN the late General Stephen D. Lee of Mississippi, Commander-in-Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, answered his last roll call he passed away mourned by hosts of the South's best citizens. The soldiers who had fought with him during the Civil War between the States feel the loss as a

personal bereavement. A valiant soldier in war he was the trusted counsellor of the commanders over him and they did not hesitate to compliment him on his gallantry on many occasions. President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy paid him a just tribute when he said "he was one of the best all-round soldiers we had, superb in artillery, dashing as a cavalryman, and equally capable as a commander of infantry." General Lee was one of the first to set about the task of



JOHN BANNATYNE

Whose sudden death while visiting old home scenes in Scotland removes one of the pioneers in the great Scotch Syndicate of Dry Goods Merchants so successful in the United States

rebuilding the Southland and for almost twenty years was President of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Starkville, Miss., where his upright character and noble work made him beloved by the "home folks." An indication that the old sectional feeling is fast dying out was emphasized when General Lee was appointed as a commissioner of the National Military Park by President Roosevelt; he was devoting his life to the work when stricken down. His last illness was brought on by overexertion in welcoming to the city of Vicksburg the brave soldiers of the old Twenty-first Iowa and the Wisconsin regiments who had op-

posed him in deadly battle on this same field forty-five years before to the exact day. His address of welcome and tribute to the boys in blue who had stood before his batteries was a token of comradeship. The gallant escort for President Roosevelt last October, when he visited Vicksburg, was General Lee and the same watchful eye looked after Mrs. Roosevelt on the occasion of her visit. Such men as he are missed, and whether wearers of the "blue" or the "gray" the memories are tender and the wish is always expressed, "Would that we had more such characters to give counsel and encouragement in the affairs of the nation!"



*Photo Copyright by G. V. Buck*

MME. H. DE LAGERCRANTZ, WIFE OF THE SWEDISH MINISTER

IN introducing the plans for the coming year, and giving a comprehensive and cohesive compendium of national affairs, we feel that we are building a solid structure in presenting the "Story of a Great Nation," with the minds and hearts of the young people as a permanent foundation. It is certainly a significant and hopeful sign for the future when the coming generation—who will soon be the "grown-ups"—desire to know all the details and working of govern-



MRS. JOHN J. ESCH OF LA CROSSE, WISCONSIN  
Wife of Representative Esch

mental affairs; for never at any time in the history of the nation has this wish been so earnestly expressed.

The NATIONAL's "Story of a Great Nation" for 1909 will be of keen personal interest to each individual who knows anything of patriotic feeling. Its varying complexion and character will be well defined—the passing chronicles of the time, as ordinarily represented in the daily press, the better-digested facts and events, such as one looks for in the weeklies, and finally, carefully gathered and considered articles as presented by the magazines, from which digests are made, to appear in book form as actual history, for

the use of coming generations. This is the kind of substantial and correct information that will be furnished by the NATIONAL, and yet it will not lack the spicy atmosphere of the daily.

When one is tired of the conflicting controversies of the daily papers, how refreshing it is to sit down and read a scholarly, exhaustive magazine article, relating to some great national event or question: one forms a more deliberate and reasonable view of these matters from such reading than from either a daily or weekly newspaper.

We want every reader of the NATIONAL to feel a permanent interest in our work. If there is any way in which you think we can improve, let us know of it. Is there a federal department, for instance, whose work has not been taken up; is there a public character concerning whom you wish for more information, let us know it, and we will be glad to look it up and obtain the details.

\* \* \*

NOW that the fires in the grates are lighted in the various offices in Washington, and the crackling of the pine logs has begun, the spirit of story-telling has descended afresh upon the learned legislators.

One story that Secretary Taft used to relate at cabinet meetings has at last found circulation. It was related to him by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon of Ireland. He was holding assizes in Tipperary when a man was indicted for manslaughter, and it was proved that the dead man had come to his death by a blow on the head, though the doctors added that he had what is known in medical parlance as a "paper skull." A verdict of "guilty" was returned. The judge asked whether the prisoner at the bar had anything to say for himself. The man looked dazed for a moment, and then replied:

"No, your honor; no, I have nothing to say why sentence should not be passed on me, but I ask your leave to put a question."

"What is the question?"

"I'd like to know—faith, I'd greatly like to know—what a man with a paper skull was doing in Tipperary?"

It was solemnly concluded by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon and his colleagues that "paper skulls" would do well to give Tipperary a wide berth and be content with some country where "shillelahs" are less numerous and hard heads are not essential.



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**SENATOR PHILANDER C. KNOX OF PENNSYLVANIA**

Who has been named as Secretary of State in the Taft cabinet. The little Grant of the Keystone State was one of McKinley's old law school chums and is counted one of the master legal minds in public life.

# A CITIZEN OF FULL STATURE

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

YEARS ago a bridal couple arrived in

Minneapolis on the homiest of honeymoons. One of the first sights of the city visited was the T. B. Walker Art Collection, the first public art gallery known to Minneapolis, celebrated as being the finest ever collected by a private individual, and including not only Old World but American masterpieces, notably a copy of Lear by Benjamin West. The picture gallery is situated in a wing of the Walker residence, and the only entrance is through the front door, which is opened to visitors six days of the week. There is no admission fee on any day of the week, this being the only art gallery in the world of which this can be said. All are welcome and are given a catalog. This is probably the only home in the country where the passing stranger is made welcome; the latch-string of Mr. Walker's door is always out for lovers of art; he is glad to share the pleasure of his fine pictures with the public, and is quick to recognize high and wholesome ideals wherever found. This privilege is taken advantage of by about a thousand visitors a week from all parts of the world. Not content with fitting out his own collection, Mr. Walker has given fifty valuable paintings to the City Art Gallery.

In the T. B. Walker collection are masterpieces of Rubens, Van Dyke, Romney, Lelolle, Lely, Raphael, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Cuyp, Corot and many other celebrated painters—pictures that would do credit to any gallery in Europe for their high standard of art excellence; it is almost equivalent to a trip to famous Old World galleries in France, Holland or Italy to visit this wonderful collection in a home in the Middle West.

\* \* \*

Co-operating with the Forestry Bureau in the conservation of natural resources, Mr. T. B. Walker was in Washington when for the first time I met him recently in the writing room of the Willard Hotel, during the session of the Forestry Conservation Congress. We sat on the leather settee and chatted; how

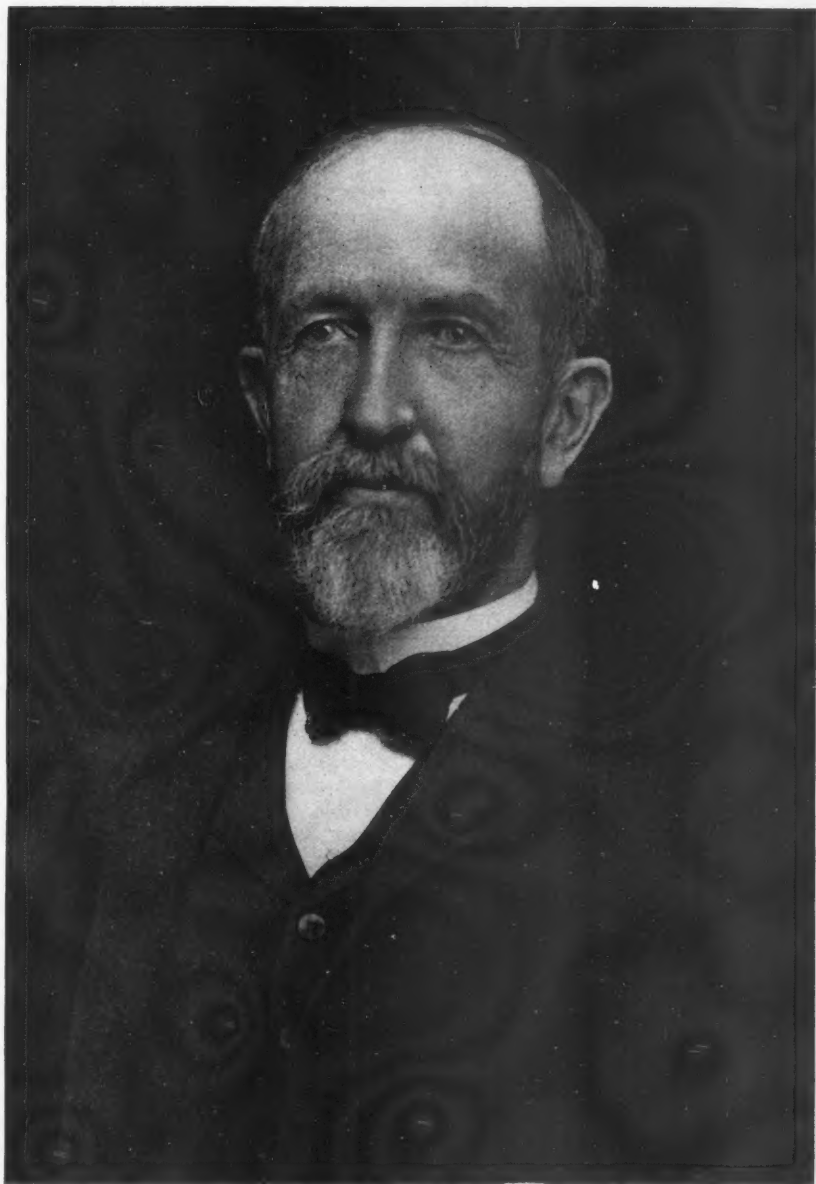
swiftly the time passed! If the reading of biography is an inspiration, how much more it means to gather a life story in chatty sentences and comment in the course of an evening's conversation! Not until afterward does the listener realize how much has been learned. Mr. Walker is a type of those stalwart men who have been the creative master-minds in the development of the great Middle West. He is well-proportioned, a trifle over average height, and has a face that awakens an abiding confidence. He is a good citizen in the highest sense of the word.

On the first day of February, 1840, the cradle in the Walker home in Xenia, Ohio, received its third occupant; the mother claimed the right to name her boy in honor of her favorite brother, Judge Thomas Barlow, who had won distinction at the New York bar. When little Tom began to grow up, his father left the humble home and his work as a shoemaker, to go with a train of goods across the plains to the gold fields of California, with the "49-ers." He died in Missouri on his way West, and the brave mother faced the problem of supporting the little family. There were hard times, but it was a united family, and little Tom soon demonstrated a self-reliant helpfulness in assisting his mother, doing odd jobs, selling papers, cutting wood and picking berries to earn money.

One thing the little lad had fully decided—he must earn an education. The family moved to Berea, Ohio, and Thomas entered the Baldwin University with what little money he had saved, determined to work his way through college. A short time after his future career was foreshadowed by an investment in a plot of timber land, which he cut with the aid of his fellow students—and all made money.

In Berea there was a maker of grindstones, Mr. Hulet, who saw in young Walker the possibilities of an energetic salesman; orders came thick and fast, and over the country roads traveled the young Ohioan, with one





Sincerely Yours  
T. B. Walker

grip containing his books and simple wardrobe. Attending only one term in the year in college, the lad kept up his studies with his classes and excelled in mathematics. Newton's "Principia" was his favorite book at this time, and the study of chemistry, astronomy and other sciences was a pastime that occupied every spare moment.

His first large business venture on his own account was to supply the old Terre Haute & St. Louis road with cross-ties and cordwood—a responsible undertaking for a lad of nineteen. The company failed and he was left with only a tiny fraction of his earnings. With that few hundred dollars he returned home, to begin all over again, and taught school for a year; to this day Mr. Walker has that clear, lucid way of conveying information which suggests the conciseness required for the school-room.

\* \* \*

The college at Berea was broken up by war, and business was paralyzed; the young student joined an artillery company, but failed to secure enlistment. After his year of school-keeping, he visited Mr. Hulet and announced his desire to resume the sale of grindstones; he had made a splendid success of the local territory, and not only won the esteem and confidence of his employer, but, later, the hand of his daughter.

An order for grindstones which had been sent to Chicago was countermanded. Young Walker hastened there to dispose of the goods but met with no success. Nothing daunted, he went on to Milwaukee, and from there pursued a round of unavailing effort; it was not a millstone but a grindstone that hung upon the neck of the young salesman at this time; still, the light of determination sparkled in his eye and he kept on his way with the fixed purpose of effecting sales. He stopped at Madison, where for the first time he thought he had better take up work as an instructor in mathematics in the University of Wisconsin, and let the grindstones go until later. He applied to the president, who was favorably impressed, and drove him about to see the directors or regents, but they considered that his services would involve too heavy an outlay at that time.

Young Walker pushed on to Prairie du Chien, and then to McGregor, Iowa. He was sitting before the old Riverside Tavern, feeling thoroughly discouraged with his sales

prospects, when a stranger named Robinson drew him into conversation and told about a new city called Minneapolis. The young salesman might try his chance there with Dame Fortune—the Diamond Joe Line steamer would go north that day. Just then the steamboat whistled around the bend—that was a whistle to fortune—in a few minutes Mr. Walker's grips were packed and he started for Minneapolis.

After he had sold and traded the grindstones in Minneapolis, he went down to the wharf to look after them; there he met a young man called "Jim," who was in charge, and was always busy. First in the morning, last to leave at night; others had an hour for dinner, but Jim managed with ten minutes at times. Mr. Walker's admiration for him increased when he learned that he earned \$75 a month; the two young men became fast friends, and Jim confided to his companion the secret of getting \$75 a month—"Make yourself so useful that they can't get along without you."

This young man was none other than Mr. James J. Hill, president and projector of the Great Northern Railway. All these years there has been a warm friendship between the two men who met on the wharf so long ago.

\* \* \*

Arriving in Minneapolis, Mr. Walker joined George B. Wright in the work of government land survey. The Indians were then on the warpath, and frequently the surveyors were driven out of the woods by attacking parties, but they pushed on for three days through the hostile district and reached Fort Ripley, re-enforcing the small garrison there. Mr. Wright soon discovered that the sturdy young Ohioan could run the solar compass better than he could, and he cheerfully cleared the brush and carried the chain to have full advantage of the young surveyor's lines and calculations. In the meantime Mr. Walker traded off some of his grindstones for a second-hand transit, which chanced to be a superb instrument. He made the survey of the St. Paul & Duluth Railway. His experience in the government survey aroused his enthusiastic interest in the pine-land and timber business, and laid the foundation of success while friends thought he was dreaming of a too-remote future. He foresaw the great future of that country, and soon interested men of capital. The triple

alliance between Mr. Walker and two other men resulted in a partnership that was successful from the start; and from this small beginning Mr. Walker became one of the largest lumber operators in this country. He always had a prescience in studying conditions; the panic of 1873 found him with his stock all cleaned up and his business houses in order—not a dollar in debt. He was equally well prepared for all other financial flurries.

\* \* \*

In the full flood tide of his success, in the midst of tremendous business and industrial operations, T. B. Walker remained the same wholesome, hearty idealist as when a lad he heard the whistle of the Diamond Joe steamer. In 1863 he went back to the old home in Ohio and claimed the hand of the daughter of the man who gave him a start in life with grindstones. They had been schoolmates together, and the young couple established a home in the new West which has been an inspiring example and ideal to many because of its perfect home life. Truly a helpmate, Mrs. Walker has been in the broadest sense of the word a "home-maker." A Christian, motherly woman, with practical ideals, she has been active and earnest in welfare work, in which her force and executive ability has brought gratifying results.

When he first built his residence on Hennepin Avenue, Minneapolis, Mr. Walker brought his mother there—the mother whose early training had meant so much to him. She was cherished with an affectionate regard as queen of the household by her son and daughter-in-law, and their eight children, who are an honor and credit to their home training.

The splendid career of this man of wealth and great influence finds its inspiring force in his home, which he has always been ready to share with others. The Walker children had a wise mother, who sympathized with their amusements and welcomed not only the young friends of her own little ones, but threw open the grounds to the public and provided benches and settees for their convenience—in marked contrast to the methods pursued by many wealthy men who "envelope" their estates with hedges and high fences, keeping them solely for their own exclusive enjoyment.

In Mr. Walker's splendid library the stan-

dard authors are represented in works of philosophy and science, physical and political; these books are marked with the evidences of frequent reference and the careful reading of a student. It is certain that there have been few idle minutes in the life of this busy Minneapolis man. In the library his private office is located; scarcely a charitable institution or public interest of the Northwest but has numbered him among its contributors. His addresses and articles have been in much demand because of his clear grasp of any subject which he undertakes to discuss.

As a citizen of Minneapolis, he has probably expended more money in the development of his home city than any other one man. He has been for eighteen years president of the Academy of Science, and it is one of his ambitions to build an art institute and museum for Minneapolis.

Since its establishment a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Walker has been annually elected president of the Public Library Board.

For forty years an army of men have been on his payroll, developing large enterprises, and yet he has never had a strike nor has there been any dissatisfaction among his workers as to treatment or wages. He makes justice and liberality a rule as fixed as an axiom.

\* \* \*

We had taken our seats for a little chat, and it seemed only a moment when the clock struck midnight. As I rose to respond to his hearty handgrasp, I felt that in Mr. T. B. Walker I had met a man of the full stature and ideals of an American citizen, whose work will indeed leave an impress on the pages of history. A man of purpose, he foresaw conditions and acted; in his busy days and nights of achievement he utilized every spare minute for some great purpose, and never lost sight of the larger things of life, the Christian ideals—the uplifting influence, the responsibility of fellow men one to another.

Before parting with Mr. Walker, I secured from him a promise of an article for the NATIONAL MAGAZINE on the Conservation of Our Forests. The article appears elsewhere in this issue. As might be expected from his vast experience, this is probably the most valuable contribution to the literature of this important subject that has thus far appeared.



MR. JUSTICE HARLAN



MR. JUSTICE BREWER



MR. JUSTICE WHITE



MR. JUSTICE PECKHAM



MR. CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER



MR. JUSTICE McKENNA



MR. JUSTICE HOLMES



MR. JUSTICE DAY



MR. JUSTICE MOODY

CHIEF JUSTICE AND ASSOCIATE JUSTICES, SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES



## THE SUPREME COURT

By EX-JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN



IF all the inducements which led directly to the adoption of the Constitution of 1787, the want of a national mechanism to operate a national government was the most cogent. The Articles of Confederation were impotent, even for the immediate purposes for which they were designed, and the wonder is that a war could be carried on at all under such a loosely-constructed league of the states. With no Supreme Executive to direct its actions, no army to fight its battles, no money to pay its expenses, no power to levy taxes for the common defence, no courts to adjudicate the claims of the states against each other, or those of foreign powers against the general government, and no authority to compel the states to do the bidding of Congress, it is no surprise that the Confederacy fell to pieces as soon as the tension of a common war was relaxed. The Union was indeed nothing more than an agreement for united action, and was dependent entirely upon the good faith of each state, which might be invited, but could not be coerced to fulfill its part of the contract.

Almost the first question which confronted the Convention of 1787 was the necessity of

a Supreme Judicial Tribunal to adjust conflicts between the states which could otherwise be settled only by war, and to give a construction to the Constitution which should be binding upon the courts of all the states, each of which might, under the old regime, give a different construction to each clause. It was voted unanimously that such a court

should be created by the Constitution itself, with a further provision, adopted after a strong contest, that Congress might in its discretion establish inferior courts. All judges were given life tenures, with a provision that their salaries should not be diminished during their continuance in office. The limits of the judicial power of the national government were also fixed by the Constitution, though it was left to Congress to parcel it out to the several courts within those limits.

Strange to say, the importance of the Supreme Court was not at first appreciated. Judges who had risen to the highest positions in the courts of their respective states looked askant at this new-comer in the field of jurisprudence, and were loth to admit its claim to superiority over courts of sovereign and independent states. This denial of its paramount authority manifested itself in different forms as late as 1861, when all



EX-JUSTICE H. B. BROWN



questions as to the supremacy of the federal government within its constitutional sphere of action were settled by the Civil War. The existence of the United States as a new nation was then finally established.

The want of cordiality toward the new court was the occasion of some difficulty in selecting its early judges. Indeed, it was regarded by some as of less dignity than the state courts. John Jay, the first chief justice, a man of great ability and purity of character, resigned his seat after five years of service to accept a mission to Great Britain, and subsequently to become governor of New York. He afterward declined a second appointment as chief justice, assigning as a reason that he was "perfectly convinced that under a system so defective it" (the court) "would not obtain the energy, weight and dignity which was essential to its affording due support to the national government, nor acquire the public confidence and respect which, as the last resort of the justice of the nation, it should possess." Alexander Hamilton and Patrick Henry are both said to have been offered and to have declined a justiceship. John Rutledge, the senior associate justice, resigned his place to become chief justice of South Carolina. William Cushing, who had accepted a place upon the bench as associate justice, declined the chief-justiceship after the resignation of Jay, preferring to retain the inferior position; and Robert H. Harrison, after a long hesitation, refused an appointment as an associate justice to become chancellor of the State of Maryland. He lived but a few months thereafter, probably not long enough to regret his mistake.

The beginnings of the court were certainly insignificant in the amount of business and inauspicious in their results. No case was heard upon the merits for three years after the organization of the court, and for eleven years preceding the appointment of Marshall less than fifty cases were finally disposed of. Though there were seekers for office in those days, as now, apparently no one cared to be appointed reporter, and the decisions of the court were published as an appendix to those of the supreme court of Pennsylvania. The reports of these eleven years are condensed into three hundred and thirty pages, while twenty-four hundred pages are now required for the reports of a single term.

The court at first was unpopular. In the second case decided by it, holding that a state could be sued by a citizen of another state, its decision was greeted with a storm of protest from all the heavily-indebted states. The State of Georgia, from which the case arose, went so far as to denounce the penalty of death against anyone who should presume to enforce the process of the court within its jurisdiction. Two days after the judgment was pronounced, the eleventh amendment to the Constitution was proposed to Congress, adopted shortly thereafter, and subsequently ratified by the requisite majority of states. Certainly the reception accorded to this first important decision was not a favorable augury for the success of the new court.

To add to the infelicities of the early court, one of the justices appointed during what may be termed the preliminary period was impeached for misconduct, and although acquitted of any impeachable offence, was shown to have been guilty of the most offensive partisanship in his official utterances, such as would now be condemned by everyone who believes in an impartial, dignified judiciary. It ought to be said, however, in extenuation of Justice Chase's offence, that the manners both of English and American judges of that day were often arbitrary and at times positively brutal; and that it was not uncommon for judges to express their views upon public questions by utterances which would shock our nicer modern sense of judicial propriety.

The real history of the Supreme Court may be said to have begun in 1801, with the appointment of John Marshall as chief justice. From that time the court rose rapidly in popular estimation. Its subsequent history is divisible into four separate periods, roughly delimited by the lives of the chief justices and by the character of the litigation before it. During the first period, from 1801 to 1835, coincident with the incumbency of Marshall as chief justice, the respective powers of Congress, the Supreme Court and the State Legislatures were settled in general terms, which subsequent cases have recognized, followed and applied to contingencies which have since arisen. The Constitution extorted, as John Quincy Adams said, "from the grinding necessities of a reluctant people," and which at the outset of Marshall's career had hardly a single un-

conditional friend, he left behind him in 1835 without an enemy. He found a mere skeleton of a government—he clothed it with flesh and blood, made it a practical working scheme, and best of all, cemented it in the affections of the people.

From this general consensus of approval, however, there was always one dissenting voice. Animated partly by his devotion to the rights of the states and partly by his hatred toward the great Chief Justice, Thomas Jefferson omitted no opportunity of casting suspicion upon the motives and integrity of the court. Even so late as 1820, writing to a friend, he said: "The judiciary of the United States is a subtle corps of sappers and miners, constantly working underground to undermine the foundations of our confederated fabric. They are construing our Constitution from a co-ordination of a general and special government to a general and supreme one alone; \* \* \* having found from experience that impeachment is an impracticable thing, a mere scarecrow, they consider themselves secure for life; they skulk from responsibility. \* \* \* An opinion is huddled up in conclave, perhaps by a majority of one, delivered as if unanimous and with the silent acquiescence of lazy and timid associates by a crafty Chief Judge, who sophisticates the law to his mind by a turn of his own reasoning."

The second period, from 1835 to 1864, was covered by the administration of Roger B. Taney, as chief justice, a judge second only to Marshall in ability, who, while he survived until 1864, took but little part in the proceedings of the court after the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861. It may be said generally of Chief Justice Taney that, notwithstanding his political affiliations had been with the states rights party, the jurisdiction of the federal courts was greatly enlarged during his administration, and that he showed a determination fully equal to that of Marshall to vindicate their authority, and their absolute independence of the state courts within their proper sphere of action.

The administrations of Chief Justices Chase and Waite, from 1864 to 1888, taken together, constitute the third great period in the history of the Supreme Court, and are chiefly noteworthy for cases arising directly or indirectly out of the Civil War.

The fourth period covers the incumbency

of Chief Justice Fuller, who took his seat in 1888 and still remains upon the bench. His administration has already continued twenty years, and we hope may be prolonged for many years to come. During this period the court has dealt largely with questions of taxation and interstate commerce, with the authority of the states to regulate the rates of transportation and the extension of the Constitution to our newly-acquired territories.

The first impression a judge of the Supreme Court gets in taking his seat upon the bench is a realization of the vast extent of the country and the great variety of its jurisdiction. Cases are often submitted the same day from jurisdictions as remote as Massachusetts, Porto Rico, Texas, Minnesota, Oregon, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, with subjects as diverse as railroad land grants, Chinese immigration, collisions at sea, negligence upon the land, the validity of patents, the liability upon municipal bonds and the status of our modern insular possessions. It is believed that in the territorial extent of its jurisdiction and in the variety of questions with which it is called upon to deal no other court, except possibly the Privy Council in England, can be compared to it.

The court at present is composed of the chief justice and eight associates, who devote the first five days of the week to the hearing of arguments and Saturdays to a conference of the justices, and a decision of the cases. Each member of the court is assigned one or two cases in which to write an opinion. When written, these opinions are put in print, circulated privately among the justices and returned to the writer for approval or criticism, or for further consideration. Every case is thus considered twice by the full bench. While the court has been criticized for a lack of unanimity in a large number of constitutional cases, it can scarcely be expected that, where popular and professional opinion is so nearly divided upon the questions involved, the justices of the Supreme Court, who are selected from different parties and from remote sections of the Union, and share in all the infirmities common to their fellow citizens, should nevertheless be unanimous in their views upon constitutional questions.

Criticisms are still made upon the federal courts for unlawful assumptions of power.

Many of these are addressed to the judgments of inferior courts, some of which have already been reversed by the Supreme Court. Others are but the recrudescence of the old controversy between the federal and state rights, or between legislative and judicial power, which were long since settled by the decisions of the court and the general acquiescence of the people. If any evils have arisen, or are likely to arise from these decisions, they are generally easily remedied by congressional legislation. The main difficulty has been, in seeking for points of attacks upon the federal system, that such cases only are selected as are supposed to be inimical to the interests of a particular class, as, for instance, the laboring men, while no credit is given for other cases in protection of their rights, wherein the Supreme Court has gone even farther than the state courts in upholding the constitutionality of laws enacted in their interests.

In all departments of the government, except the judicial, there has been a distinct tendency ever since the adoption of the Constitution toward enlarging the powers of the people and vesting in them directly a choice of their executive and legislative rulers, but in all this upsetting of usages and traditions the method of selecting federal judges continues as the Constitution originally fixed it, and it is probable that this feature will remain unchanged so long as the Constitution continues to be the basis of our government. If the question were put to a popular vote, it is quite probable the people would express a preference for selecting their own judges; but it is exceedingly doubtful whether a court thus chosen would interpret the constitutional laws of the federal government with greater impartiality and deference to new exigencies than the court as at present constituted. The Supreme Court has been called, with good reason, the balance-wheel

of the Constitution, and it is probably wise that, while the laws themselves are subject to constant evolution and amendment, the interpretation of such laws should be as unvarying and consistent as human foresight can make it. Not only is the Supreme Court looked upon by foreign writers as the one great contribution of America to modern jurisprudence, but to the intelligent thought of this country it is manifest that the existence of a small body of learned and incorruptible men, removed from all personal or political ambition, with power to control and even to nullify the will of a popular majority in legislative body, is a feature of enormous value in the conservation of a stable government.

Notwithstanding all the prejudice which a court constituted as the Supreme Court is must inevitably encounter; notwithstanding the diversity of interests impossible to reconcile, and the disappointment to large classes of men its decisions must necessarily cause, there has never been a time in its history when its judgments have been more cheerfully accepted as determining the law for the time being than now. There is nothing more assuring to the stability of the government than this general acquiescence. A people which can accept without murmuring the judgment of a bare majority of nine men as settling a great question of the power of Congress to lay an income tax, or rule distant possessions, regardless to a certain extent of constitutional restrictions, has given the best proof of its power of self-government and its reluctance to resort to force. This respect for the law, whether such law be declared by a majority of one upon the bench, or enacted by a majority of one in the legislature, is a distinctive characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, and has contributed more than anything else to the perpetuity of its institutions.

*H. B. Brown.*

# MAKING UNCLE SAM'S MONEY

By JOSEPH E. RALPH

Director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing

## II—STORY OF A GREAT NATION



THE Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington stands today as man's highest expression of skill and endeavor to provide himself with a circu-

lating medium, safe, beautiful and durable.

Money is older than history, and the kind of money employed by a people is not a bad measure of their civilization. Originally skins secured in the chase served as money. As man advanced, cattle became a standard of value, and these and other curious forms of money are still employed in the more remote and unenlightened parts of the earth. The Australian native carries a tough green stone, suited to making rude and primitive hatchets, a hundred miles and exchanges it for red earth with which to smear his lean, black body.

Indians used, and still use, shells for money. Beaver and muskrat skins at one time had current value. Among ancient German codes fines were expressed in cattle, oxen were units of value, and sheep were decimal parts. Whale teeth pass current among the Fijians; red feathers are legal tender among the South Sea Islanders; cacao beans are used by the Aztecs; glass beads and brass wire are money in parts of Africa.

From skins, cattle, shells and feathers to metal was a big step, and it took a long time to take it, but in time metal took the place of other tokens. Lead, tin, copper and iron have all been employed as money, but in

time the commercial world recognized that the precious metals, gold and silver, were the ones best calculated for coinage, and then the nations became eager to gather and coin these metals into money. Then at last came paper, which, like the other kinds, has been bad, indifferent and good, but its advantages are so patent that it has become recognized as a necessity, and no institution in the world comes so near to furnishing, from an artistic and mechanical point of view, a perfect circulating medium as the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which is located in that large red brick building between the White House and the

Potomac River and overshadowed by the Washington Monument.

### MONETARY EXPERIENCES OF AMERICA

Our own country has passed through many monetary experiences. At one time the Virginia Colony used tobacco as currency, and when the crop was abundant and wives were few, the harvest would be exchanged, pound



JOSEPH E. RALPH



THE STEEL ENGRAVER AT WORK

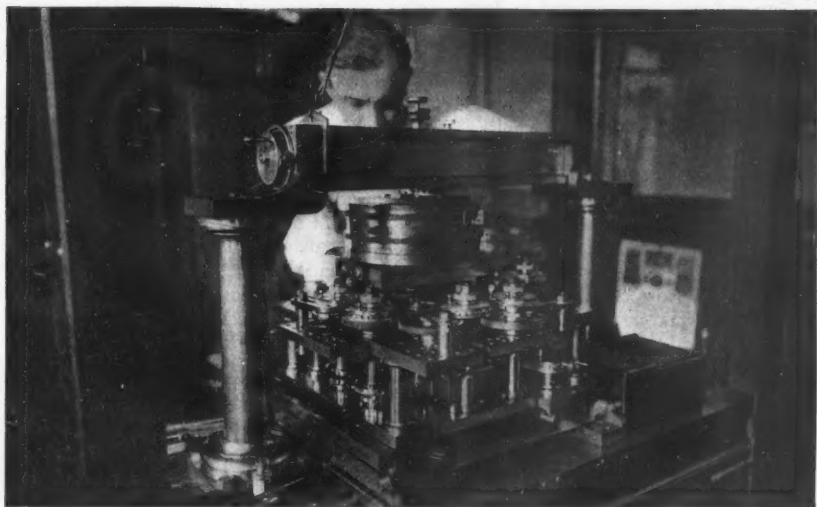
for pound, for wives. Amusing pictures have been drawn of gallant young Virginians hastening to the water side when a ship arrived from London, clad in their gayest apparel, carrying a bundle of tobacco, intent on negotiation for a beautiful and virtuous young wife.

Western Pennsylvania, early settled by Scotch and Scotch-Irish, employed whiskey as currency, and many a lawyer's fee and minister's meager salary was paid in strong drink. It is related that in the lumber regions of Wisconsin a thousand shingles was the regular price for a sermon, while two hundred and fifty was considered a fair price for conducting a prayer meeting. These makeshifts, however, are to be classified among the curiosities of history. The United States, in spite of the crude experiments, has always found a place for paper money. The colonies and the Continental Congress issued paper money, as have also the states. Most of this at some time or other became of questionable value, much being repudiated and never redeemed, and so poorly made that it was easily counterfeited. It was not until seventy years after the adoption of the Constitution that circulating notes, payable on demand without interest, were issued by the federal government, a form of money which has today become almost the universal circulating medium of the country.

The printing of stamps, bills, and bonds is the highest expression of the printer's art. It is the jewelry of the trade, demanding skill, care, watchfulness and oversight such as is necessary in no other form of work. There is scarcely a man, woman or child in the Union who does not daily see some form of the issues of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. Soothing syrup for the baby until recently bore a revenue stamp on the bottle. The smoker selects his "stogy" or "perfecto" from a box carrying evidence of the engraver's skill. When the bon vivant says "I'll take the same," that same has been drawn from a vessel on which the government has placed a sample of the work executed at the Bureau of Engraving. Citizens and corporations exchange the savings or gains of years for a sheet printed by the bureau, and feel that the investment is safer than if converted into yellow gold and guarded by bolts and bars. All forms of securities, stamps and notes, from the internal revenue stamp, whose value is one-eighth of a cent, to a government bond, whose par value is \$50,000, are made at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. No other workshop in the world finds such universal demand for its products, and none of its customers complain of being overstocked.

Its work is the almost imperishable record





THE GEOMETRIC LATHE

of history. The fractional currency, the greenbacks, the national bank notes, the treasury notes, the silver and gold certificates and bonds are the visible and tangible evidence of the struggles and triumphs of the nation. They are the crystalized forms of gigantic forensic battles waged under the statue of Columbia on the dome of the Capitol. They register the rise and fall of policies, parties and candidates. They furthermore record the labors of 4,000 people employed in the bureau, a branch of the government work which affords no soft places, but where every employe labors up to the limit of his ability.

The paper employed for the printing of bills is a fine, firm quality of linen, known as "distinctive" paper, manufactured under government inspection at Dalton, Massachusetts. Its delicate yet tough fibers have had a varied history before receiving the government stamp. The flax grew perhaps in the moist, fertile fields of Ireland. It was gathered, bleached, spun and woven largely by woman's skill. It may have formed at one time dainty lingerie; it may have been the garments of babes; it may have been the confirmation suits of children or the graduating gowns of girls. Loving hands have caressed it, patched it, darned it, and finally consigned it to the rag bag. Its mission,

however, was not thereby concluded. By a process of modern alchemy, it is transformed and issued anew, not from looms, but from rolls, to take up another cycle of usefulness. Feeding avarice, serving as a channel for charity, satisfying hunger, paying bills, building homes and perhaps dowering brides whose mothers wore the same fibers when they stood before the altar, the bank note could tell a rare story of comedy and tragedy.

#### HOW THE BILLS ARE PRINTED

The sheets of paper on which bills and bonds are printed are delivered daily by the loans and currency division of the secretary's office to the bureau upon requisition. From the time the blank sheets are delivered by careful count until thirty days later, when the printed bills are sent to the treasury to have the seal printed thereon, the bureau must account for every sheet in its hands. It is counted when received, it is counted when wet, when printed on one side, when dried, when wet again, when printed again, when dried a second time, when examined for imperfections, when numbered—in short, counted some fifty times before it finally escapes from the bureau. It has become accustomed to be counted before it starts out into the world as money, and then continues to be counted until returned, ragged,

dirty and worn out—counted to death—only to be again counted and destroyed.

The engraving division is the corner stone of the bureau and the bulwark of our securities. In this division every form of security issued by the government—notes, bonds, checks, drafts, internal revenue stamps and commissions—have their origin, and the most artistic and skilled engravers that the world produces are employed in this division. Steel engraving is the perfection of art as applied to securities; it differs from painting and sculpturing, inasmuch as the engraver who carves his work on steel plates must deliber-

ately study the effect of each infinitesimal line. Free hand, with a diamond-pointed tool known as a graver, aided by a powerful magnifying-glass, he carves away, conscious that one false cut or slip of his tool or miscalculation of depth or width of line will destroy the artistic merit of his creation and weeks or months of labor will have been in vain. In no other form of printing can the beautiful, soft and yet strong effects in black and white be obtained as in steel engraving. The introduction of cheap mechanical process work has superseded the beautiful creations of our master engraver commercially, and now we find the art limited to bank note engraving. The recent two per cent. con-

sol coupon and registered bonds, series 1910 and 1930, were the most artistic ever engraved, and the most difficult to counterfeit; the twenty-dollar gold certificate and the Philippine silver pesos notes are the acme of perfection in the art of steel engraving, and reflect great credit upon the genius of the American artist and mechanic. The work in this division is classified and divided so that the employes become specially skilled in some particular branch of the art. For instance, the engravers are classified as portrait, script, square-letter and ornamental engravers. Each is confined to his own spe-



PERFORATING POSTAGE STAMPS

cially study the effect of each infinitesimal line. Free hand, with a diamond-pointed tool known as a graver, aided by a powerful magnifying-glass, he carves away, conscious that one false cut or slip of his tool or miscalculation of depth or width of line will destroy the artistic merit of his creation and weeks or months of labor will have been in vain. In no other form of printing can the beautiful, soft and yet strong effects in black and white be obtained as in steel engraving. The introduction of cheap mechanical process work has superseded the beautiful creations of our master engraver commercially, and now we find the art limited to bank note engraving. The recent two per cent. con-

cially, and thus becomes unusually expert, the result being that not only better work is secured, but a greater amount is turned out in a given time, and, what is of greater importance, increased security is obtained. The individual excellencies and characteristics of a number of men are impressed upon every bill issued. Therefore, it would be as difficult for one engraver to make a perfect reproduction of a government plate as it would be for the reader to reproduce an absolute facsimile of his or her own signature, and, strange as it may seem, no one has as yet accomplished this feat.

To the credit of the engravers and employes of this division, it should be stated that in the

history of the bureau none of its employees have engaged in counterfeiting. The various parts of the engravings which appear on the face and back of notes are separately engraved on soft decarbonized steel of the very finest quality, the portrait by the portrait engraver, the lettering by the letter engraver, the script by the script engraver, the lathe or cycloid work having been previously produced by the geometric lathe. This intricate piece of mechanism, so complex as to make the description almost impossible, produces the beautiful interwoven lines which surround the denomination counters and

eral tasks to the satisfaction of the chief of this division, proofs of their work are taken by expert printers. If satisfactory, the dies (original engravings) are hardened, being made as hard as possible by a special secret process used only by the bureau. Each piece of engraved work is then taken up from this die by a skilled workman known as a "transferer." The original engraved die is a negative, and is not used as a printing plate; the transferer takes a blank cylinder roll of decarbonized steel, placing it on the hard die in a powerful specially constructed press for this purpose; the engraving on the die being



THE POWER PLATE PRESSES

borders on notes and bonds. This lathe work was introduced to circumvent counterfeiting, and for many years, up to the time of the counterfeiting of the \$100 silver certificate (Monroe head) note by Arthur Taylor of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1897, it was generally considered that the lathe work was the best check on counterfeiting; but he so successfully reproduced the most intricate lathe work by a mechanical process, of which he was the originator, as to defy many of the best experts of the treasury. The best possible check on counterfeiting is the portrait, which also is indispensable as a distinctive mark of identification. The various artists having performed their sev-

ing, the soft steel roll is forced into every line and dot of the engraving on the die; when a perfect impression of same is secured, the beautiful engraving on the die now appears in relief on the roll. The roll is now a positive taken from the negative; these rolls are then hardened by the same process as the die. The several parts intended for use on notes are then transferred and assembled by the rolls on the dies to constitute the note. This is known as the original die, and great skill is required to place properly each part so as to connect and form a perfect note, as no erasures can be made by the transferer.

After the parts have been assembled as described, a certain amount of hand work

is done by the letter and ornamental engravers to unite the different parts into an artistic whole. This original steel die, now complete, representing perhaps a year's labor, is hardened; from it a roll is made which contains in relief all the lines that appear in the note as printed. The roll is in turn hardened, and from it the plates are made which are employed in printing the notes, one roll being capable of making a number of plates. After the transferer has completed his work, the plate is given to the finishers, who remove all scratches and other imperfections, burnish the steel, and submit proofs of the plate; if perfect, it is approved by the chief of the division and the director of the bureau; it is then ready for the printer. The work of the engravers and transferers is so technical that it is difficult to understand the skill without some knowledge or experience in the art. Patience and skill are necessary to accomplish the desired results.

The plates used in printing contain four notes, and to distinguish one note from the other they each have engraved on the face separate check letters, A, B, C, D, and if you will examine the check letter you will find printed near it a number which is used by the bureau for identification, and by means of which can be ascertained a complete history of the plate used in printing the same, by whom engraved, printed, etc. At present you will find a number in excess of 4,800 on the one-dollar silver certificate notes; this signifies that 4,800 plates have been used thus far in printing this denomination.

#### SYSTEM OF CHECKS EMPLOYED

The system of checks employed in the engraving division to prevent irregularities is as complete as human ingenuity can devise. Each die, roll and plate has a number in sequence stamped upon it, and by said number it is recorded. Each employe receiving a piece of steel to work on is charged with the same by its number and a description of the engraving to be made thereon, and is not allowed to leave the building until the same has been returned and checked into the vaults presided over by the custodian of dies, rolls and plates; this officer is the representative of the secretary of the treasury. In the custodian's office complete records and the history of 18,000 dies, 19,000 rolls

and 18,000 plates are on file. Once a year this office is audited and checked up by a committee appointed by the secretary of the treasury, each piece of engraved work being identified and compared with the records of the office. This is an arduous duty, and usually takes three months to complete the task. After finding the records correct, the committee receipts to the custodian for all obsolete dies, rolls and plates which have become worn by use or no longer serviceable on account of legislation; these are carefully checked and packed in sealed boxes and taken to the navy yard, where they are totally destroyed by melting in a blast furnace. Last year the committee destroyed 3,842 pieces of engraved work, packed in 247 boxes and weighing 35,757 pounds. Each morning the custodian issues all plates to the printing division, and all dies, rolls and plates necessary to the engravers, on requisitions, and receipts for them upon their return at the close of the day's work, when they are stored in two large steel fireproof vaults of modern construction, protected by time locks.

The 18,000 plates represent all classes of work, including commissions, checks, drafts, portraits of deceased members of Congress, certificates, diplomas, inaugural souvenirs, national bank currency, United States and treasury notes, gold and silver certificates, bonds, and cigar, cigarette, tobacco, snuff, beer, oleomargarine, rectified spirits, postage, documentary, customs and proprietary stamps.

#### NO PLATE EVER GOES ASTRAY

When plates are issued in the morning, receipts are taken for them, and those charged with the same are not permitted to leave the building until they are returned to the custodian's office and checked off. The system of checks and rules governing the custody of the work is so perfect that in the history of the bureau not a single plate has gone astray.

The custodian and the employes of his office in the bureau safeguard the integrity of the notes of every national bank in the Union as well as every form of security issued by the government. After the plate is finally completed and approved, a proof is taken and filed away, and if it should ever occur that a suspicious bill is presented, a comparison with the recorded proof will

readily show whether it is genuine or not, and if counterfeit, the difference between the genuine and spurious.

The manufacture of "distinctive" paper with its double row of red and blue silk fibers pressed into the surface is a skilled process, calling for fine machinery and the best of raw material. The process of preparing the paper for the printer also requires skill and experience. The wetting-room looks not unlike a laundry, but no buttons are washed off, nor do collars ever go astray. Here the bundles as received from the treasury are opened, counted and separated into pack-

but no theory, explanation or apology would serve. There is no mention of mercy or provision for mistakes in the creed of the bureau. The fault, if fault there was, could not be located, and the employes of the room had to pay for the sheet as though it had been printed.

The wetting-room is not as interesting to the visitor as some of the other departments, yet the excellent results obtained in the printing division are due in a measure to good work in the wetting-room.

The busiest room in the bureau is that devoted to plate printing, where nearly eigh-



MACERATING STAMPS

ages of twenty sheets each. A damp cloth is placed between each package and the paper is allowed to stand for several hours that it may absorb moisture from the cloths. The sheets are then shifted and placed under heavy pressure, and gradually prepared in the course of twenty-four hours for the printing press. Care is taken to preserve the sizing on the paper, and the cloths employed are kept clean by frequent boilings without soap. It is here that the counting begins, and it is fifteen years since a single sheet of paper has gone astray. One sheet on that occasion could not be accounted for. It may have been lost in the vat, it may have been a miscount on delivery to the bureau,

teen hundred people are engaged in printing from the plates already described. Plate printing has changed but little since its invention in Italy about 400 years ago. The ink, specially prepared for the purpose, is rolled over all the plate, filling all depressions as well as covering the smooth surface of the plate. The pigment is then rubbed off the smooth surface with the bare hand, leaving the lines filled. The plate is then placed on the press, a damp sheet of paper placed upon it, and passed under the roller of the press, and thus the design, with all its exquisite details of lines and shading, is transferred to the paper. The operation looks easy, but a great degree of skill is re-



quired to produce perfect work, and plate printing is a trade in itself. The printer gives a receipt for the plate form, he receipts for every sheet of paper he receives, the press registers every impression made, and he cannot leave until he returns the plate and accounts for every sheet of paper. Each printer has a young woman to assist him, whose duty is to lay the paper on the plate after it is inked, and remove the same after printing.

With every order to print 1,000 sheets of bills or stamps, 1,050 sheets of paper are issued, as there is the liability of spoiling



HAND PLATE PRESS

sheets in the wetting, printing or numbering. After printing the back of the notes, which are first printed, the sheets must be dried and then wet again before the face of the note can be printed, and the same care in all processes must be repeated.

After the sheets have been printed and dried they are carefully examined by trained experts, who separate all imperfect sheets, and the accuracy and speed with which they detect imperfections is not the least interesting part of "money making"; a spot, a stain, a light or uneven impression that would escape ordinary observation is detected and causes the sheet to be sent to the destruction committee, where it is destroyed with the same care and with the same safe-

guards employed in the destruction of old, torn or mutilated currency.

#### GIRLS HANDLE THE CRISP BILLS

The new crisp bills, four on a sheet, are then fed through a numbering machine by deft girls, who, let it be hoped, do not make money fly out of working hours as fast as when working for the government. This machine is an invention of the employes of the bureau, and there is no limit to the numbers it can print, and the figures turn automatically at proper intervals for units, tens, hundreds, thousands, etc. The sheet being a little wider than the length of the printed bill, is trimmed in this room to a uniform size, and so great is the precaution exercised by the government that even these narrow strips, the selvages of the sheet, have to be accounted for and delivered to the destruction committee.

The money is now almost made, but still before delivering to the treasury it is resized. It has been wet so often that much of the original finish given by the manufacturer has been lost, and it is not in the best possible condition to resist the wear and tear of active circulation. The sheets are passed through a bath of specially prepared glue, alum, and other ingredients and allowed to remain damp until the sizing thoroughly penetrates the paper. The sheets are then subjected to heavy pressure and are at last ready to be tied up in bundles and passed to the treasury.

However, it is not money. The sheets of bills, printed in colors, with the finest letters ever traced by human skill, vignettes as delicate, vigorous and as faithful as were ever graven, scroll work mathematically accurate, all assembled into one harmonious and beautiful whole, is nothing more than a specimen of the engraver's and printer's skill. They are not legal tender. When sent to the treasury and the seal of the department is placed upon them, the transformation takes place. Printed matter is thus converted into money, received with unquestioned confidence by rich and poor. It then moves crops, pays wages, operates on 'change, becomes the red arterial blood of commerce, giving vigor and strength to the body politic; in short, a circulating medium as nearly perfect as man has yet devised, thoroughly rooted and grounded in the confidence of the people.



With differences in detail, the general process is the same in the making of all the products of the bureau. Internal revenue stamps, postage stamps and tobacco stamps, bills and bonds, are all specimens of line engraving, printed in like manner, but not the same class of paper is employed for all.

#### THE NATIONAL BANK NOTES

The notes of all national banks are alike as to the outline of the face, but the name, place and charter number of each bank is, of course, different, while the back of all national bank notes in any one state is alike; but there is a distinctive back for each state in the 1882 series of notes.

It will be noted that the more recent designs issued by the bureau known as the 1902 series, have a comparatively clear space on each side of the center, such disposition being necessary in order to show clearly the silk fiber imbedded in the distinctive paper. This is considered so important that designers are obliged to conform their work thereto, and the

backs of this series are the same for each state.

For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, the bureau printed 7,569,287,805 postage stamps. These, placed end to end, would girdle the globe nearly five times. Their face value was \$139,426,811, and, as evidence of the growth of the business of the country and the increased demands on the bureau, the stamps to be printed during the present fiscal year will exceed those printed for the year 1908 by 1,000,000,000. The increase of the work in the bureau has been, in fact, about 100 per cent. in the last five years. The excellent discipline and perfect system of checks maintained in the bureau to serve as a preventative of all irregularities is a revelation to those who are interested in systems. No higher compliment could be paid to the efficiency of the institution than that expressed by Louis A. Coolidge, assistant secretary of the treasury, when he stated that it was the "acme of perfection." To build up and operate such a perfect machine has been the labor of years.



UNCLE SAM'S MONEY WAGON

# SECRETS OF THE "SECRET SERVICE"

By JOHN E. WILKIE

Chief of the United States Secret Service

## III—STORY OF A GREAT NATION



"SECRET SERVICE!" How suggestive of mystery, romance and adventure! With what a wealth of stirring incident and plot it might be invested! How naturally one's imagination is peopled with skulking, cunningly-disguised human ferrets, noiselessly and relentlessly upon the trail of smuggler, thief or moonshiner, beset by hidden perils, regardless of ever-threatened death, smiling coldly in the very muzzles of hostile weapons, triumphantly outwitting the daring malefactors and bringing them to stern and relentless justice. Leading writers of fiction have thrown about the service a glamor of enchantment that makes it tremendously attractive to the reader, and the facts about this admittedly interesting branch of government work are wholly lost. There is unquestionably a fascination about the mysterious, and as the government furnishes little or no information about its investigating branches, this alone fires one's curiosity—a curiosity which feeds upon much entertaining but almost always misleading information in secret service fiction.

There was a secret service in the War Department during the Rebellion under the famous Colonel Baker, and volumes have been written around and about the brave men and women who volunteered to enter the enemy's lines in the search for information of vital importance. At the close of the war when there was no further use for this military information organization Colonel Baker was called upon to prosecute all sorts of investigations of wrong-doing at the national capital and elsewhere; but what is known as the Secret Service Division of the Treasury Department came into existence in 1865 when Congress gave the secretary of the treasury \$300,000 for the purpose of suppressing counterfeiting which at that time had become especially

annoying and troublesome. And each year since then there has been an appropriation of the same character, varying in amount for the same purpose.

The Secret Service has nothing to do with "moonshiners"—illicit distillers; they come under the jurisdiction of the internal revenue agents. Smuggling is looked after by the special agents of the customs service; post-office thefts and similar offenses are investigated by post office inspectors acting under the direction of the postmaster general. All of these officers make secret investigations of these classes of offenses for the purpose of bringing the offenders to justice, but the only secret service recognized by law in the Government departments is the one of that title attached to the office of the secretary of the treasury whose special province is the suppression of counterfeiting.

The service does not deal with thieves and criminals of the ordinary type but devotes itself to the suppression of offenses against the statutes relating to the coins and currency of the country and is held responsible for the punishment of those who try to imitate either the coins or notes. The criminals making a specialty of this form of crime consider themselves an aristocracy in the criminal world and hold aloof from those sordid wretches who steal money, jewels or any other form of property. Your counterfeiter asserts that he is an "artist," and that his "art" requires technical knowledge and skill which are beyond the reach of ordinary offenders. They are far above the average in intelligence, many of them indeed being men of wide education. I recall one man famous in two hemispheres, who speaks seven languages, whose hobby is archaeology, who is a chemist, artist, master of all mechanical processes of engraving, a lithographer of unusual skill, and an expert in the manufacture of hand-

made paper of the highest quality. Another, now dead, rode with the immortal six hundred at Balaklava, had traveled the world over and had few equals in the art of engraving on steel. When photography was introduced as an adjunct to the mechanical reproduction of pictures, he abandoned counterfeiting on the ground that as a true artist he could never stoop to the use of a mechanical aid in the making of a plate from which counterfeit notes might be printed.

It is with this class of specialists that the Secret Service has to deal almost exclusively, and as the offenders are most skillful, cautious and suspicious, it requires officers of unusual ability to cope with them. Secret Service agents therefore are picked men, resourceful, familiar with all the tricks and expedients of the craft, with infinite patience and persistence, and an ability to maintain a high working pressure of enthusiasm under the most discouraging circumstances. The disguises which form so prominent a feature of the work of the detective of fiction are unknown in the service, officers simply being careful to dress in harmony with the surroundings in which they may be prosecuting their investigations. Plans are carefully worked out so that when the case is closed by a raid on the offenders the arrests are made quietly with the minimum of personal risk on the part of the officers, and with an absence of spectacular features that would be painful to a seeker after sensations.

The department furnishes no information as to the numerical strength of the force or its personnel. It does not conceal the fact that there are twenty-eight districts in the United States; that each one of these is in charge of an officer whose name and face may be familiar to the public locally; but about the number and names of his assistants, and their fields of activity a discreet silence is maintained. Each of these field agents makes a daily report of his operations to his immediate superior and that officer transmits a full report embodying all of this to the Washington headquarters for the information of the chief of the division who thus keeps in touch with all of the work. The time of these agents belongs absolutely to the government. There is no such thing as a Secret Service man carrying on some business and secret-servicing, so to speak, as a side issue. They must have no other inter-

ests than the government's business and they are on duty or on call twenty-four hours a day; that is to say, they have no fixed hours of labor as in ordinary lines of work. They are an enthusiastic lot of chaps too, between twenty-five and forty years of age, in the pink of condition physically, and capable of



JOHN E. WILKIE  
Chief of the United States Secret Service

any amount of hard, exhausting work. It is the enthusiasm that counts in what they accomplish, and most of them find more satisfaction in a bit of successful work than in the pay they receive for doing it.

New issues of counterfeit notes are rarely discovered by the service, for its agents have little or no opportunity of closely inspecting the money in current circulation. And so it is the tellers in banks, cashiers in large stores

and others who handle vast sums of money and are always on the lookout for bad notes, who are the eyes of the service in this respect. Incidentally it is interesting to note that the skill which enables one to detect a counterfeit comes not from a study of counterfeits, but from a thorough and unconscious familiarity with the genuine. If a man were pointed out to you and you were told that some day another who much resembled him would try to impose upon you, you would be pretty apt to fix his features in your mind; you would not spend any time looking at other people who looked something like him, would you? And the moment the impostor appeared you would note that in this, that or the other particular he failed to meet the details of the other man's face and figure. Just so it is in the detection of counterfeits. A skillful teller in a bank, counting money rapidly, will involuntarily throw out a note which in the slightest degree departs from the well-known pattern which is so strongly impressed on his mental vision. That involuntary act will nearly always prove to have been justified, for the bill in nineteen cases out of twenty will prove to be a counterfeit. It is because of this fact that when a request is received from someone to loan him a collection of counterfeits for the instruction of his cashiers he is advised to have the young men study the genuine carefully, and there will be no trouble in detecting the bad notes.

After a counterfeit is detected a description of it is widely circulated through the newspapers and publications whose subscribers are chiefly bankers and cashiers, and then the service begins the work of discovering the makers and circulators of the bogus money. Sometimes the paper used by the counterfeiter may afford the clue which leads to his undoing; sometimes purchases of the peculiar shade of green ink that is used in the printing of the backs of the notes may be traced, for the legitimate users of these materials are all known in the trade, and outsiders who purchase such things are apt to be remembered by the salesmen who keep in constant touch with the agents of the service. It has happened that information from these sources has led to the discovery of a counterfeiting plot before a single note has been issued, but this is a rare bit of good fortune. Sometimes the mystery is unraveled in a few

weeks, but it may take months of constant, painstaking and minute search to obtain the first ray of light. One great conspiracy required the untiring work of thirty or more men for a period of fourteen months before the case was ready for arrests and prosecution.

It is the practice in the service to get the evidence first and then make the arrests. Agents of the service as a rule are pretty fair lawyers; that is to say, they have a working knowledge of criminal practice in the federal courts and it is not at all unusual for one of the officers to represent the government in preliminary hearings before United States commissioners when for some reason one of the assistant United States attorneys cannot attend. They have to discriminate carefully in the matter of evidence, must know what evidence is, and what is admissible as testimony. One may have a knowledge amounting to a certainty in his own mind that an individual is guilty of an offense, but when it comes to submitting proof, the greatest care has to be exercised that the chain of evidence is legal and complete and capable of standing all the tests that may be applied to it by smart and tricky criminal lawyers. So the cases are carefully and completely prepared in advance in each instance and submitted to the proper prosecuting officer, so that when the case comes to trial he will be able to know just what each witness can testify, and how every bit of physical evidence—the notes or coins in evidence—can be connected with the defendants to insure the conviction of all who may be guilty.

Years ago the only method of counterfeiting a bill involved engraving the pattern on a steel plate, and more than a year was required to complete a pair of plates for this purpose. The men who did the work were really artists, and each engraver had his own peculiar method of handling the sharp-pointed gravers with which the lines were cut in the surface of the steel. That individuality was a great assistance in determining who did the work on any new counterfeit when it appeared. The individual peculiarities of all the skilled men who engaged in this kind of work were known to the experts in the service, and it was possible to say with a considerable degree of certainty that this, that or the other of a little group of such

engravers cut a particular note. Later on there came the photo-mechanical processes where the camera was employed to lay the pattern down on a metal plate, and etching fluid took the place of the graver. Inasmuch as camera and acid lack individuality, the difficulty of identifying the engraver was increased tremendously. There are thousands of photo-engraving establishments in the country, each one of which is completely equipped with the apparatus and materials needed in the making of a counterfeit, and yet you can count on the fingers of one hand the cases where the equipment and technical skill of these places have been used illegitimately. And that I think is a pretty fine tribute to the innate honesty of the craft; at any rate it goes a long way in sustaining one's faith in human nature.

Aside from the work of suppressing counterfeiting the secret service has comparatively little to do now. A year or so ago its trained men were loaned to the Department of Justice for the investigation of land frauds, and scores of convictions and the recovery of hundreds of thousands of acres of valuable public lands were brought about by their investigations. They have given attention, too, to the looting of mints and assay offices by dishonest government employes, and not long ago the ink contract of the great bureau of engraving and printing was investigated with the result that a scheme was uncovered by which the government had been defrauded of thousands of dollars. Some idea of the importance of the matter may be obtained when it is stated that the new contract following the disclosures was at a figure more than \$100,000 a year under the old one and the former contractor and an ink expert of the bureau were indicted for the irregularities, pleaded guilty and paid to the government in fines nearly \$20,000 in cash. The great lottery enterprises which flourished undisturbed up to two years ago were driven out of business by Secret Service agents loaned to the Department of Justice, the principals

were brought to bar and upon pleas of guilty were fined more than \$200,000, surrendered all electrotypes, tickets and literature relating to the business and solemnly entered into a stipulation never again to go into the demoralizing game.

It falls to the lot of the Secret Service too, to protect the person of the President of the United States—a responsibility that was first placed upon this division after the tragedy at Buffalo, and in addition to this the safety of distinguished and titled official visitors from abroad is entrusted to the service. Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Fushimi of Japan, the Crown Prince of Siam, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Duke of the Abruzzi, and many others of lesser note have been carefully protected from annoyance while the guests of the nation, and in no instance has there occurred the slightest incident to mar the pleasure and tranquility of their visit.

For more than ten years the merit system has prevailed in the service, which is a strictly non-partisan, non-political organization. "Pulls" are unknown and unrecognized; every man is measured and rewarded according to his efficiency and knows that his retention in the service depends wholly upon the character and quality of his work. He wastes no time lining up "influence" to help him hold his job, and being free from obligations and entanglements, is able to devote his whole time and energy to the impartial discharge of his duties. To this unhampered attention to the work of suppressing counterfeiting I attribute the fact that today the proportion of counterfeit notes in circulation is about one to one hundred thousand; that is to say that for each half million of genuine currency in circulation there are about five dollars in counterfeit notes; and for each one hundred thousand dollars in gold and silver in circulation there is a trifle under three dollars in counterfeit coin. All of which would suggest that the business of counterfeiting is not overwhelmingly attractive as a financial proposition.



# NATIONAL PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

By WALTER WYMAN

Surgeon-General, The Public Health and Marine Hospital Service

## IV—STORY OF A GREAT NATION



THE history of the National Public Health Service has been one of gradual but constant growth. It had its beginning in 1798, when Congress passed an act for the relief of sick and disabled seamen. For a long time its main work was the medical care and treatment of sailors, and it was known as the Marine-Hospital Service. Then, as occasion arose, or the need became apparent, Congress from time to time added duties of a public health nature, until in 1902 the old name was so misleading and so poorly signified the work performed, that it was changed to the Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service, and Congress, by this act, established in name a public health bureau which had for some time existed in fact.

The service at the present time consists of 409 medical officers trained in the various branches of public health work. At their head is the surgeon-general, who, under the secretary of the treasury, is responsible for the proper administration and efficiency of the work which at the present time may be divided into maritime and interstate quarantine, medical inspection of immigrants, medical

care and treatment of sick and disabled seamen, medical assistance to the other branches of the government, scientific research in public health matters, suppression of epidemics, the regulation of the manufacture and sale of serums, antitoxins and analogous products in interstate commerce, the collecting of morbidity statistics and sanitary information and co-operation with state boards of health.

### QUARANTINE

Under the secretary of the treasury, the surgeon-general administers the national quarantine laws and regulations, and for this purpose maintains forty-three quarantine stations extending along the Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Coasts of the United States, from Portland, Maine, to Port Townsend, Washington. Officers of the service are detailed at these places and vessels coming to the United States from foreign countries are boarded and inspected before entering the port and

if quarantinable disease is found on board, or if they have come from an infected port without having taken proper precautions, as specified in the quarantine regulations, the vessel is detained for observation, disinfected or otherwise treated as the spe-



Photo by Harris & Ewing

WALTER WYMAN

Surgeon-General, United States Public Health and Marine-Hospital Service



cial features of the case may indicate, or the quarantine laws require.

Distributed at convenient intervals along the coast are specially equipped stations with large barracks equipped for the detention of crews and passengers of vessels whom it may be necessary to isolate because of the existence of dangerous contagious diseases. At these stations are also hospitals for the care of the sick, laboratories for the study of disease, crematories for the safe disposal of the dead, sulphur furnaces and other apparatus for the disinfection of vessels and all the things necessary for the comfort and proper care of a large number of people. In this way, vessels coming from all parts of the world, from ports where plague, cholera, yellow fever and typhus fever exist or are epidemic, or vessels with smallpox or other disease on board, enter the ports of the United States under conditions which prevent the introduction of the dangerous epidemic diseases. The chain of quarantine stations constitute a sieve which holds in its meshes and strains out the dangerous element of maritime commerce.

In addition to those just mentioned, there are twenty-two quarantine stations located in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines. These stations protect the islands from foreign invasion of disease and serve as an additional protection to this country against epidemic invasion from the islands. As a further protection, medical officers are detailed to many important foreign ports and there inspect vessels bound for the United States, and in conjunction with the American consul sign bills of health for such vessels, and whenever a quarantinable disease prevails in an unusual degree in a place which can directly or indirectly be a menace to this country, the surgeon-general details special officers to investigate and report upon the conditions. An officer has at the present time been detailed, and is now investigating and reporting upon the cholera situation in St. Petersburg, Russia. During the summer, officers are stationed at the Central American ports and other places which at that season of the year are a constant menace because of yellow fever.

#### MEDICAL INSPECTION OF IMMIGRANTS

Millions of immigrants have come to this country, and the numbers are constantly increasing. Each immigrant is examined by

a service medical officer, and those found suffering from loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, insane persons, idiots, epileptics and those likely to become a public charge because of infirmities, are detained and the immigration officials deport them to the country from which they came. This inspection of immigrants is carried on not only at our seaports, but also along the Canadian and Mexican borders wherever there is direct communication by steamboat or railroad. This inspection serves to keep out the thousands of sick and disabled who would become a burden upon public and private charities. It also keeps out thousands of cases of contagious diseases.

#### CARE OF SICK AND DISABLED SEAMEN

The service maintains twenty-one marine hospitals, and 141 marine-hospital stations where medical treatment is given to sailors of the merchants marine. Over 55,000 sailors were thus treated during the last fiscal year. This care of sailors serves two useful purposes besides its direct benefit to the sailor. Seamen taken ill or injured while en route to, or at a port, would necessarily have to be left by the vessel for treatment at the port which in the majority of cases would not be the sailor's home. The sick would therefore suffer unmerited neglect, or become a burden upon the charity of a community to which they did not belong. Further, if the illness be of a contagious nature, they become a menace. Deep-water sailors, because of the nature of their life, are prone not to form family ties, and when these men contract tuberculosis, as many do, they both suffer themselves because of the lack of a home in many cases, and in addition endanger the community in which they live. For these men the service maintains a large sanatorium at Fort Stanton, New Mexico.

This sanatorium is on a reservation of thirty-eight square miles, located on a plateau in central New Mexico at an altitude of 6,150 feet. Here there are 200 or more patients continually under treatment. Some remain until cured, others remain a few months during which time they become improved and learn how they must live if they would recover, and how to conduct themselves for the protection of others. Others, of course, less fortunate, never leave the sanatorium, but their days of illness have been rendered as comfortable as possible, and they have not

been centers of disease scattering the infection in cities as they otherwise would.

All applicants for pilot's licenses are examined as to color sense and those with defective color vision rejected. This is a precaution for the safety of crews and passengers.

In addition to the sailors of the merchant marine, the service renders medical care and treatment to the officers and crews of the Revenue Cutter Service, Life-Saving Service, Coast and Geodetic Survey, and other government services, to each of which it acts in the capacity of a medical service. All revenue cutters, except when on harbor duty and within easy reach of port, have service officers aboard, who constitute medical officers.

#### SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH

The service maintains the Hygienic Laboratory in Washington for the investigation of matters pertaining to the public health. In this laboratory there is a corps of men consisting of bacteriologists, pathologists, zoologists, pharmacologists and chemists constantly employed at research work having a direct sanitary bearing. In addition it is through this laboratory that the manufacture and sale of viruses, serums, toxins and analogous products are regulated. Institutions manufacturing these articles, at the present time so important in the treatment of the sick, are inspected at frequent intervals, and the products themselves are bought in the open market and examined for purity and strength. Thus the consumer, who in this case is the helpless sick, is protected, and the physician can intelligently and with a feeling of security prescribe an article of assured efficiency.

To this end standard units, official for the United States, have been established for diphtheria and tetanus antitoxin so that the strength of all makes of these products sold in interstate commerce is based on a common standard and the labels on the package show correctly and in known terms the therapeutic efficiency of the contents. Previous to the establishment of these standards far different conditions existed. At this laboratory much work has been done on public health subjects, of which the following will give some idea of the character: The cause of the prevalence of typhoid fever in cities, the relation of milk to the public health, the cause and effects of the prevalence of hook-worm disease in certain of the Southern states, the best methods of use and relative efficiency of dis-

infectants and germicides, the chemistry of milk in its relation to infant feeding, the effects and therapeutic uses of drugs, bacteriological studies in connection with quarantine and quarantinable diseases, studies in malaria, yellow fever, Rocky Mountain fever, milk sickness, and many other sanitary investigations of a similar nature. Here also is prepared the virus used in the prevention and treatment of rabies. Persons living in the District of Columbia, bitten by rabid animals, or those able to come to Washington are treated upon request of local health officers to whom also the therapeutic virus is sent for treatment at a distance when asked for. The service also maintains a leprosy investigation station on the Island of Molokai where this disease of so much importance to our island possessions, Hawaii and the Philippines, is being studied, and where investigations will be continued until the best means of treatment is found or a specific cure discovered.

#### SUPPRESSION OF EPIDEMICS

Whenever quarantinable disease becomes epidemic in a city or state to such a degree that the affected community is unable to control it, and asks for aid, or when it becomes a menace to other states, the National Government steps in and sends into the field a corps of trained officers to suppress the epidemic, or protect other states as the case may be. Recent instances are the outbreak of yellow fever in Texas in 1903, the yellow fever epidemic radiating from New Orleans in the summer of 1905, and the present invasion of the Pacific Coast by plague. During the last thirty-five years the service has been engaged in fighting as many epidemics of cholera, smallpox, plague and yellow fever.

The service also collects morbidity statistics, detailed information of epidemics in foreign countries, and data relative to the sanitary conditions of seaports, all of which is published weekly in the public health reports, which constitute a sanitary review of the world.

#### RELATION TO STATE HEALTH AUTHORITIES

The Surgeon General holds annually in Washington a conference with the state and territorial health officers. This serves for the interchange of ideas and the establishment of uniform methods in sanitary matters. The service also extends aid and co-operation to state and territorial boards of health.



AFRICAN IRON WORKERS

## ROOSEVELT'S HUNTING GROUNDS

By PETER MACQUEEN

### II. IN THE HEART OF AFRICA

AFTER a delightful visit, I leave Zanzibar for the African Continent, feeling something of the combined admiration and pity with which one might take leave of a discrowned Oriental princess, a "Light of the Harem," whose lord is already at the feet of a younger and fairer love; for, with all the sensuous, languorous charm of the island-city and its spicy, fruit-laden suburbs blest with eternal summer and gay with superabounding Oriental color and life, I feel that the sceptre has departed, and that all the ages of war and splendor and greed that have made Zanzibar the metropolis of East African seas have been insufficient to save her from the fate of all states and cities which bud and burgeon and blow like the rose, to decay and fall, like the rose, in God's good time.

And so I bid Zanzibar a long and saddened adieu, as we steam northward and westward

through the strong tides of the straits, and see the city dwarf and shrink into the island green and white, and that, in turn, into a sun-kissed haze, as her sister isle of Pemba begins to rise above the seaward horizon. Fifteen hours will suffice, if all goes well, to take us to the new metropolis of Eastern Africa, Mombasa, two hundred miles from Zanzibar.

Mombasa, for centuries the chief haven and fortress-city of that portion of the East African littoral known to geographers of the last century as Zanguebar; Mombasa, the city, snowy-white in its coral-walled and whitewashed Oriental architecture, stands out prominently against a background of tropical foliage on the northern and eastern shores of an island where the wooded promontory of English Point opposes its coral ramparts to the surges of the Indian Ocean. On the southeast, scarce a league away, opens

the sister port of Kilindini, whose ship-channel, even deeper and less beset with reef and shoal, leads into an anchorage unrivaled on the African coast save by that almost perfect Portuguese haven of Delagoa Bay.

City" or "Battle Island"—since, from known dates considerably before the Norman conquest of Great Britain, and up to the year of our Lord, 1887, its guards and citizens have never known continuous and assured peace.



MASAI ELMORAN OR WARRIORS, AND HUT COVERED WITH COW-DUNG

As we steam into the harbor, I see that the old esplanade and waterfront of the Arab city, where the grim ruins of the ancient fortress crumble away under the teeth of time, have been of late made the site of mansions and bungalows built within a half-dozen years by European officials, merchants and adventurers, for the age of adventure has not altogether passed away in the Africa of today. The Mazrui, the Arabs of the coast, nay, the Swahilis, in whom the fiery blood of Ishmael, bred out as it has been by generations of marriage and concubinage with a hundred African tribes, is still a living flame when greed, lust or religious fanaticism hold sway, have not forgotten the wild, passionate, warlike traditions of their people and city, for I find that Mombasa, "Mombas, the chief city of Zanguebar," has a more ancient and significant name among its duskier denizens—"Umvitu," "The Battle

First known to the Portuguese by its hostility to Vasco da Gama, in 1498, Admiral Cabral bombarded and looted it in 1500, and Francis de Almeida destroyed it in 1505. In 1508 the Portuguese fortified and rebuilt it, but after generations of greed and slave-hunting, were driven out by Ali Bey in 1586. A Portuguese admiral, suggestively named Dom Bombero, battered down and burned all that the last siege had spared, and shortly afterward the "Zimbas," one of those migrating hordes which from time to time have swept like a tornado down from the north, "washed their spears" in the blood of its helpless inhabitants. In 1630 Portugal again held it, constructing the massive fortress whose ruins still overlook the sea. Besieged by the Arabs under Yusuf Ben Ahmed, who finally accepted the surrender of the garrison, they marched out to die to a man under the arrows of his Arabian and African archers.

Portugal sent a fleet and army to avenge them, but after a three-month's siege Ben Ahmed escaped by night and took refuge in Yemen the Happy. In 1665 the Imaum of Muscat, after a five-years' siege, captured the fortress, but did not expel the Portuguese from the island itself until 1698. The Arabs held Mombasa with more or less minor blood-letting until 1826, when Sultan Seyyid Said of Zanzibar, after four years of merciless warfare, conquered Zanguebar and the Battle City and held them as tributary territory, and this subservience was ratified by an award made by Lord Canning in 1856. Later, constant wars and devastating feuds defied the waning power of the sultan, and the Imperial British East African Company essayed to repeat in Africa the conquests and monopolies of the East India Company in Asia and

ernment took up the "white man's burden" afresh and called the new protectorate British East Africa. To this accession (secured in 1893) was added, in 1895, another protectorate over the Kingdom of Uganda, to open which to the world of peaceful trade and benevolent assimilation the so-called Uganda railroad was completed in 1905.

Mombasa today has about 30,000 inhabitants, some two hundred of whom are white, many of them representing large mercantile interests, besides resident officials and army and navy attaches. The dignified, high-bred Arab and his congeners of the mixed blood; the "Arabs of the Coast"; natives of India, Parsee, Buddhist and Mohammedan; the lathy Sikh mercenary; stout, heavy-featured Soudanese; uniformed Somali and lean, pallid, shifty-eyed Goanese mingle with the white-



TANGA SHORES, GERMAN EAST AFRICA

the Hudson Bay Company in British North America. They christened the newly-acquired land "Ibea," using the initials of the corporate title to build up the new world, but the task was too great and the immediate chances of profit or loot too small to make the enterprise a success, so the British gov-

garmented Swahilis and their women, pert, free of tongue, bare-shouldered and garmented in the most garish and bizarre of modern chintzes.

At Kilindini port, some two to two and a half miles from the older city, I found the center of most of that trade in ivory and hides





THE FIRST STATION ON THE UGANDA RAILWAY

The bridges are nearly all of American manufacture, and this is a Baldwin engine. The generic name for cloth is "Mericali," and our merchants have a great chance in East Africa if they will push their hardwares and cottons

which, with the collateral slave trade and labor, made Zanzibar great and Mombasa only less powerful. Today slavery has ceased to exist legally, and wherever the English flag flies is actually ended. The streets are no longer unsanitary and noisome; the water supply, once dependent on brackish wells and rain-water tanks, has been greatly improved, and the hotels are perhaps equal to the limited demand from European wayfarers. The stores are large and well supplied with everything that the merchant or traveler needs on his inland journeyings.

When one is getting ready to take the field he always finds a difference of opinion between experts as to the weapons to be carried, and when plans are made for a journey into a country so abounding in large game and dangerous animals as Africa, the choice is indeed an important one. Stanley abjured his small-calibered American breech-loaders and pinned his faith to Livingstone's large-bored, double-barrelled Reilly; other and later travelers tell of the efficiency of English double-barrelled express rifles, and claim

that a second barrel is far better in case of a miss than three or four cartridges in "a pump gun." What arms President Roosevelt will carry into Africa is an interesting problem to riflemen and makers. Will it be the favorite heavy, large-bored Marlin or Winchester with which the mountain-men of the Rockies meet the headlong, stupendous onset of a wounded grizzly, or will he shoot a spiteful, dainty little Savage, that resembles a girl's toy and drives a soft-nosed bullet through boiler-plate as if it were soft pine? or perhaps a sporting Mauser or Mannlicher, with their long, slender-bulleted cartridges. It behooves him to choose wisely, or a wounded elephant, lion, buffalo or rhinoceros, or even a ponderous river-horse, cut off from his fluvial domain, may, despite the rain of bullets crushing bone and piercing the very fountain of the blood, still retain fury and strength enough to avenge their own slaying. Much, too, must be done, in contemplating a journey of this nature, to prepare for actual caravan life and its vicissitudes. The clothing must be stout and much warmer than is usually





ARCHDEACON BUCKLEY, C. M. S., TEACHING BUSOGA NATIVES TO BUILD, DAUB AND WATTLE HOUSES

supposed to be necessary for African traveling, for as one goes inland the altitude rapidly carries the traveler from the hot, low coastline of the equatorial zone up into the lower temperature of an almost Arctic clime. Helmets for tropical suns, fezzes for evening and cold days, rot-proof canvas tents and hammocks, light bedding and extra heavy blankets; presents for African potentates and "Merikani" (cloth), beads, copper wire, tools and trinkets with which to buy food; medicines, ammunition, preserved foods and a few luxuries such as books, stationery, scientific instruments, etc.; nothing must be left behind on the chance of getting it off the line of the railway.

These matters I had duly attended to when I first took passage in 1908 on the Uganda Railway.

The train "for Uganda and way stations" is drawn by an American (Baldwin) engine, and starts from the city station near the old fort. A first-class ticket to Port Florence, 584 miles away on the Victoria Nyanza, costs six cents per mile or forty dollars and four cents the trip, second-class at three cents per

mile and seventeen dollars and fifty-two cents the trip, and the third-class, the "Jim Crow cars," in which no white man may ride, one cent per mile, or five dollars and eighty-four cents for the trip. No native may ride in the first and second-class cars, which are comfortable and constructed to promote coolness and free circulation.

We pull out of the city, passing the great freight stations and docks at Kilindini, now the center of ivory and hide export for East Central Africa, and cross the shallows that separate Mombasa from the mainland, over the lofty iron Salisbury bridge, 1,700 feet long. At Changamwe, the first station out, one enters a beautiful country naturally well-wooded with coconut palms, ambatch, baobabs, mangoes and other woods. Some handsome plantations owned by Indians lie along the route, and many picturesque Swahili cottages and Wayganika villages are seen as we ascend the up-grade to Mazeras Station nine miles out.

Here we enter upon the so-called Desert of Taru, which for ninety-four miles intervenes between Mazeras and Voi. It is far from

being bare, for a juiceless grass and thorny corpses alternate with patches of bare dust in the dry and mud in rainy weather. It is by no means destitute of life, however; we see herds of gazelles, sometimes from sixty to two hundred together, perhaps a rhinoceros, a pack of sneaking jackals, a prowling hyena, a stealthy, graceful leopard or majestic lion. The animals show little fear of the train, for the high cost of a hunting license—about two hundred and fifty dollars—and numerous limitations as to the number of heads to be killed by any one sportsman greatly lessens the number of hunters.

At Voi Station, one hundred and three

glories of Mawenzi (the dark), the eastern peak, and Kibo (the bright) seen in the splendor of sunset, nor disdains at times to terrify or astound the feeble children of men, but holds as his especial stronghold the snow-clad, glacier-defended summit nineteen thousand, seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is a nice little ride of about one hundred miles over a good road built by the administration of the Protectorate, to that cloudland of white and gold that on clear, hot days seems lying very near on the north-western horizon. It is a long and trying walk, however, especially when, as once happened in my own case, the headman of



AN ANT HILL AT UGANDA

The woman at the left is clothed in bark. There are ant hills by the thousand in Uganda

miles from Mombasa, we stop at a very comfortable government dak bungalow, and can see, on a clear day, Mount Kilimanjaro—"The Mountain of the Spirit Njaro," who, like the Giant of the Brocken, the malignant Rubezahl of German legend, or the giants of Jotunheim, dwells amid the terrors and

your "safari" (caravan) takes it into his head that your order to lay in a supply of very clean water must not only be obeyed to the letter, but supplements it by leaving a goodly piece of soap in each cask of drinking water. This was not discovered until we were well on our way, and as there was no

water for seventy-five miles, we drank soap-suds continuously until we emerged from the desert.

President Roosevelt may not visit "The Mountain of the Spirit Njaro," and indeed

of eternal ice. There, when we had attained nineteen thousand, two hundred feet of altitude, my companion, a man weighing about two hundred pounds, slipped and fell, crushing three ribs just above his heart. I went



SWAHILI WOMEN WORKING IN THE BUILDING OF A NEW ROAD AT ZANZIBAR

They work from 6 A.M. till 3 P.M. and receive 13 cents per day—big pay; for here average pay is 5 cents per day for servant girls

the itinerary laid out for him by the press is sufficiently long and varied for one year's adventure, but I would like to have him scale the peak and unfurl the Stars and Stripes nineteen thousand, seven hundred feet above the equatorial coastline. Two brave Germans, Dr. Hans Meyer and Herr Ludwig Purtscheller of Salzburg, accomplished the feat in 1889; the Duke of Abruzzi reached only seventeen thousand, seven hundred feet, and Mr. Peter Dutkewitch of New York, my photographer and myself started, in 1908, when the thermometer at the base registered one hundred and thirteen degrees Fahrenheit, and climbed up into the region

to his assistance and finally got him where I could afford him some relief. I sent three separate parties back to Voi to secure the means of transporting him back to civilization, and when at last Sergeant-Major Bast arrived with medicines and litters, I, too, was worn out and unconscious. I simply needed rest, and was soon as well as ever, but Mr. Dutkewitch was still in the hospital at Uganda when I left Africa.

From Voi to Makindu, two hundred and fifty miles from Mombasa, the Taru desert becomes rather a jungle of plains broken by abrupt, grassy hills or mounds. The Athi district and Kapiti plains is the great

British Protectorate game preserve in which by special favor President Roosevelt is to be permitted perfect freedom of action, with his personal assistants, who will doubtless make notable additions to the Washington Museum.

At Nairobi, I spent four weeks most enjoyably, receiving every courtesy from President Currie of the railway company, which



ZANZIBAR WOMEN GRINDING MANIOC  
FOR NATIVE FLOUR

has its headquarters here. The station and offices are commodious and are kept in perfect order; the repair shops are large and capable of making or repairing any car or engine. A very large number of Indian and native blacks are employed, and do good work, the blacks seeming to have an especial gift at working iron, as may be seen by the weapons and ornaments which they smelted and forged with the most primitive furnaces, bellows, forges and tools before the advent of the railway. One thousand Europeans and fourteen thousand Indians and Africans

inhabit this center of railroad trade and administration. Modern hotels and handsome bungalows, tin-roofed and brightly painted, stand not far away from the thatched dwellings of tribesmen who, less than a score of years ago, fought and hunted with the spear and lived ever in fear of merciless war and the outrages of the Arab hunters of men. Automobiles sweep through the streets, English boys and girls and their elders play at golf and tennis, the electric light drives the prowling jackal and hyena to the borders of the unlighted suburbs, and the location, fifty-five hundred feet above the sea, is said to be especially healthy.

I never tired of hearing the stories told by pioneer officers and operatives of the construction of this railroad, which, if collected and written, would form a real epic, full of grim tragedy and scarcely less acrid humor. Of actual warfare there was little or none within the territory covered by the railway, but the Masai still cut off stragglers and massacred small parties not far away from the construction line. A strangely warlike people are these Masai, living in wattled, shapeless dwellings daubed thickly with a mixture of clay and cow-dung. There is no family relation as we understand it after the period of childhood is passed, for the boys and girls, after the age of puberty, dwell together promiscuously in public kraals or houses prepared for them. The young man, "elmoran" in the Masai tongue, has no work to do but to keep his war gear and arms in order and be ready to fight when need or opportunity calls him to the field, while the girl cooks and cares for her lover for the time. When the elmoran goes out to war he is an awe-inspiring spectacle. A circle of ostrich plumes encircles a face full of courage and cruelty; long fringes of the fur of the Colobus monkey stream behind him as he leaps along the war trail. His oval shield and lances, headed with slender, thirty-inch points of steel, are the most effective in all Africa, and in the day of their greatest prestige no elmoran dared "to go back to the girls" without blood on his weapons and booty for his tribe. When a couple marry they settle down to a comparatively peaceful life, the married man being called into the field only in times of great emergency.

Beyond the occasional Masai outbreaks, the meeting of Norseman, Celt, Gaul, Goth,

Sikh, Hindu, Baluch, Goanese, Arab, Swahili and Africans of a thousand tribelets was sure to breed more or less trouble not to be settled without many shrewd blows and occasional blood-letting, but on the whole there was little man-slaying, and British justice has kept things sweet and clean, never allowing cruelty or oppression on the part of "the dominant race" or theft and barbarism among the natives. The greatest losses of life have been caused by carnivorous beasts, poisonous insects and reptiles and still more fatal diseases. For whatever may be said of the salubrity of this or that section of equatorial Africa, few white men have resided and lived the strenuous life therein and continued their work for more than four or five years. If a man has any physical weakness, Africa is certain to find it out. The list of explorers, scientists and missionaries is long and honorable to human courage, enterprise and unselfish charity, but for the most part it is a series of obituaries, and of the humble and unknown few have reached three-score and ten. The use of quinine, not as a remedy but as a preventative, seems to be a necessity in the greater part of Africa. The men who laid the Uganda railway and built up its stations—centers of civilization in the most savage of all wildernesses—paid their part of that human sacrifice without which little of good or gain has blessed the sons of Adam.

Near Tsavo Station, one hundred and thirty-three miles from Mombasa, during the construction of the line, twenty-nine Indian coolies were killed and eaten by lions. Naturally there was a panic; the men could not work, and three young men, Messrs.

Hubner, Parent and Ryal, took a car down to the dangerous locality to slay the slayers of men. The car was left on the side-track at the site of a former station long since discontinued, where a few days before a lion had actually sprung upon a man on an open railway truck as the train slowed down at the station platform, and carried him, vainly shrieking for help, into the jungle.

The men knew they must keep watch against these man-eating beasts who had lost all fear of man and would exert their utmost subtlety and strength to feed their consuming desire for human flesh. It was arranged that a sentinel should be always on guard, and Ryal held the midnight watch, sitting, rifle in hand, where he could command the doors and windows, Parent made a sleeping-place for himself on the floor, Hubner occupied an upper berth, and all three anticipated a successful hunt next morning.

About two o'clock, in the murky gloom of the tropical night, overcome by weariness and the enervating heat, Ryal dropped asleep. A pair of lambent eyes sought him out from the half-open door, a noiseless, powerful form crept by or over Parent as he lay asleep, and seizing Ryal in his powerful jaws, the man-eater of Tsavo sprang out through the glass and sash of the nearest window into the cover of the jungle, where Ryal's whitened bones were found later.

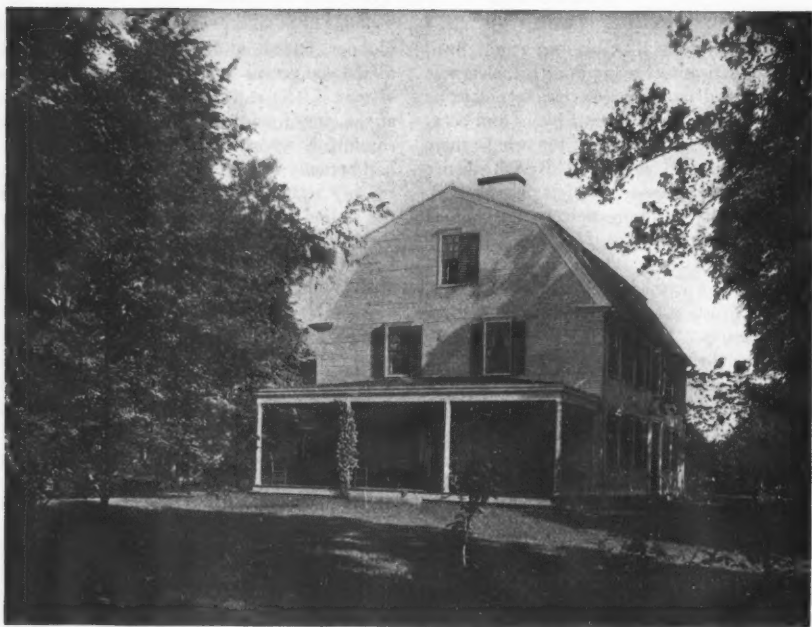
This tragedy caused the assembling of a great hunting party which swept the country about Tsavo, and among the lions killed was one great old lion which had imbedded in his scarred and lately-healed hide several fragments of window glass, which undoubtedly identified him as the slayer of poor Ryal.

*(Continued in February number)*



MR. MACQUEEN'S SAFARI (Journey Party)  
Crossing the scrub desert of Taru between Voi and Kilimanjaro  
—75 miles without water





PHILLIPS BROOKS' OLD HOME AT ANDOVER, MASS., WHERE HE WAS BORN AND  
SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD



LIBRARY AT THE OLD HOME, ANDOVER, MASS., WHERE PHILLIPS BROOKS SPENT  
MANY HAPPY EVENINGS WITH HIS MOTHER

# PHILLIPS BROOKS, PREACHER

By MITCHELL MANNERING

THE magnetic personality of Phillips Brooks, the great-hearted orator, drew thousands of people to Boston during his ministry at Trinity. Church-goers clearly remember that towering form in the pulpit, and the rapid flow of words expressing thoughts that flew so fast no reporter could "take" the sermon verbatim unless especially trained.

Few men have understood so thoroughly, or left so strong an impression upon the lives of others as did Phillips Brooks, and the anniversary of his death is still a day of remembrance for those who knew and loved him. Young men whom he helped by his kindly counsel and cheery encouragement are now in many far-distant parts of the earth, their forceful lives giving evidence of the mighty influence of the man who aided them and ever urged them on to become true men in every sense of the word.

\* \* \*

A visit to Mr. Brooks' old home, where he loved to entertain his friends, gave me a clearer insight into his character. In his cheery dining-room, mounted on an easel, was a portrait of his mother, to whom he always referred with a tender devotion. Phillips Brooks, while he never married, was a loving, human, tenderly-sympathetic man—mayhap he treasured in his heart a precious romance. The church was truly his chosen vocation, though he had other marked gifts and was a poet at heart. His hymns are often sung in Trinity Church; but few people are aware that he also wrote a sweet and tender love song:—

We sit together in our soul's high window, Dearest,  
That looks upon the street of human life,  
Within, our happy home; without, the world thou fearest;  
Within, our peace; without, man's angry strife.

Look out! see how strange eyes look here upon us,  
How poor they think our dwelling and how cheap;  
They dream not of our godlike joys and honors,  
The rich, ripe fields of blessing that we reap.

Nay, close the curtain; it is wrong, my Sweetest,  
That they should see the love they do not know.  
Our love, the purest, Darling, and complete  
God ever trusted to our earth below.

Sit here, my love, with all the world behind us,  
Sit hand in hand, nor dare to speak a word,  
'Tis wronging God to share what he consigned us  
With every outcast of the human herd.

So sit we by the soul's sweet fireside, Fairest;  
The days go by as light winds kiss the flowers;  
They seek through all earth's sweetest and earth's rarest  
A love so sweet, a love so rare as ours.

A glimpse into his library of chosen book-friends was indeed a delight. In the presence of the treasured thoughts of his favorite authors, one felt himself very near to the great man.

His reverence for his parents and love for his brothers was always in evidence. He wrote frequently to his mother, and after her death he said, "I did not know I could ever be so much like a child again, but to-night the world seems desolate and lonely. All my life I have feared and dreaded what has come this week. The happiest part of my happy life has been my mother."

He often spoke proudly of his father, and once wrote to a friend: "No father ever was to his boys what ours has been to us."

\* \* \*

In times of affliction he was a true comforter. When his brother died he wrote, "I want to think of him as being about the old house, always one of our group, making it happier and holier by his influence, as he did in the body."

For every aunt and relative he had a sincere regard, and "Aunt Susan" was always his confidante. Fond of talking over old times, he was an irredeemable optimist, who never wearied of recounting the good times he had lived through, especially if his auditors were children, of whom he was very fond, the bulk of his correspondents in later years being children and young people. Often his pockets were like a school-boy's—a treasure-trove to the little ones.

Although born in Boston, the greater portion of Phillips Brooks' youth was spent in Andover, where, in the environment of the Phillips Academy, established by his an-

cestor, Lieutenant-Governor Samuel Phillips, he drew high ideals from an earlier day when the purposes of a great nation were being crystalized into being. The outline of the soft-verdured hills, the wind in the pine trees, the types of character around him, all had their effect on the budding imagination of



PHILLIPS BROOKS AT THE AGE OF 19  
When he decided his life-work

the lad. In those days was implanted that love of nature which afterward showed him the whole universe bespeaking God's love when his imagination lifted him toward the truth of the great unity between God, nature and man. His childlike spirit of fun always remained with him. An old friend tells how he once said to him, "It is strange, Brooks, to think of you as a bishop."

With his native youthfulness, came the reply, "It is so strange, Willie, that sometimes when I am putting on my clothes I have to stop and laugh."

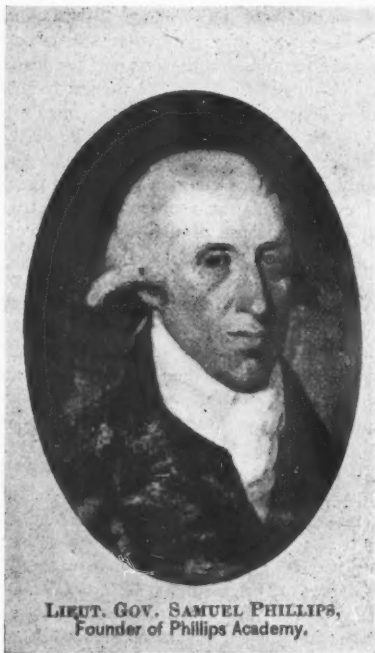
There were pleasant years at Harvard College, the Alma Mater of his constant loyalty and love. A conspicuous event in his early professional life was that simple prayer—a pure utterance of faith and hope—delivered here on Commemoration Day, 1865. It was

at the close of the Civil War, and every word rang with deep, strong patriotism.

His mastery of obstacles is well illustrated by the story of how he went to the president of Harvard University to consult him regarding his choice of a profession.

"It is a good plan," said the president, "in choosing a profession, to lay aside the impossible; for instance, in your case, you never could become a preacher, owing to the impediment in your speech."

The young man essayed "the impossible" and began his career as a minister, preaching his first sermon in the little hamlet of Sharon, Pennsylvania, where a mission to poor whites and negroes had been started. He



LIEUT. GOV. SAMUEL PHILLIPS,  
Founder of Phillips Academy.

The sturdy Revolutionary ancestor of  
Phillips Brooks

instantly won the hearts of the poor folk with his fresh, glowing earnestness. Later he went to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia. Despite his success in other fields, it appeared that his heart was set on returning to Boston, for at thirty-four years of age he came back to preach in the old Trinity Church on Summer Street. The visible fruit of that pastor-

ate is the splendid edifice, Trinity Church, which now stands in Copley Square. Built in the prime of his life, it is his most fitting monument; by his wish, a portion of the seating capacity of this church has always been reserved for visitors and strangers.

\* \* \*

It has been said of him that "his was the sympathy that could feed the multitude, and the solitude that went apart to pray." He was, in truth, an apostle of love. The tenderness of his voice in a baptism, which he described as "the solemn, grateful, tender recognition of an infant's life on earth, of the deep meaning of his humanity . . . ." was only surpassed by his deep feeling when he stood beside a little white casket.

His majestic figure and graceful gestures in the pulpit, the thrilling tones of his voice, gave charm to his every utterance. His tolerance was a marked characteristic. He once said:

"Try to respect and trust as far as you possibly can the men with whom you most profoundly disagree, for so only can you get from them the peculiar riches they have to give. . . . The more men you honor, the more cisterns you have to draw from."

His sensitive nature sometimes made him despondent, yet it was by mastery of himself and through his great catholic humanity that he became master of the hearts of others.

Bishop Brooks had high ideals of friendship, describing a friend as one who "thoroughly satisfies you, and by the contact of his nature makes your taste and brain and heart and conscience work at their very best." These words described his own personality; he had a way of inspiring others to put forth their very best effort.

\* \* \*

His influence extended all over the world. Out in the Oregon hills a boy heard of his

wonderful personality, and came to Boston to hear the great preacher, half afraid lest his ideals should be shattered by the reality. "The half was not told," and he was only one of many whose admiration was heightened by personal acquaintance.

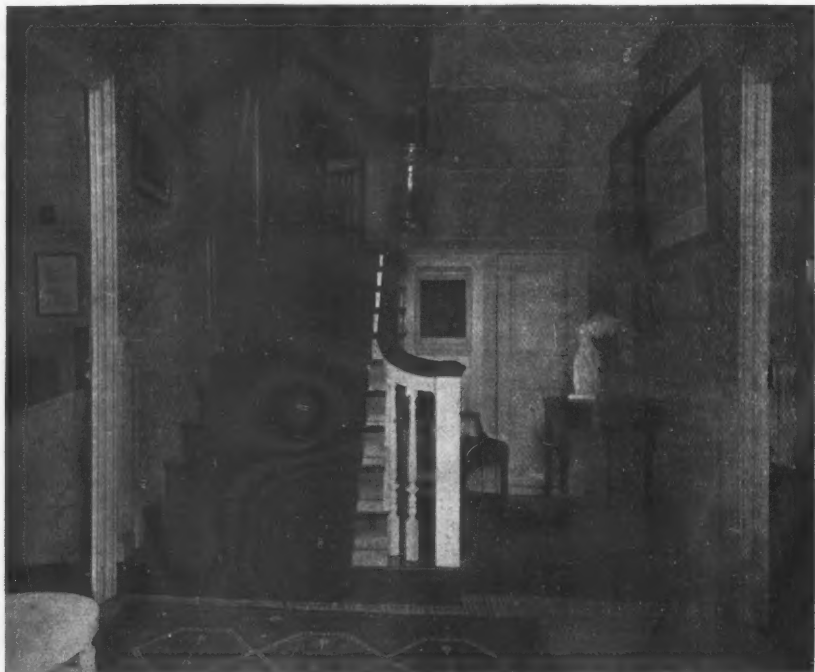
Phillips Brooks gave his message to humanity not only through his sermons, but also in his life. His work is being carried on



ONE OF THE LAST PHOTOGRAPHS OF REV.  
PHILLIPS BROOKS

by many young men who are worthy of their teacher. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus of Chicago was one of the coterie of youthful scholars who sat at the feet of the beloved bishop.

The love of Bishop Brooks for all humanity is well illustrated by a story told by a Boston physician, who, in attending a poor widow, assured her that what she needed was not more medicine, but to get out for air and exercise. It was a difficult prescription for her, and when the doctor called to see if it



STAIRWAY IN OLD BROOKS HOME AT ANDOVER, WHERE PHILLIPS BROOKS SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD

had been possible for her to leave her little ones and her washtub, he found that Phillips Brooks had come to the rescue; the mother

was out in the sunshine, and the bishop was making the hours fly for the little ones.

A recent chat with a relative of Phillips Brooks, and hearing many little incidents of his life never put into print, recalled a treasured visit to his home in Boston. It is impossible to forget those few impressive hours with him. I never pass that noble pile, Trinity Church, without thoughts of the kindly face that thousands loved to look upon week by week. Even now, entering the church, and standing amid the shadows cast by softly-tinted stained glass, in fancy I see that towering form standing again in the pulpit, and listen once more to the mellow voice that so often proclaimed there the message of love and truth in a torrent of well-chosen words. Mr. Brooks was a remarkably lucid speaker,



BISHOP BROOKS RESIDENCE IN BOSTON  
The dining room where he received his many friends



and had outgrown the old, severe religion of his childhood; he believed earnestly in the value of every individual soul, and sought to reach the deeper motives that lie behind all human action. His object was to purify the stream of life at its source.

He was wont to say: "Preaching is the communication of truth by man to men. It has two essential elements—truth and personality. However the gospel may be capable of statement in dogmatic form, its truest statement is not in dogma, but in personality."

His confidence in his beliefs kept him serene amid the waves of "higher criticism," and also made him tolerant toward all. His religion was always natural and healthy, and in all that he said gleamed the illuminating spark of his imaginative powers. To him God was no abstraction, rather, "a living, bright reality."

No one church could claim him; he belonged to Christianity, and had no sympathy with anything sectarian or narrow. He said, "There is a true simplicity and a false simplicity." He always claimed that simple methods were most effective. His views on the work of the churches and the colleges were decisive. He said they were maintained by the world to produce "the pattern and picture of the highest life of man."

Every act, all his letters, in fact, everything associated with Phillips Brooks testifies that he thoroughly enjoyed his busy life, and yet, with all his happiness, he was not always on the mountain-top; his great heart and loving temperament led him to visit the lowlands of life—to be the friend of those who dwelt therein. His daily life was entered into with all the enthusiasm of a boy, and he was a more earnest worker than the average business man; however, busy as he might be, he never forgot his courtesy. It is related of him that on one occasion, as he was waiting for the carriage

that was to take him to the boat on which he was to commence a European tour, a man hurried up to him with some business which involved considerable explanation. The Bishop was obliged to cut the gentleman's remarks short, in order to catch his boat, but he stored the incident in his memory, and after his return, some months later, wrote the business man a letter of apology, requesting him to call upon him. Not one out of a thousand public men would have remembered the trifling incident; not so the courteous Bishop—he realized to the full



BISHOP BROOKS' LIBRARY AT HIS BOSTON RESIDENCE

Who would ever forget a visit to this charmed retreat, with Phillips Brooks as the host?

that the little courtesies of life are those which are most often neglected, and therefore he set an example which it were well to follow in these days of strenuous, hurried business life.

The beloved bishop has an enduring monument in the hearts of all peoples, evidenced by the royal tribute paid his memory by twenty-nine states of the Union, combining with England, Porto Rico, China and Japan. The Brooks House in the Harvard University grounds satisfies even those who best understood that noble soul, sensitive to every expression of appreciation and beauty.

# The Disbelavin' Of It.

by  
**PERCIVAL SHELDEN RIDSDALE.**  
*Illustrated by Gilbert Edge.*



**O**CH hone, and it was Jerry the Cobbler of Ballycloharan who didn't believe in the little people. Now there's a tale for ye.

'Twas Jerry himself who sat in his cobbler's shop day in and day out, mending the shoes of Ballycloharan and a-talking agin the lads and lassies who laughed in at the little window, more shame to him for not getting a lass himself. Though it was poor choosing a colleen would have who got him.

And it was one day he sat on his bench that Paddy Haney came in, with a fair big pair of shoes in the hand of him.

"'Tis these I want fixed," he says to Jerry the Cobbler, says he.

"For why?" says Jerry, "ain't the sole an' the heel of 'em the best the likes of ye could buy in Dublin town?"

"Shure, the walkin' there and back would wear 'em out," says Paddy, "not countin' the thirst to drink up the silver on the way."

"Pouf," says Jerry, says he, cobbling away, "an' it's no mendin' they need."

"I says fixin', not mendin'," says Paddy, cracking his knee at the laugh he had on the cobbler. "It's three thin sthrips o' leather want on the soles o' them."

"For why?" asks Jerry the Cobbler. "Is it a new sthyle ye have?"

"'Tis a new job I'm afther gettin' from

O'Malley an' it's through the Ballycloharan wood I have to walk after nightfall—"

"So?" says Jerry the Cobbler, unknowing, old fox though he was.

"Yis," says Paddy, "an' the three sthrips on the shoes is the good sign in the footmarks."

"An' that same may be phwhat?" asked Jerry.

"As if ye didn't know, ye old cobbler man," says Paddy, letting a laugh out of him. "Why, 'tis to kape the little people from followin' afther ye," says he.

And at that Jerry the Cobbler put down the shoes and held his sides and laughed. And he stood up and laughed. And he sat down and laughed. And he unbuckled his belt and laughed. And he laughed until he squeezed tears from his auld fox eyes. And then he says, says he, "Little people? Fairies? Shure, there ain't none left in Ireland at all."

Now there's a tale for ye.

"Whisht, man," says Paddy, all excited, "take back the words ye said. Take 'em back while ye have toime, for if the little people heard 'em they'd—"

"Phwhat would they?" says Jerry, clapping his fist on the bench.

"Well, I don't know," says Paddy, "but they would—shure."

And then—what do you think?—Jerry the Cobbler let an oath out of him so big and brown that it hit all the little people of the world square between the little shoulders of them. It was so big I couldn't begin to tell it, because it's kept growing ever since like a ripple on the water, and now it's as wide as the world.

It scared Paddy so, bold boy that he was, he went yelling down the street, and soon the little people in Ballycloharan wood heard it, they did.

As for Jerry the Cobbler, sure it hurt him no more than a pinch of snuff, and that never tickled the nose of him.

Now at the same time Jerry the Cobbler, though it was only known to the two of them, had his little fox eyes on Jimmy Maloney's daughter, who was so fat all the boys in Ballycloharan, the bold ones, was after making game of her, and so freckled that the fairer colleens said the skin of her couldn't be seen at all, at all. But, saving these, the colleen was handy at the milking-pail, and Jimmy Maloney had as many cows as the next man and a fat pig or two besides, the same which is sure Jerry the Cobbler was knowing of, the old fox.

As for the girl, 'twas no fine man she'd be after getting, so she didn't say no when Jerry the Cobbler gave her a sly hug on a dark night.

But Jerry he just counted the cows and the pigs, he did, and never a word to the priest. So there's a tale for ye.

Now there were great doings in Ballycloharan wood when Jerry the Cobbler's oath shook the leaves and waved the grasses and whistled in at the doors and windows of the little people's houses. And it was so big and mighty that it broke a branch of a big oak tree, and the branch fell in the fairies' ring, and the little people could not move it, and had to build another ring where the grass was not so fine for dancing—the shame of it. And were they angry, and did they chatter? and did they scold? Why, the whole of Ballycloharan wood was full of the noise of it, it was.

Now the fairies in the wood were all Leprouhauns, and, as everybody knows, they are the boldest and the cunningest and the cleverest that ever was. And the chief of them was a real Red Leprouhaun. They said the family of him was older than Ireland, and that when there was no green sod on the country at all and it was only rock just come up out of the sea, the grandfather back of the many grandfathers of him came from away off. So—if any fairy in Ireland knew anything, the Red Leprouhaun knew more, he did.

So when he heard Jerry the Cobbler's oath, what does he up and do?

Och hone, there's a tale for ye.

Now everyone knows a person who does not believe in fairies could not see one if it sat on the edge of his eyelash. D'ye mind that?

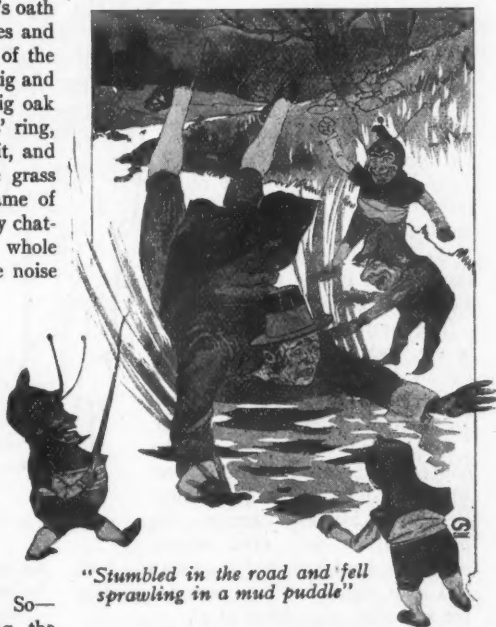
The next day, it being Sunday, Jerry the Cobbler, starting for mass with a smile ready in his cheek for Jimmy Maloney's daughter, stumbled in the road and fell sprawling in a mud puddle, he did.

"He, he, he, ho, ho" he heard, and the temper of him rose quicker than he did himself, but, bless you, there was not a soul to be seen.

So, madder than a rooster with his tail feathers cut off, away home to clean his only suit Jerry went, and no sweeter in mind than he might be, back he started by another road, which same led him past Ballycloharan wood. Now whisht! But half by had he gone when what should he hear but Jimmy Maloney's daughter calling most pitifully from the wood,

"O Jerry, Jerry, come here, it's fast I am."

So Jerry stuffs his tongue in his cheek and jumps into the wood, but no sweetheart of



"Stumbled in the road and fell sprawling in a mud puddle"

his could he find. Under the bushes and behind the trees he searched and searched.

"Where are ye, what ails ye?" he yelled till the throat of him was sore.

Then to the ears of him came the voice once more,

"O Jerry, Jerry, come here to me."

As for seeing the little people under all the bushes laughing at him, he could no more catch sight of them than you or me could see from here to China.

So his temper was worse than ever when he gave up the search and started for church again.

Then what d'ye think? Why, he had stayed in the wood so long that he missed last mass, he did. Och hone, the sin of it. For there were the people coming out o' mass. And, would you believe it, right amongst them, with a new blue shawl over the red hair of her, was Jimmy Maloney's daughter.

The little fox eyes of Jerry the Cobbler were ablaze with fire when he reached the side of her.

"What for are ye afther makin' game o' me, ye blatherin' idjit?" he says.

"Ye abusin'-tongued little man," she says, says she, and gives him a lout along the head which sent him sprawling.

The people all laughed to see the likes o' him in the dust, and Jerry heard above the noise of them the shrill little "he, he, he, ho, ho."

Well, now, there was not a madder man in all Ireland than Jerry the Cobbler of Ballycloharan.

The next morning what should he see when he goes into his shop but all his things upset and the leather for two fine pairs of shoes for Mrs. McNamara all sliced up.

He hopped on one foot and he hopped on the other, he did. And what good did it do him but nothing. He had in Mickey Brannigan, the policeman, he did. And Mickey shook his head and said it was awful bad, and so it was. But there was no catching the scoundrel who did it at all.

The next day Jerry the Cobbler picked up his knife and it wouldn't cut; his awl wouldn't punch and his needle wouldn't sew, and his hammer was so slippery that it slipped and smashed the thumb of him. And Jerry's temper was not sweetened by that same, it was not.

And when he smashed his thumb what did he hear but that "he, he, he, ho, ho."

"Blast ye," he cried, "whoever ye may be, if I get me hands on ye I'll shake the bones out of ye, I will," says he.

But, being fairy blind, poor man, he could not set eyes on the little one who stood grinning in the doorway.

That night Jerry the Cobbler, the old fox, woke up in the middle of it and creeping to the door of his shop, he listened, he did. Sure enough, there was noise of someone inside, and the slitting of leather and a "he, he, he, ho, ho."

Jerry the Cobbler took a fresh grip on the knife in his hand and put an eye to the keyhole, he did.

"Now," says he to himself, "I'll see who the murderin' thafe o' the night is in me shop."

But sorry a thing could he see.

On the other side of the door a little Leprouhaun stood guard and he sees Jerry's little eye in the keyhole, he does.

With that he raises his fairy whip and slashes at it. And what does the lash of it do but hit Jerry the Cobbler in the eye. Pouf—out goes the sight of it like a breath on a candle!

With that, Jerry, roaring with pain, claps the other eye to the keyhole and—

There's a tale for ye.

Sure, everyone knows that when one is touched by a fairy he can always see fairies afterward, he can. So when Jerry claps the other eye to the keyhole he sees dozens of little people all busy tearing his shop to pieces.

"Oh, mercy," he cries, "I'm going crazy with the pain, I am." And the man that he was wouldn't believe what he had seen. The shame of it!

Now wouldn't you think the little people would be satisfied and let Jerry the Cobbler alone? You would? Well, sure, you don't know the likes of them, you don't. The very next day who should sneak into the corner of Jerry the Cobbler's shop but the Red Leprouhaun, and all he had to protect him a magic thorn he carried in his hand like a sword.

Jerry the Cobbler sat there with his head



cocked on one side, for 'twas only one eye he could see out of now. But all the same he had seen what he had seen, had Jerry, and he had slept on the thought of it, and the one eye was now wide open and half on the door and half on the shoe he was after mending. And what d'ye think? He saw the Red Leprouhaun come in.

Jerry the Cobbler was just waiting for his chance, the old fox, he was, because well he knew, from what he had heard, that the little folks were so much quicker than a wink, that while you thought of winking a wink, phist, off and away they were.

In a minute what does that sly little Leprouhaun do but, the cunning of him, imitate the voice of Mickey Brannigan the policeman.

"Oho, Jerry the Cobbler, it's the thafe I've caught," called the voice from outside.

"Oho, Mickey, me bhoy, an' have ye?" Jerry answered, jumping up and springing for the door. But all this time he kept his good eye on the Leprouhaun, old fox that he was, and just as he got near the door what does he do but let fly a great kick at the Red Leprouhaun, he did.

"Git out o' this, ye little red devil," he cried.

But the Red Leprouhaun made a back leap like a flash of light, in the nick of time, and he made a fierce stab with the magic thorn he carried, and then fled helter-skelter.

The thorn pierced the leather and sock and went deep into Jerry's toe.

Now, there's a tale for ye.

"Ouch," yelled Jerry the Cobbler, till the roof was nigh lifted, and he tried to pull out the thorn till the toe was almost pulled off, but it would not come.

Now, mind you, there was a great time in Ballycloharan when the news went down the street that Jerry the Cobbler was laid up with a thorn in his foot and it would not come out.

The strong boys came up and they laid hold of it, and they pulled and they tugged, but never a speck did it move. And the old housewives came up with poultices of this and poultices of that, and they poulticed the toe, but never a speck did it move.

And then what d'ye think happened? Sure, the thorn began to grow and it grew and it grew until out of Jerry the Cobbler's toe there was growing as fine a thorn bush as you could find this side of Dublin.

You should have seen Jerry the Cobbler in them days. There came doctors from this town and doctors from that, some with medicines and some with knives, some with healing stones and some with lotions, and betwixt and between poor Jerry the Cobbler was nigh kin to a skeleton. For the medicines did him no good, and the lotions did him no good, and the healing stones did not heal, and the knives would not cut.

And all the time Jerry the Cobbler said never a word about the fairies, did he, and as for them, the cute little people, not one of them did Jerry ever set eyes on.

When all the doctors had failed and gone home, and all the people in Ballycloharan had given all the advice they did not need themselves, and the thorn bush still grew and flourished till it was the height of Jerry's own head, Jerry himself sat a-thinking, and so he sat three days and three nights,

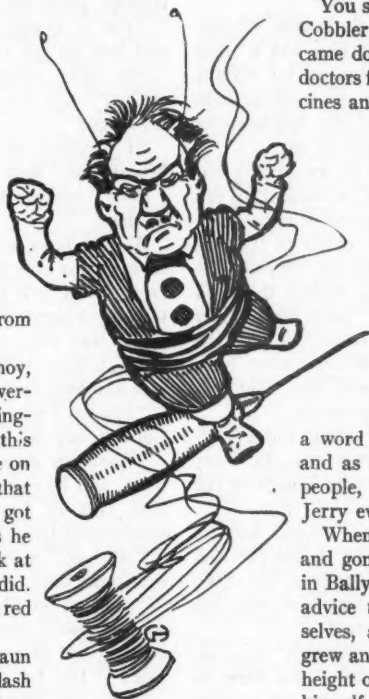
and what he thought he told to not a soul, he did.

When he had thought the three days and three nights, it began to rain and never was there such a rain in Ballycloharan.

That night, in all the darkness, Jerry the Cobbler started out from his shop.

Out of the village and down the road and over the hill and to Ballycloharan wood he went, mind you, and slow as he went, for the thorn bush on his toe was heavy to carry, he chuckled and laughed, he did.

It was no easy way for him in the wood,





but after a while he came to the place he was looking for, and what do you think it was? Nothing more nor less than a fairy ring. And how could he find it? Sure, 'twas a thorn from a bush that hid the ring Jerry the Cobbler had in his foot. So that was easy.

Now Jerry the Cobbler stood there all night while it poured, and all day while it poured, and that night the rain stopped and the moon came out. Jerry the Cobbler stood, still hidden by the thorn bush, and his one little fox eye wide open, it was.

After a while he heard the grasses stirring. And whisht—there in the ring was a score or more fairies, a-dancing to get the cramps out of their joints. Jerry saw them as plain as day, with the one eye of him, but he never moved a move, not he, the old fox.

After a while who did he see coming but the Red Leprauhaun, and he blinked his eye to make sure. There was more fairies with him, and he stood in the center of the ring and made them dance, and not one could see Jerry the Cobbler hiding behind the bush that grew out of his toe. Jerry the Cobbler saw then the time was come. So over he fell, right over the ring, and the thorn bush growing from his toe fell with him, right over the ring and over the little people.

Such a shrieking and a wailing and a howling and a chattering as there was, for more than a score of the fairies was caught by the thorns and held fast.

Jerry the Cobbler heard them, and he grinned, and he hoped he'd caught the Red Leprauhaun, but no—there was the little fellow standing before him, level with his eyes as he lay on the ground.

"So it's you, Jerry the Cobbler," says he, all in a rage, "It's the likes o' you dares to break up our dance. You get out of here before more harm comes to ye, ye little dried-up, disbelavin' son of a cobbler, ye!"

"Oho," says Jerry the Cobbler, says he, "ye little red mischief-maker, 'twas ye that sthuck the thorn in me foot, ye schamin' little thafe."

"Will ye get up out of that?" says the

Red Leprauhaun, shaking the tiny fist of him.

"I will not," says Jerry the Cobbler, "till I get phwhat I want. Listen now to the shrieking of the little fellows held by me thorns," says he, as bold as you'd have.

"My thorns, ye mane," says the Red Leprauhaun.

"Till ye gave 'em to me," says Jerry, says he.

"Well, phwhat is it ye're after wantin'?" says the little fellow, seeing that he couldn't frighten Jerry the Cobbler.

"For ye to take the thorn out o' me foot and lave off the t'asin' o' me," says Jerry.

"So ye're after belavin' in fairies now, are ye?" says the little fellow, sticking out his tongue.

"I wouldn't be squazin' a score o' them beneath me," says Jerry, "if I didn't, would I now?" which was a hard blow for the little man.

At that Jerry laughed so loud that the little man was furious. "I'll do what ye ask," he said, "if ye'll promise me niver to come to Ballycloharan wood again, an' to be even I'll do wan thing more," says he, for he was above holding spite, was he, being of noble race and long descent.

"Phwhat I ask, is all I ask," says Jerry the Cobbler, says he, knowingly.

"Then 'tis done," says the Red Leprauhaun, and he claps his hands and the thorn bush falls off Jerry's toe, and all the little people were free, they were.

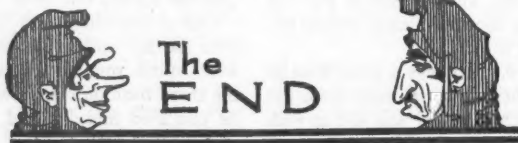
"Now go," says the little man, "an' if ye ever come back, ye'll be sorry," says he.

"'Tis not the likes of ye I ever want to set eyes on agin," shouts Jerry, jumping up and running out of the wood and with that he hears—"He, he, he, ho, ho!" behind him.

"May the likes o' him shrivel up," says Jerry, running on, and went ker-slap into a tree with his left side, which was his blind side.

Then he knew what he had forgotten to ask, and to this day he has only one eye, for which Jimmy Maloney's daughter, when he asked her, said no to him.

Now, there's a tale for ye.



# THE COWARD

By GEORGE WARBURTON LEWIS

Author of "Wearing the Blue," "A Freak of War," etc.

WHITE of face and trembling in every limb, he stood in concealment at the edge of a cane-field, past which bedraggled infantry was rushing in what seemed to him an endless column. The troops were hurrying to the attack, eager, unfearing. What fools! he thought; they would only be slaughtered like so many bees, along with the glory-seeking, hare-brained officers who, sword in hand, trotted pantingly at the fore of their companies.

Suddenly the guide of a company leaped off his feet and came to earth with apoplectic suddenness. The column swerved wide to avoid him and so came near to the refugee at the edge of the cane-field. He retreated with a hang-dog countenance and was almost instantly lost in the tall cane. His manner was not incomprehensible. It was the manner of fear. The clutch of terror was upon his heart, and under its fierce pressure that organ fluttered feebly, while a horrible sensation of sickish dread held sway within him. Little had he guessed that the crucial event would prove him a miserable craven. The awful feeling had come upon him suddenly and whelmed him as a tidal wave. And then, though barely in the edge of the bullet zone, he had come to know, all of a sudden, that he was a coward. *A coward!* . . . And this black disgrace after four generations of fearless, fighting ancestors, men for the most part whose glorious passing had been chapters in forlorn hopes, and who had slipped out of life blessing the opportunity which gave them a pretext on which they might claim kin with their heroic forbears. Realization of the bald truth came as a crushing blow, a shock.

For a space the Coward stood motionless in his hiding place, trying to analyze his emotions. His mind seemed only half awake and his thoughts seemed to struggle out of a chaos which enwrapped his reason like an ethereal fog. Before his gaze the column continued to surge forward, laughing, shouting, cursing. There were faces whose muscles

stood out tense with purpose, faces that depicted wistfulness, anxiety; and boyish faces relaxed in healthy laughter over some humorous accident of the scramble forward. He noted that everything was hastening forward. Riderless horses, stray dogs and frightened rabbits, all were caught up in the impetus of the great movement, dashing frantically toward the very fountain of danger. Progress in any other direction were impossible. To the beholder there seemed only one point of the compass left, one broad channel in which men and horses, freighted with the impedimenta of war, fought onward, ever onward. The Coward looked and wondered. The courageous and cowardly alike filled a common niche in the mighty throng, the delirious, heaving mass. There was many a faint heart there. He knew it; and the knowledge made him doubly bitter. He himself, racing in this same wild, animated thread of humanity, had all at once felt the thing descend upon him that still gripped his heart. He had fought the strange, abstract terror with all his strength, but it had proved a monster; it was his master. He knew that his courage had oozed away. And then he had reeled out of the column, fallen to all fours and crawled under some lime bushes, where he lay gasping with fear, listening to the whine and whir of flying missiles above him.

A squadron of cavalry went thundering over the field and through a coppice of lime bushes to occupy an indicated position. The iron-rimmed hoofs of a leaping charger all but brained a man in a grimy drab uniform who, wormed into concealment among the vegetation, lay motionless upon his face as if dead. It was the Coward. Startled half out of the torpor that oppressed his cringing senses, he raised himself upon an elbow and stared wide-eyed at the deep imprints left by the flying hoofs that had grazed his head. There might be more cavalry, he thought. Danger seemed to spring from every conceivable source. He dislodged himself from his hiding-

place and crawling well-nigh flat upon his belly, went away like a cougar stalking its prey. The oval of a reeking bay flank stood out of the grass ahead of him. It was a dead cavalry horse. Its valiant end was as a fresh accusation of his poltroonery. Next came the remnants of a wooden fence which the rush of the cavalry had shattered; then a half-mangled grove of young bananas, and finally the drab, twisted figure of a fallen trooper caught his glance. He avoided it as he would have avoided a leper. With all its dumbness the silent thing in the grass reproached him for his irreparable shame. Something suddenly blotted out the westering sun. He looked up and saw the seeded plumes of cane-stalks nodding above him. By whisper and gesture they seemed to be circulating the story of his disgrace; and, too, there certainly was scorn in the manner of their nodding, cone-shaped heads. . . .

With unsteady hands the Coward parted the cane and peered out upon a strange perspective. The troops had passed by at last—gone to their doom, all save a few scattered here and there, who seemed to have fallen asleep by the way. A contortionist could not have imitated the cramped and awkward positions in which they lay. Dead and wounded horses and discarded paraphernalia of war littered the way after the fashion of debris strewn by a passing cyclone. It was at once a scene of ruin and disorder. But one object on all the broad field stirred from the wreckage. It was something that crawled, slowly, laboriously, not unlike the watcher in the cane had crawled, though mayhap for a different cause. The Coward studied his new-found companion intently. The crawler came nearer, nearer, seeming to have divined the presence of the straggler. It was a wounded trooper, doubtless seeking the grateful shade of the cane. He was wounded and bloody, but he was—laughing! Of all things this was the most incredible. The Coward stared, his mind for the moment distracted from the sibilant sounds that everywhere filled the air and ever increased. He allowed the cane to close up before him as the eyes of the trooper turned suddenly in his direction, but he was too late to escape detection. The slight rustle of the cane fixed the man's gaze. "Hi there, you!" he called in a queer, cracked voice, "are you *for* or *forinst*?" There was something of merry indifference in the man-

ner of the challenge. "*For!*" Fear of an investigating bullet brought the quick answer from the cane. "Come out," demanded the trooper, and obediently the shamed one came forth from his retreat. The trooper got to his feet only after a struggle, but the expression of mirth did not leave his face. Evidently he regarded the whole performance as a joke. Close above his right eye was a wound which curved downward across his cheek, and which might have been made by a fragment of a shell. It had the appearance of a serious fracture. Presumably the shock of the missile had twisted his features into the semblance of a continuous laugh. As the Coward approached the wounded one, the laugh, to him, became a ghastly grin. The Coward halted, appalled at the hideous spectacle. "Wha—what you doin' back here?" rasped out the disfigured trooper. "Cold feet?" Oddly enough, his reason seemed not to have deserted him. A tremor shook the Coward. "I—I *can't do it!*" he cried, his voice breaking pitifully; "something seems to have smothered my will power—I—*can't go!* A horrible icy something's resting on my very heart. *I don't want to be a coward*—my position—my family—the disgrace—great God!"

Apparently the Coward's remorse only amused his listener. The hideous smile seemed to broaden appreciatively.

"If only I had been shot at the beginning," went on the Coward, "if only—"

He broke off wonderingly as the trooper leaned forward with a gasp of sudden interest, his blood-shot eyes fixed upon the right side of the Coward's breast, his forefinger raised significantly. In the woolen shirt, an inch to the right of the breast bone, was a small, round hole, such as might have been the work of a sharp lead-pencil. A single drop of blood, now quite dry, adhered to the lower edge of the hole. Its meaning was unmistakable. A wild hope sprang up in the heart of the Coward. He tore open the bosom of his shirt, drawing his hand through something that was warm and adhesive, and then all at once his eyes danced and he raised his voice in a great, sustained shout of exultation. "Thank God!" he cried fervently, "thank God!" His emotion was a sight to behold in man. "*Thank God!*" he repeated, with utter abandon, "the name is lifted from the slime. I'm *not* a coward. I've come over to the honored wounded. It was the

weakness, the loss of blood, the strange newness of the feeling—that I misinterpreted to be the Great Blight. I'm going forward now—hurrah!"

He swung his campaign hat above his head and strained out a cheer, but his face twitched with the quick pain of the exertion and a pencil of red froth gushed through the hole in the shirt. His face was still very pale, but a wonderful luster had dissipated the lifeless expression of his eyes. "Thank God!" he murmured with delirious fervor, and then suddenly he snatched up a discarded rifle and bandolier and swung off toward the fighting. His brain was intoxicated with the joy of exoneration, bullet-fraught though it had been. His pallid face was almost radiant, but his gait was that of a tipsy man. The trooper staggered after him desperately until a screaming missile of some sort carried him off his feet partially stunned. He sat up after a moment, however, the expression of his face still a frightful mockery of his real plight, and staring with dreamy interest at the disappearing tragedy of a man he half shouted, half wheezed: "Give 'em hell, ol' war-horse, give 'em hell!"

But the admonition went unheeded. The Coward was fighting every inch of the way up the shot-swept slope that led to—? And with him the fight was not one of lead and steel; rather one of deep-rooted determination pitted against rapidly waning vitality—against swaying knees and glazing eyeballs. In the edge of the mighty confusion an irregular, ragged line of half-bent figures gradually unrolled itself from the nipping smoke-cloud that enshrouded the scene of carnage. In the faces of the awed, retreating men the Coward beheld something that was strangely familiar. Familiar indeed! It was his own regiment—the ever spick and span organization whose clock-work evolutions at parade had evoked the plaudits of onlooking multitudes. How fortunate that those multitudes could not witness—! The gilt and tinsel had vanished from the sodden gingerbread. The very drum-major who had strutted immaculately in his bear-skin shako at the head of the regiment, was now to be seen, bare-headed and disheveled, leading the regiment still, to be sure, but leading it now as a force of ruin in a vast retrograde movement fraught with frightful consequences to the cause itself. The bandsman was a sorrowful sight to be-

hold. The hand that had swung to the rhythm of gay march music was missing, and the gory stump of the wrist dangled out of a sleeve which appeared to have been chewed by some sharp-fanged animal.

The identical company of which the Coward had been second in command, was making away to the rear, officerless, panic-stricken. A great wave of faces, blanched and half-transfigured, almost bore him down as, making a stand, he gestured wildly, clutched flying sleeves and bellowed reassurances in a madman's attempt to stem the mighty human flood. Exactly how he succeeded is one of those unsolved problems which are still perplexing military experts. The germ of a great victory was planted when he collided with a captain engaged in a desperate resistance against his own men, to preserve their honor and their lives. Together they faced the senseless throng, commanding, threatening, imploring. Then came other officers; hoarse colonels, gray-haired generals. The reflux movement began after the manner of a magnetic wire drawn through steel-filings. At first the particles adhered only by contact, but anon the spirit of augmenting power crept abroad among the tattered regiments and restored reason to the minds of men. The rout was checked. There was not a complete rehabilitation of the scattered elements, just a sort of general understanding of the thing the leaders sought to accomplish. Volunteer men from the prairies fell in alongside of hoary regulars, a battery of artillery re-formed here, a troop of cavalry there; it was a strangely mixed force, and, as a formation for battle, an innovation most pronounced.

The new army crept slowly back up the slope. As it advanced, it belched flame like the dragons of Chinese tradition. It reached the summit—at least a portion of it did.

An officer, evidently transported with the joy of victory, led the foremost skirmishers in a rush over the parapets. A final stand by the heated guns; a little more din; then it was over. After the clamor fell a far-reaching stillness, a hush. On a little eminence inside the fortifications a wounded officer reclined upon a pyramid of haversacks. There were those who would have paid him homage, but he waved them away, smiling tiredly.

"It was—a close call," he forced in a broken, wheezy voice, "a trooper— . . . out of—the slime!"

A long column of litters wound past the sinking man. The dead, the dying, the wounded—all were leaving the field in a great snake-like column, not unlike that in which they had come upon it. On one of the litters was a trooper—and a face whose features seemed frozen in a ghastly grin, as of derision. The gaze of the wounded officer met the hideous look calmly.

It neither dismayed nor startled him.

"Good-bye," he whispered weakly, "*but for you—I'd hardly—have known . . . I'd have—passed out—a coward!*"

The bystanders heard and wondered, but none comprehended. The wounded man sighed—a great, deep sigh that trailed away into tense silence. It was over: peace was with the Coward.

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## LOVE ABSOLUTE

By OWEN CLARK

IF thou offend, fear not that I  
May coldly censure thee;  
But go thy way, be glad and say,  
"He hath forgiven me!"

If time should make thy love grow cold—  
My love unwished-for be;  
I pray thee, dear, say without fear,  
"He hath forgotten me!"

If after-days should bring thee tears  
And loneliness, say, "He  
Who in his love forgot, forgave,  
Waiteth to comfort me!"



# THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

By MAY STRANATHAN

ALICIA, her bosom friend, had a sweet heart, and after each time that she saw him, Isabel and her younger sister, Inez, listened eagerly while she told them in strictest confidence everything that he had said or done. Tom, the sweetheart, was a youth of almost startling originality. He was a medical student, and his first gift to Alicia was a toe bone acquired during his anatomical investigations.

After some weeks of bliss in each other's society, Tom and Alicia began, in the altruistic spirit of all true happiness, to long to make others happy and to create many plans for their friends. Tom also had a bosom friend, or, more properly, a chum; and what could be more fitting or proper than that he should become, through the kind offices of Tom and Alicia, the sweetheart of Isabel, who was far too timid, as Alicia said, to get one for herself? Isabel was of the fair, angelic type of beauty, sedate and quiet far beyond her years. She was not the kind of a girl, as her mother said, to ever get boy-struck and foolish, and so was an ideal older sister for Inez, who was a rattle-brained little brunette.

Tom's friend, Jesse Brown, was also timid, and it took long and tactful maneuvers by his friend to persuade the swain to screw his courage to the sticking-point. The very thing that attracted him to Isabel made him afraid to approach such a superior being.

It was at a church social that he finally made the plunge and asked if he might be her escort at the annual dinner to be given at the church the next week. His opportunity had been brought about through great toil by his allies, who straightway betook themselves off on the pretext of hunting a friend whom it was imperative to meet. In desperation, Jesse plunged at once into his subject. He had thought to preface it with a few general remarks, but there was not a thing left to say, for Tom had already remarked that it was too bad it had rained, and Alicia had said there was a good crowd present for such a bad evening.

"Could I have the pleasure of your company to the church dinner next Thursday?" said Jesse, in a voice that sounded to him like that of a stranger.

Isabel hesitated, blushed and looked terribly embarrassed. It was the first time any boy had ever asked for her company, and a spasm of bashfulness swept over her. How could she ever appear before her father, mother, Alicia, Inez and all the mighty host with a young man as her escort, who would stay with her all the evening?

"Oh, I don't think I could," she replied at last.

Poor Jesse, feeling as if he had received a dash of cold water in the face, asked, "Why not?" because he could think of nothing else to say. That he said automatically, without thinking.

"I can't tell you just why," she answered, evidently in great distress.

"Why can't you tell me?" said he.

"Because—" she began.

"Because what?" he pursued, with a determination that filled her with wonder and admiration.

"Oh, I can't tell you now," she said.

"When can you tell me?" with a smile of masculine assurance.

"I'll tell you at the dinner," answered Isabel; "I'll see you there, but I really have a reason why I can't go with you."

"Has the reason anything to do with me?" he asked, picking up courage from her manner.

"No," she answered, and with that he was forced to be content, as the allies, thinking their charges had been allowed ample time for the settlement of their affairs, returned, consumed by curiosity.

The night of the church dinner duly arrived; but poor Jesse could hardly manage to get a word in edgewise with Isabel. It was truly distressing. Alicia and Tom did their share, and really more, but Mary Ward stuck fast to Isabel, thus forevermore making plain to Alicia and Inez that she was smitten with

Jesse and tagged after Isabel that she might get a word with him. Then, when, by the exercise of great ingenuity, the two allies finally rescued her from the clutches of Mary, at that very moment Isabel's Sunday school teacher came up and talked to her a weary while. Just as the company was departing, Jesse managed to see her alone for a moment; she and Inez came out of the dressing-room with their wraps and encountered him in the hall.

"There he is!" said Inez in a stage whisper, and then fled.

"Aren't you going to tell me what you said you would?" he asked, watching askance her mother's approach, ineffectually blocked by Inez.

"I haven't time now," was all she could say before her mother bore down on them and carried her off to meet Mrs. Glower, who had not seen her since she was a baby, and who had to be assured over and over that this tall girl was really little Isabel and that she would be sixteen years old in March.

Isabel was as conscientious as she looked, and it worried her not to be able to keep her promise. It also worried Alicia and Inez, who had worked so hard to bring about the opportunity, and the latter suggested that Isabel should write Jesse a note of explanation. This, after much discussion with her two advisers, she essayed to do, being earnestly assured by them that it would not look at all as if she were running after him, but that it was only a courtesy demanded of her if she did not wish to appear rude; but when it came to putting her explanation on paper, it seemed very trivial, and in fact dwindled entirely away, and all she accomplished, after a scandalous waste of writing-material, was this:

MR. BROWN,

*Dear Sir,* I am sorry I did not get an opportunity to tell you last evening why I could not go to the church dinner with you. I really had a good reason, but I would rather not tell you the reason, but it was nothing against you.

Respectfully,

ISABEL GRAHAM.

She sealed the letter carefully, despite the reproachful glances of the two who had done so much for her and ought, of course, to have been permitted to read the letter, but when

it came to the address, she did not know where he lived. Some place on Bryant Avenue, Alicia thought, but she was not quite sure. The telephone book failed to enlighten them, for, as Isabel noticed for the first time, Brown was a common name and they did not know his father's initials. So, after much discussion, the letter was given to Alicia to be entrusted to Tom, who was to deliver it to his friend.

Isabel's conscientious mind was still in a somewhat disturbed state. She felt that her timidity had placed her in a false position with Jesse. She had refused his company without any real excuse, and felt that he knew it. She did not wish him to feel hurt; some restitution was certainly due him, she thought. When she met him at an occasional party or at the young people's meeting, she thought him distant in his manner toward her. Her father always came for her and Inez at ten o'clock whenever they went to a party—just as if they were little girls—while Alicia was escorted home by Tom. She wondered if Jesse could think that she had her father come on purpose to keep him from offering to go home with them. Of course she would not wish him to go with them, or expect him to, but she did not wish him to think her afraid that he might offer to do so. Isabel pondered over the subject a great deal, and one day remarked to Inez that she wished they could give a party, as they had been invited to so many lately.

"Mamma," said Inez that same day, "couldn't Isabel and I have a party? We have been to so many I am just ashamed to go to any more, when we have never had one."

Their mother thought they might give a small one, and asked whom they wished to invite. They really could not decide without the help of their social mentor, and so after school that evening, Alicia came in with them and they began to consider the subject. First they named several girls, and then Alicia said, "Lucy and Harry Snow."

"Harry Snow?" said Mrs. Graham. "You don't expect to ask boys, do you?"

The three conspirators looked at each other.

"I don't know," said Isabel, feebly.

"Why, of course, mamma," said Inez.

"Boys go to all the parties."

"I thought you meant only a little party for girls," said their mother, whereupon Inez

retreated to the hall, beckoning frantically for her mother to follow.

"Tom Nelson goes with Alicia, mamma," said she. "He takes her home from all of the parties. Ever so many of the girls have beaux. I just don't think any of them would come if we didn't have boys."

"I will have to consult your father about it," said her mother. "What boys would you wish to ask?"

"We'll ask Alicia," said Inez.

Alicia, upon being asked to, named several boys in a cautious manner, and then Inez put in with, "And Tom Nelson."

"And Jesse Brown," said Alicia, taking the cue.

"Who is he?" said Mrs. Graham.

"He is Tom's chum," said the ready one.

"They go every place together." And so Jesse's name was added to the list which was to run the gauntlet of their father's eye.

The party which Mrs. Graham had supposed would be a simple affair, demanded the attention of all three of the girls for the entire two weeks of preparation, except the hours which they were obliged to give to their studies; and when the eventful evening came Isabel was, as her mother said, all worn-out and nervous from the strain of making candy, arranging flowers and the many other little details. When she came to dress, she stood before the mirror for a full half-hour, trying to decide whether to wear her pink ribbons or her blue.

"I never saw you so fussy," said her mother. "Your nerves are all worn out. You cannot stand the least bit of excitement. I think I shall be obliged to shut down on the party business altogether. Either set of ribbons looks all right."

The point which her mother did not see, however, was this: Isabel looked purely seraphic in the blue, and the pink, which is the color of coquetry, gave her just a touch of worldly fascination. In which character should she appear? When she had finally decided on the blue and, after going down into the parlor, had noted how gay Inez looked in her pink ones, she was filled with vain regrets, for it was then too late to change, as their guests had begun to arrive. Even the heavenliest of blue, however, could never have made Inez' dark, piquant little face look anything but coquettish.

To the mother and the guests the party

seemed a great success, but to the girls it was a flat failure. *Jesse didn't come*, and for the two friends, by reason of their sympathy with the silent sufferer, the party was spoiled; at least it was for Inez, and even Alicia's joy in Tom was subdued; it seemed a shame to flaunt her own happiness in the face of her disappointed friend. Tom could not imagine why Jesse had reneged so.

Isabel was utterly exhausted, her mother said, and so the miserable little maid was doomed to lie in bed all the next day; but when she did get up, she was so pale and listless as to cause her mother regret that she had ever given her consent to the party. In some way she felt that it had not been the success the girls had anticipated. They were singularly quiet about it, and did not discuss it much after the manner of girls.

A few days after the party Isabel met the faithless one on the street. Nothing in the world is really so bold as the timid girl goaded by disappointment, and when Jesse had stopped and shaken hands with her in an embarrassed way, she said:

"You didn't come to my party."

"No," he replied, "I wanted to come, but I was kept away." He hesitated and stammered and could not meet her eye. "I owe you an apology," he added.

"Oh, no," said the slighted one, disdainfully. "It makes no difference to me if you didn't care to come."

"But I did care; I was terribly disappointed. I intended to go all the time, but something happened that I couldn't," and he blushed furiously.

"I suppose you had a good reason," Isabel answered, but her voice was still cold, and how was he to know that she had to keep it at that pitch to insure it against trembling?

"I just couldn't come," asserted Jesse, desperately. "Don't you think I had a good reason?"

"How can I tell when I don't know it?" she asked.

He blushed redder than ever at that, and again avoided her eye. "I can't explain to you," he said, "but I don't want you to think I stayed away because I didn't care to come."

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, it is all over now," and she went on.

He stared after his offended angel. What did she mean? Had her remark a double

meaning, and was all over between them? He followed her desperately.

"You are not going to be mad about this, are you?" he ventured to say. "I would explain about it if I could."

She turned and regarded him with the sad eyes of an accusing angel.

"If you have no confidence in me, how can you expect me to have any in you?" she asked.

"Oh, I do," he stammered. "That is not the reason, but I just can't tell you. I'd be ashamed to tell you such a silly little thing."

"It was big enough to keep you away, but I suppose it only took a small, unimportant thing for *that*."

"I don't mean that. It wasn't such a little thing, but it was something I couldn't tell a lady." He was desperately embarrassed and she was too hurt and humiliated for words. She turned and left him, and this time he did not follow her.

Melancholy indeed were the reveries of Isabel. She was too young to have the sad truths of life so pressed upon her. She could think of no other explanation of his conduct than that there was a secret in his life that he dared not tell her. Could he be leading a double life? Was there some other girl from whose power he was trying to break away?—for she could not believe otherwise than that he sincerely liked her. Of course she could have nothing more to do with him if such were the case, and she pictured him led to destruction by the influence of some intriguing dark woman years older than herself.

She could not, in spite of her knowledge that all was over between them, keep him out of her mind, and her heart kept making excuses for him. He was so young and innocent-looking, and his cheeks were so red! She could not think him bad at heart, no matter what there was in his life that he

could not tell her. He might be under the hypnotic influence of some other person. Whatever his secret was, it seemed to her that, if she were unkind to him, he might grow discouraged and cease trying to break away from other influences. So when next they met she was very kind, although somewhat sad. He evidently appreciated it, and when she saw that he did so, for the life of her, she could not keep off the forbidden subject, true daughter of Eve that she was.

"I'm sorry about being so cranky the other day," she said. "I'm going to believe in you whether you trust me or not," and he had gratefully stammered his thanks. If she was disappointed that her heavenly spirit did not bring forth all his confidence, she tried not to show it, saying to herself that she could not expect him to tell her everything yet, and that it was doubtless a noble shame that kept him silent. Perhaps, after many years he would give her all his confidence—but if she only knew!

She soon found out. One day Inez came in from school and sought her sister in the room to which they were wont to repair for confidences. Inez came in with her nose curled up and with the air of one who has probed all of life's secrets and found them but punk. She shut the door securely behind her and stood leaning against it.

"I know," she announced, "why Jesse Brown didn't come to our party."

"Why?" asked Isabel, turning pale. "Because he had no clean shirt. That little idiot sister of his has told it all over the school. He was awful mad," she says, and jawed all the evening about it. You see, before he got home his brother Jim took the only clean white shirt Jesse had left, and wore it to a concert, because he was going to take a girl."

Isabel stood staring at her sister for a full minute, then she threw herself face downward on the bed and burst into bitter tears.





#### METAMORPHOSIS

**G**ROWLY, grim, old Grumble,  
Sittin' by our hearth;  
Better take old cranky  
Off this blessed earth.

Can't do nothin' happy  
Long as he's around;  
Better take old sinner,  
Chück him in the ground.

Timid little sunbeams  
Shinin' 'round so nice;  
Crusty old curmudgeon  
Turns 'em all to ice.

Forty thousand sunbeams  
Shine on him so strong,  
Turn his growly grumbles  
Into Sunshine Song.

—Emma B. Van Deusen.

CLOVERDALE, CAL., Oct. 5, 1908.  
Editor, "National Magazine"—

**S**AY, Joe, I wish you'd take the time  
Adown this page to glance—  
The only thing I want on earth  
Is just a fighting chance.

This kind of work is new to me,  
As my words plainly show;  
But please read what I have to say.  
You'll do it, won't you, Joe?

The hand that guides this trembling pen  
Is used to other toil;  
I was till just five weeks ago  
A tiller of the soil.

I have a little mountain home,  
A wife and two fine boys;  
I've tried to guide their steps aright,  
Away from sin's decoys.

And when I have my crops all in,  
I hie me to the woods,  
That ne'er my family shall feel  
The want of earthly goods.

My toil was hard, my wages scant;  
There was but little more  
Than kept the roof above our heads,  
Beneath our feet a floor.

Well, I was working hard one day  
When all within a breath  
I cut my right foot half in two  
And nearly bled to death.

And now I'm helpless as a babe,  
My revenue is gone,  
We've gone in debt for what we need,  
And winter's coming on.

My neighbor's sons, God bless the boys,  
Have come and hauled my wood  
And moved my crop of fruit to town,  
And helped me all they could;



But they are just as poor as I,  
With many mouths to feed;  
If I can't pay them for their work,  
They cannot buy their seed.

I have a copy of "Heart Throbs,"  
Which shows the people's choice  
Of literature that they would like,  
In most decided voice.

That is the kind of verse I write—  
By it I'll stand or fall—  
I seek the homely, helpful phrase  
That's voiced within that call.

Now I have tried to meet that call  
With my untutored pen,  
In hopes that I might pay my debts  
And face the world again;

And I have thought, if you had space  
Within your magazine,  
That maybe you'd give me a chance  
To let my work be seen.

If I could only sell my work,  
My heart would ever glow  
With praise for those who helped me out.  
You'll do it, won't you, Joe?

So if you have a little space,  
And will send me the word,  
I'll send you back as good a verse  
As you have ever heard.

I don't want to crowd the others out,  
Nor put on you a tax,  
For some day I'll be strong again,  
Enough to use my axe.

With best wishes,  
B. W. McGRATH.

NOTE.—Mr. McGrath is hereby authorized to send on that  
verse.—*Editor.*

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

## GERMAN CURRANT BREAD

By John Pound

Two or more eggs well-beaten, two quarts of flour, one-half cup of butter, a good half-cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of currants and one yeastcake; mix with lukewarm milk and leave in dish until the next morning, when knead and roll out on a board, putting in tins to rise. Before baking, cover one loaf with apples cut fine, and wet the top of the other with warm milk and cover with a layer of sugar and cinnamon.

I am indebted to a lady of a prominent German-Hebrew family for the above recipe.

## AN EXCELLENT MUCILAGE

I have a scrap-book wherein I paste valuable clippings, and have frequently been vexed to find a treasured one stained yellow by the mucilage used. In complaining to a nephew of mine who is a photographer, I secured the following formula, which is good and also cheap.

Fill a glass jar (pint) three-quarters full of water and add one-half ounce of gum tragacanth. Let stand over night without stirring, and the next day add two drops of oil of wintergreen, stirring the paste well several times throughout the day, when it will be ready for use. Take out what you need for present use in a jelly tumbler and set the jar containing the remainder in a cool place where it will not freeze. Apply with a brush. This recipe will make nearly a pint, and as the gum is only ten cents per ounce and the oil of wintergreen five cents, it is a cheap paste and will last a long time.

## TO CLEAN A HARDWOOD FLOOR

By Anna E. Agate

Each spring when I clean my house I use the following mixture for cleaning hardwood floors and furniture. It removes all finger-marks and gives a polish to the nicest wood.

Shave castile soap in enough water to dissolve; measure and add an equal quantity of olive oil (this year I used cotton-seed oil, the olive oil being so expensive); beat with an egg-beater until like whipped cream. Use two tablespoonfuls to three quarts of water. Wring out cloth and go over furniture, using a brush for carving, and polish with dry cheesecloth.

## WAIST AND SKIRT COMBINATION

For years I have fastened my waist and skirt together in the following manner: On each waist I sew three flat bone buttons, one in the center and one two inches each side, and on each skirt I sew three loops of round corset-lace to correspond. Make the loop just large enough to slip over the button.

## SMOOTH HANDS

After having the hands in dishwater, or when rough from cleaning floors, etc., wash them, rinse, and while wet rub thoroughly with table salt, rinse again and wipe dry. You will be surprised how smooth they will feel.

## A NEW WAY TO KEEP THE COOK-BOOK CLEAN

By W. B. Cutler

A pane of glass placed over the cook-book when it is lying opened on the table will keep the right place and also prevent the leaves from becoming soiled. The glass should be a trifle larger than the book, and it is a good idea to have passe partout binding all around the edges.

## PAINT THE LAST STEP WHITE

Paint the lowest step of the stairs white, if the cellar is dark. This plan may save a fall and will do away with feeling for last step when descending.

## CUCUMBER PICKLES

By Mrs. J. R. Smith, Garden Grove, Iowa

To pickle cucumbers fresh from the vine:—To one gallon of vinegar add one cup of mustard (ground) and one cup of salt. Take cucumbers from vine, wash, wipe dry and put in the vinegar. This is a fine recipe and pickles will keep as long as one wishes if good vinegar is used.

## NOUGAT CANDY

Five cups of white sugar, one cup of water, two cups of nut meats, one cup of corn syrup, whites of four eggs, flavoring to suit taste. Put sugar, water and syrup on stove and boil until it hairs from a spoon, then take out one cup and pour on whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth; beat this while the rest cooks until it will harden in cold water, then pour on the egg and sugar and beat until it will stand alone. Add nuts and flavoring when pouring on last of the sugar. Put on buttered plate

## TO CLEAN SILKS

By Mrs. J. A. Adams, Jacksonville, Tex.

To clean silks, ribbons, laces, etc., put into a bowl a quart of gasoline. Into this stir two heaping tablespoonfuls of French chalk (obtained at any drug store). Immerse the articles and scrub with a small brush or the hand until clean. Shake well in the open air until dry.

## FOR SUFFERERS FROM CAR OR SEA SICKNESS

By H. L. Thayer, Holyoke, Mass.

Buy a box of the dried beef for sale at every grocery, and chew a slice faithfully on entering car or boat, swallowing the expressed juice. It stimulates the diaphragm to resist the effects of the motion that usually disturbs digestive organs. In other words, it fortifies the stomach and keeps it normal.

## ECONOMY WITH EGGS

By Mrs. W. L. Bringham, San Antonio, Tex.

Now when white cake or "angel food" is so universally popular, it is well to learn that the yellows are all-sufficient for salad, the white being really unnecessary; and only the yellow is necessary for lemon custard or sponge cake. Yet some housekeepers throw the yellows away.

## AN ASSERTION

By Miss L. A. Reeder, Starkey, N. Y.

In the September number of your magazine a remedy for falling hair is given, viz. to rub dry table salt into the scalp. This will turn the hair gray, as I know from experience. Salt and water, not too strong, may be used with good results.

## A SOUP SAVER

By Mrs. C. W. Tilden, Los Angeles, Calif.

Small pieces of brown paper will absorb the grease from the top of soup without wasting a particle of the soup, as skimming does.

## STOPPER REMOVER

To remove a stubborn stopper from a bottle, hold it in the hinge of a door, move the door slowly until it takes hold of the stopper, then turn the bottle. This operation will loosen the stopper without breaking it.

## GRATER CLEANER

Try rubbing your grater with stale bread instead of washing it.

## DON'T WASTE TOILET SOAP

By Stella Smutz, Macon, Mo.

Save all scraps of toilet soap of whatever kind till you have a cupful, then cover with hot soft water and let melt on the stove for an hour or more; pour into a cup or mold if you did not melt it in one, and let stand till cold, when you will have a cake of soap. Let it dry some days before using and it will not wash away so quickly.

## TO RETAIN THE COLOR IN CANNED STRAWBERRIES

When canning strawberries add a small quantity of lemon juice when the berries are boiling, and they will not turn brown after being canned. One lemon is sufficient for canning a crate of berries.

## TO KEEP SILVER BRIGHT

Soak silver knives, forks and spoons in sour milk over night and all the surface and creases will be bright as new.

## SAVE YOUR BREAD CRUMBS

Have a can or dish sitting handy and save all bread crumbs from your cutting board; use them in making meat loaf or pudding or anything that requires bread crumbs.

## HOW TO COOK LIVER

By Della Morrill, Sidney, Mont.

Allow sliced liver to stand in boiling water about ten minutes before flouring and frying. It will never have that raw taste which is so common.

## CHEAP CEMENT

Equal parts of salt and ashes, mixed with a little water, makes an excellent cement for stoves, especially when the grates are warped. Heat does not affect it.

## TO KEEP YOUR CANARY HEALTHY

A small bag of sulphur hung in the bird-cage will kill insects and improve the health of the bird.

## TO PRESERVE THE WHITENESS OF LINEN

Linens which are seldom used should be wrapped in blue paper to prevent yellowing.

## POLISHED TABLES UNSCRATCHED

By Oswald Molloy, Moorhead, Minn.

By pasting small felt lozenges on the bottom of china, statuary, etc., will protect polished table-tops from being scratched.

## A STUBBORN TACK

When you find it difficult to put a tack into place, thrust it through a small piece of paper, and thus keep your fingers from underneath the hammer.

## FOR INDIGESTION

By Mrs. A. O. Whitcomb, Williamstown, Vt.

A teaspoonful of table salt in half a glass of cold water before each meal is a great help in cases of indigestion.

## WHEN HENS EAT THEIR EGGS

Nail up a piece of salt pork where they can reach it.

## TO RELIEVE COLD IN THE HEAD

By Nelle H. Beck, Greenwood, Ind.

Take a clean cotton rag, twist tightly, and set afire for an instant; extinguish blaze and inhale smoke. It will give immediate relief.

## TO REMODEL STOCKINGS

By L. B. B.

The feet of new stockings sometimes shrink so that they are too small for the wearer. They may be remodeled in this way:—Cut out the heels, open the leg so that from the toe to the end of the opening is the desired length of foot. Make or cut from some other pair the heels and as much of the foot as is needed to lengthen out the first pair and insert in the opening. Be sure to cut the heel and portion of the foot deep enough so that the stocking will not be too small across the instep. This is much better than putting in entirely new feet, as there will be no seams near the toes and the feet usually shrink only in length.

## A DUST SKIRT

Make a plain skirt, using any kind of cotton or linen goods; leave the back seam open and bind the edges or face them with a straight facing. This is fine to wear when riding, especially if one holds children. It can be removed instantly when the traveler arrives at her destination.

## AN IMPROVEMENT ON THE "PIECE-BAG"

By Anna J. Gardner

As a receptacle in which to keep the left-over pieces of garments, I have found a home-made cupboard very convenient, and a great improvement on the "piece-bag," which must be emptied whenever a bundle is wanted. Nail together several boxes of the same size, placing the sides together, openings to the front. If these compartments are too large they can easily be divided by a thin piece of board, thus making a pigeonhole in which to keep the pieces left from the garments of each member of the family. One can be reserved for linings, one for muslins, one for miscellaneous pieces, etc. It is but a moment's work to find the particular bundle wanted, and is a great saver of time and patience.

## KITCHEN CARD-INDEX

By Anne L. O'Connell

In your kitchen try a card-index. Group under the heading of "Accidents" a few simple remedies for burns, scalds, poison antidotes and the like; under "Cleaning," recipes that appeal to you from time to time for removing stains from linen, picture frames, etc.; under "Canning," recipes for jams, jellies, pickles, etc. There is no end to the way in which such a card-index can help you. I cut out recipes and home hints that seem good to me and save them in my card-index. You can make your own card-index from a shoe-box and pasteboard cards cut the size you desire, which you can get for a song from a newspaper office. Try it and stop wrinkling your brow trying to recall "What did I see that was a good thing to remove that stain?" etc.

## A UNIQUE BACK PORCH STEP

By Helen Perkins, Canton, Ohio

We have each back porch step made into a box with hinges, to permit the cover to be raised easily, and find these boxes convenient receptacles for garden tools, etc., which often clutter the porch itself.

## TO KEEP PUTTY

By Mrs. G. W. Kelsey

After using putty if you have any left put it in a tin can and cover with water. It will keep for months, and can be worked up for use with very little trouble.

## CANNING PUMPKIN

By Miss M. E. Potosi

Prepare the pumpkin as usual for cooking; put in granite-ware kettle, with nearly enough water to cover; cover closely, and boil till pumpkin is done and water cooked out as much as possible. Then while steaming-hot, fill small tin cans or pails nearly full, pressing down closely and firmly, so as to get all the air possible out; smooth down nicely and wipe dry inside edge of can or pail. Fit rounds of writing-paper over top of pumpkin, and over paper pour melted paraffine wax one-half inch deep. When pumpkin and wax are perfectly cold, put away in dry, cool place till wanted for use. Squash may be canned the same way, using small lard or syrup pails with wide-open tops.

## CLEANING WALL-PAPER

By Mrs. H. A. R.

Pulverized pumicestone four ounces; flour one quart. Mix thoroughly and knead with water enough to make dough; form into balls two by six to eight inches; sew balls in cotton cloth, boil forty minutes until firm, and after cooling allow them to stand several hours. Remove cloth and use. By the use of this formula, wall-paper can be made to look like new. Rub the paper with the balls in the same way one would use an eraser.

## MOUNTING PICTURES ON GLASS

Gelatine one ounce, alcohol four ounces, soft water ten ounces. Dissolve gelatine in the water twelve hours. Heat until melted, add alcohol and while hot immerse picture in solution and apply to glass, smoothing it down tightly.

## WASHING COLORED COTTON GOODS

By Mrs. Fred L. Hows

In washing cotton goods that will fade, use thin, hot flour starch, instead of soapuds; if very much soiled, wash through two starch-waters, rinse in clear water; if light, rinse in blueing-water, dry in shade. Cloth so washed will keep its color until worn out.

## TO RENOVATE VELVET

To renovate velvet, wash clean, rinse well, and when partly dry hold wrong side next to hot inverted iron until dry; it will then look like new.

## AIDS TO WINTER WASHING

By Maude Mair

If the following hints are kept in mind and acted upon, they will greatly facilitate the work of hanging out clothes on a windy day when the mercury is loth to rise above the zero point—a none too pleasant task.

Heat the clothes-pins in the oven and they will not stick when used.

Add a generous handful of salt to the last rinsing water, and the clothes will not freeze in the basket nor for some time after they are hung on the line.

## FRIED SUMMER SQUASH

By D. A. Barker

If none of your readers have eaten summer squash prepared in the following manner, I think after trying it, they will cook it in no other way.

Slice the squash (raw) in pieces about three-eighths of an inch thick; dust with flour and fry to a nice brown in butter.



THE FIRST COLONY OF SIXTY TENT COTTAGES  
Modern Woodmen of the World Sanatorium for the Cure of Tuberculosis, at Colorado Springs, Colorado.  
Plans Contemplate Construction of Five Additional Similar Colonies.

## FRATERNITY'S SPLENDID WORK

By W. C. JENKINS

During my recent visit to Nebraska I took occasion to study the great work being done by American fraternal organizations. As Nebraska is the home of several leading associations this article relates only to those with headquarters in or where the field work is directed from that state.

### MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA

IN the United States and Canada today there are 176 fraternal beneficiary societies with a total membership of 7,000,000. The Modern Woodmen of America, organized in January, 1883, has one-seventh of this membership—in round numbers, 1,000,000 members, belonging to 13,000 local lodges, or camps, throughout forty-one states and territories and in the five northwestern Canadian provinces. This society has the distinction of being the largest fraternal beneficiary association in the United States, and its record of development, growth and unparalleled results is phenomenal. It has \$1,525,000,000 insurance in force, and has paid out in death claims since organization \$70,000,000.

The society issues certificates or policies ranging in amount from \$500 to \$3,000 on the current cost plan, assessments being graded according to age at entry; in other words, it collects only sufficient money to pay death claims as they occur from month

to month, and while a surplus of over \$3,000,000 is continually maintained and invested in good securities, an assessment is omitted whenever its levy is unnecessary to meet current liabilities. Under this plan it has never levied more than twelve assessments in any year, and the cost of carrying a certificate for \$1,000 at the average age of thirty-seven years has never exceeded \$7.20 per annum. Its original table of assessment rates operated within the limitation of twelve yearly assessments for twenty-one years; at that period the rates were more equitably adjusted as applied to the different ages, and, as a result, since January 1, 1904, only nine assessments have been levied annually, while the exceedingly favorable death rate of 5.64 per thousand required the levy of only eight assessments in the year 1908.

This society has a complete representative form of government, with local camps, county, state and national conventions, in which the whole membership participate through elected delegates. In the local camps a very impres-

sive ritual is used and a uniform rank, known as the Foresters, adds true Woodmen color and effectiveness not only in the initiatory ceremonies, but in the various public gatherings, parades and encampments held by the society and its various local organizations.

Hon. A. R. Talbot, the head consul (president) of the society, resides and maintains his office in the city of Lincoln, Nebraska. He is the chief executive officer who enforces the laws and directs the carrying out of the policies of the organization, acting also as chairman of the executive council and super-



EMMA B. MANCHESTER  
Supreme Guardian Woodmen Circle

vising the field work. As an indication of his success along latter lines, it need only be mentioned that during the year 1907 the agents and camps under the head consul's direction wrote 147,841 new members, and out of this number, over and above all deaths and suspensions, a net gain of 80,000 was made for the year, while the net gain in insurance amounted to \$107,294,500, with one exception more than twice the gain of any old line or legal reserve company.

The financial, accounting and record offices are maintained in the society's own building at Rock Island, Illinois, in charge of Major

C. W. Hawes, whose title is head clerk and who has in his employ more than 250 assistants and clerks. The financial management of the society is under the control of the board of directors: A. N. Bort, Beloit, Wisconsin; R. R. Smith, Brookfield, Missouri; E. E. Murphy, Leavenworth, Kansas; C. J. Byrns, Ishpeming, Michigan; J. A. Rutledge, Elgin, Illinois. In addition to contract benefits of \$70,000,000 paid to beneficiaries, the Modern Woodmen society has distributed, through voluntary contributions, to sick and distressed members more than \$1,000,000.

Lately it has undertaken a proposition which history will undoubtedly record as its greatest achievement in behalf of mankind. This is the founding of a sanatorium for the treatment and cure of Woodmen who are afflicted with tuberculosis, the "great white plague." Specialists assert that of all the people dying between the ages of fifteen and sixty years, tuberculosis kills one-third, 76.1 of consumptives dying between twenty and sixty years of age. The necessary and great work in helping to cure consumptives, as discovered not only by the best medical science of today, but by actual experience and test, is living in the open air, eating the best and most nourishing food and having the best care.

Recognizing the advantages to humanity of establishing and maintaining a sanatorium for this purpose, the head officers of the Modern Woodmen, with Head Consul A. R. Talbot as chairman of the committee, purchased 1,320 acres of land nestling against the Rocky Mountains, five miles from Colorado Springs, Colorado, at a cost of \$17,500. This money was raised through voluntary contributions of individual members and camps, which have amounted at this time to more than \$60,000. In addition to this, the recent national convention authorized Mr. Talbot and his associates to use an appropriation from the expense fund of the society of \$100,000 per year, or such part as may be necessary to successfully conduct and maintain the institution. Part of the tract in the foothills will be used as watershed and reservoir, and another section is set apart for agriculture, 300 acres being already under cultivation, besides an orchard containing apple, prune and plum trees. Coal underlies a large part of the land, and all these things give the site peculiar advantages for economical main-



tenance, while the air is pure and invigorating all the year round.

The tent colony plan, consisting of six different colonies, will be used. Each tent is octagonal, with shingle roof, canvas sides, hard-wood floor on solid cement foundation, window and door, electric light and bell service. There are sixty tents in each of the six colonies, with one doctor and two nurses in attendance. In the center of each colony is a utility building, containing rooms for consultation, drugs, laboratory, nurses' examinations and a large rest and sun-bath room. The special infirmary building consists of tents attached to hallways, connected with a central building containing diet kitchen and all the conveniences for nurses and a surgery. In this infirmary the bedridden patients will be lodged. An auditorium building will provide for entertaining patients.

The rules for admission provide that Modern Woodmen, or members of their families who can afford it, will be expected to pay the actual cost of care and treatment, which will amount to twenty-seven or thirty dollars per month, covering all accommodations, board and medical attendance, while provision will be made to take care of others who, by reason of misfortune, are unable to bear the expense. A large part of the work of the sanatorium will be to teach patients how to live in their own climes after having received the benefit of the Colorado climate. They will be taught how and where to sleep, the proper food to eat, and fully instructed in all hygienic measures not only to insure longer lives to themselves but greater safety to others.

This great society is the first to undertake in any extended way an organized fight against humanity's common foe in arresting the spread and promoting the cure of tuberculosis in the families of its own members, and giving to the world the greatest lesson of practical fraternity and brotherhood of the age.

#### THE WOODMEN OF THE WORLD

The second largest fraternal, beneficiary society in America has its headquarters in its pretentious building at Omaha, Nebraska. This society was originated by Joseph Cullen Root at a conference of several fraternalists held at Omaha in June, 1890, at which time the Sovereign Camp Woodmen of the World was evolved as the supreme or national body, with auxiliary fraternal, co-ordinate branches.

These branches have since been organized, and are known as the Pacific Jurisdiction, with permanent office at Denver, Colorado, embracing the states west and north and including Colorado; the Canadian Order in the Dominion of Canada, with headquarters at London, Ontario; The Woodmen Circle of Omaha, with concurrent jurisdiction with the Sovereign Camp beneficiary department east of the Rocky Mountains, and the Women of Woodcraft auxiliary of the Pacific Jurisdiction, with principal office at Portland, Oregon. The two latter organizations are offi-



A. R. TALBOT OF LINCOLN, NEBRASKA  
Head Consul Modern Woodmen of America

cered by and accept ladies to membership. The combined membership now exceeds 650,000.

The general plan of the Woodmen of the World is a conservative adjustment of the monthly assessment rates for fraternal life insurance to a "happy medium" between the premium of the life insurance companies and the so-called current rate assessment societies, involving the accumulation of an emergency or reserve fund and surplus, now aggregating about ten million dollars. An original and salient feature of the society is the erection of a monument at a cost of \$100

to the memory of every deceased member. Nearly 30,000 monuments have been provided. Pretentious monuments to the memory of deceased members at whose graves it was impossible to place the monuments have



W. E. SHARP  
President Royal Highlanders

been erected at Galveston, Texas; Memphis, Tennessee; Dubuque, Iowa; New Orleans, Louisiana; St. Joseph and St. Louis, Missouri, and at Denver, Colorado, the Galveston and Memphis monuments having bronze statues of the founder of the order, and at Denver of F. A. Falkenburg, the promoter of the Pacific Jurisdiction.

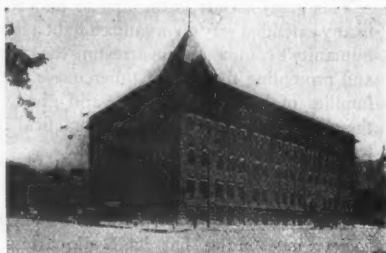
The progress of the Woodmen of the World is regarded as marvelous, and reflects great credit on its management. Over forty-three million dollars have been paid by the combined order for death losses, monuments and old age benefits which are paid to members attaining seventy years of age.

Joseph Cullen Root, the founder, was also the founder and promoter of the Modern Woodmen of America, of which he was the president during the first seven years of its history. He is a native of Massachusetts. In 1882 he began his career as a fraternalist. He was recently elected president of the Asso-

ciated Fraternities of America, composed of forty-five fraternal societies. He is hailed as "Father Root," and is recognized as one of the most successful promoters of fraternal insurance in America. He has been a tireless advocate on the rostrum, with his pen, and in personal visitations to every section of our land, and in conventions his admonitions and advice have been valued as the fruit of a ripe experience and thorough knowledge of fraternal life insurance.

The Woodmen of the World society has become exceedingly popular because of its harmony and enterprise. When great calamities have occurred, such as the cataclysm at Galveston, the earthquake at San Francisco and devastations of cyclone and flood in various sections of the country, the members of the Woodmen of the World have responded to the extent of thousands of dollars, which have been disbursed to relieve the sufferers.

Profiting by the experience of similar organizations, this society has consistently urged the necessity of efficient state laws and supervision, that every member of a fraternal life insurance society may be assured its permanence and solvency and that the members shall be, as far as possible, exempted from increase of cost. This and the emergency reserve fund accumulations of the Woodmen of the World is designed to be available whenever, at the end of the calendar year, the death claims may exceed the proceeds of one assessment per month required to be paid by every member. Thus far no such contingency has occurred and it is confidently expected by



FRATERNITY BUILDING  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

the members that it is not likely to be experienced for several decades; meanwhile, it is accumulating at the rate of over two million dollars each year.

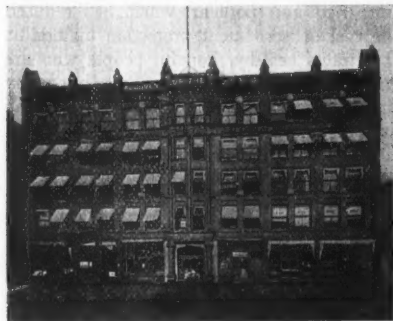
This order has a military adjunct known as its Uniform Rank, which recently had an annual encampment at Russell Island, Michigan, under command of Major General John T. Yates, the popular sovereign clerk of the Sovereign Camp.

The sovereign adviser of the Sovereign Camp, General W. A. Fraser, Dallas, Texas, has had charge of the Lone Star State, and under his management 125,000 members have been enrolled in Texas. Several sanatoriums and homes for aged members and dependent orphans are contemplated in different states, and the generous benevolence of the camps is proverbial. The fraternal tie which binds the membership "man to man" has not proven a "rope of sand" in this organization, which is evidenced by the fact that over thirty-two per cent. of the members who joined in 1891 are still in good standing.

The Woodmen of the World is a worthy exemplar of the principles of fraternal co-operation, and occupies a high place in the galaxy of conservative fraternal insurance associations.

#### ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE WOODMEN CIRCLE

As the Woodmen of the World continued to extend its jurisdiction and its influence, there was conceived in the fertile brain of Joseph Cullen Root, Father of Woodcraft, the idea of organizing an auxiliary branch for women and members of the parent organization.



WOODMEN OF THE WORLD BUILDING  
OMAHA

Mr. Root interested the wives of some prominent Woodmen in the idea, and thus was born in Omaha, Nebraska, the Wood-

men Circle, organized purely as a voluntary social organization, but destined to become one of the prominent fraternal insurance orders of the world.



N. Z. SNELL  
President Mid-West Life Insurance Company

The new branch of Woodcraft proved popular in the cities and hamlets of the great Middle West; groves sprang into existence as if by magic, and un nourished though they were, flourished like green bay trees.

When it was finally determined that the Woodmen Circle was to be incorporated under the laws of the State of Nebraska as a duly authorized and licensed fraternal insurance order, its leading members began to look around them for a competent leader, one capable of taking charge of its business and financial interests and at the same time carrying on its work of elevating and bettering the conditions of humanity. Almost with one accord they selected Mrs. Emma B. Manchester, its present supreme guardian, a woman eminently fitted for the place, whose heart is consummate of pity and whose hands are full of charity.

How well Mrs. Manchester succeeded in the task assigned her is shown by the splendid growth and prosperity of the order over which she presides. Under the efficient corps of organizers appointed by her, and of which

she is the chief, the association has made a net gain of membership for every hour of every day since its organization, and today 70,000 enthusiastic members proclaim the greatness of their craft. They have put aside every hour fifteen dollars into a reserve fund, which has now reached the magnificent proportions of \$900,000. Out of the proceeds of their united contributions they have paid every hour to the beneficiaries of departed members an average of thirty-three dollars, and from the same contributions they have



J. C. ROOT, FATHER OF WOODCRAFT

built over the graves of those called into the Great Beyond three thousand enduring monuments, which indicate to the world their devotion to those they love and to their chosen craft.

The Woodmen Circle is not a charitable institution, although it does much work along that line. Its general plan is simple and practical. Applications for membership may be made to an organizer or to the clerk of a Grove, and, if accepted, the applicant can become a member of the Woodmen Circle and enjoy its superb fraternal and social advantages at home and wherever she may sojourn, for its Groves have been established in the principal cities and towns and the number is increasing marvelously.

By a small monthly contribution of assessment and dues, members are assured of the prompt payment, at death, of such an amount as they may desire (\$100 to \$2,000), to any relative which may be designated, and in addition thereto if the certificate is for \$500 or more, there will be placed at the member's grave a beautiful and enduring monument, to cost not less than \$100. Men who are Woodmen and women are admitted to membership.

The beneficiaries of male members, who are assured a \$100 monument by the Woodmen of the World, receive \$100 funeral benefit in addition to the amount of the certificate held.

Applicants must be over eighteen and under fifty-two years of age, of sound bodily health and mind; a requirement to assure exact equity and make all interests equal. Election to membership may be regarded as a positive compliment and evidence of confidence.

The cost to new members is payment of entrance fee and one assessment and dues every month. To protect the living contributing members a probationary period is provided, so that a certificate represents one-third of face value during the first year; one-half during the second year, and two-thirds during the third year of membership. This is known as an "Accumulative Certificate," increasing every year, so that on its third annual anniversary and thereafter it represents its maximum value and is a safeguard, time-tried and popular, which has reduced the cost of permanent protection materially. It attracts healthy, hopeful people who are confident of living not only three, but many times three years, and the sickly and peevish are eliminated.

The Woodmen Circle is not a present cost society; its emergency fund, invested in approved interest-bearing securities, is available to relieve its members from payment of additional assessments or an increase of rate of assessment at any time in the future, and its adequacy the most incredulous cannot question.

Why should not the wife and mother help, provide for their loved ones as well as the husband and father? This is a solved problem, and the answer has been emphasized by thousands of good women joining organizations like the Woodmen Circle, and their

children and loved ones bless the memory of hundreds who have died and left them a substantial sum for their care and education.

#### THE WOODMEN ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION

Among the prominent insurance companies of the West the Woodmen Accident Association of Lincoln, Nebraska, is one of the leading accident companies, having been established eighteen years ago as a Nebraska institution, and it has grown to be the largest open mutual accident insurance company in the United States, having issued over 177,541 certificates and paid over \$1,000,000 in benefits to its certificate holders. It has issued in several years past over 15,000 certificates per year, and over 6,000 claims were passed upon during the last year. Its business is conducted upon the "square deal" idea, and, notwithstanding the fact that the above large number of claims were passed upon, but one lawsuit has grown out of its business as the result of a dispute as to the association's liability.

The remarkable feature of this Western company is that it requires the payment of but eight dollars a year to carry a standard policy paying twenty-five dollars weekly benefits on its "select" risk. It has revolutionized the cost of accident protection in the Middle West and has demonstrated the fact that accident protection may be extended to and carried by men with moderate means; it has done much to educate the people to a realization of the necessity of protecting their time against loss by accident, a greater necessity, indeed, than that of protecting property against loss by fire. Any insurance proposition which gives to the laboring man the means to maintain the expense of his home and family during his temporary inability to earn his wages is carrying on a work which is doing much to maintain the high standard of American citizenship, because it prevents the poor man from becoming temporarily dependent on the charity of his friends or the community in which he resides. In the past the protection against injury, as provided by accident insurance, has been so excessive in its cost to the individual that it practically debarred a large per cent. of the laboring men from availing themselves of its benefits, and hence, the Woodmen Accident Association of Lincoln, Nebraska, has become a pioneer in achieving this result and

extends accident insurance to the common laborer as well as to the mechanic and the farmer.

Lincoln is a natural location for such a company, and the large patronage which this company has received from the people of the Central States has proven beyond a question of doubt that it is meeting a need and is, therefore, one of the stable and worthy institutions of which not only Lincoln, but the State of Nebraska, is and should be proud.

The founder of this company, Dr. A. O. Faulkner, was formerly a practicing physician, but, realizing the need of an insurance company which would meet the requirements of the average man, both in cost and benefits in proportion to the loss which he might sustain in consequence of his inability to work, and also supplementing the life policy by not only providing means to be left to the widow or heirs, but also providing a living for the member and his family while suffering temporary disability from accident, he organized and pushed forward the simple plan of the Woodmen Accident Association, which has established an enviable reputation for its prompt and full payment of claims and has proven his ability as an insurance man who ranks very highly among the leading insurance managers of the country.

#### THE ROYAL HIGHLANDERS

The Royal Highlanders is one of the first fraternal beneficial societies to be organized on a reserve fund basis. In the early history of these societies no attempt was made to provide a reserve or emergency fund, but all were organized as assessment companies, collecting from month to month only what was necessary to pay the current mortality cost.

W. E. Sharp, president of The Highlanders, was a firm believer in the necessity of establishing during the early years of a society a fund with which to provide for the extra cost in later years. As no society then organized met his views along these lines, he, with other gentlemen, organized this society in August, 1896.

The Highlanders' plan was an entire departure from the old methods, as it combined the strong features of low cost of management and promotion peculiar to the fraternal system with the level rate, reserve plan of old line insurance companies, but eliminated



the idea of legal reserve wherein each policy had a credit. Instead, The Highlanders adopted the emergency plan, whereby each policy was interested in all the surplus. In this way the entire surplus accumulation could be available in any necessity, thus making it the balance wheel to carry the insurance machine over all peak loads and equalizing cost throughout the life of members. All catchy plans of accident or sick benefits and investment elements were omitted and The Highlanders was launched to meet a demand for straight life, level premium insurance.

One of the unique methods adopted to create this emergency fund was due to the desire to equalize the benefits and burdens of insurance by scaling the amounts of protection during the early years of membership, thus reducing the benefits to those who pay least and die first and increasing the benefits to those who live the longest and pay most. This is accomplished by paying only one-third the face of the certificate in case of death during the policy year, one-half in case of death between the first and second years, two-thirds in case of death between the second and third years, and the entire amount after three years. By this plan three times the regular premium is collected for the first year, thereby securing the maximum benefit from lapses. It also tends to eliminate undesirable risks, acting as a second medical examination by attracting the healthy and discouraging the unhealthy who always seek insurance, and carries out the mutuality of contract by making every member interested in every certificate issued either before or after membership is completed. It also entirely ignores the assessment at death idea of other societies and collects a fixed rate each year, graduated at age of entry regardless of mortality experienced during the period. These rates are apportioned equitably and may be paid monthly, quarterly, semi-annually or annually.

The experience of The Highlanders has demonstrated the wisdom of its theories and it has blazed an entirely new trail in insurance history. For instance, while the average death rate is usually about ten to the thousand, The Highlanders' death rate for the past ten years has averaged only 2.34 per thousand, and after eleven years of operation the last year shows only 3.32 per thousand—

the most remarkable showing, it is claimed, ever made by any insurance corporation. The growth in membership has been sufficient to keep the accrued average age almost stationary, ranging during the period from 34.5 years to 35.1 years.

The objection to the creation of an emergency fund, which is invariably advanced in the argument that it would be lost or stolen, was anticipated. To provide against such a possibility, a law was passed in Nebraska providing for the investment of this fund in first-class securities, all of which should be deposited with the state auditor and none to be drawn therefrom until a showing could be made that the premium income was not sufficient in any year to pay the mortality of that year, and then drawn only in an amount to make up the deficit.

The Highlanders appreciated at its full value the strength of the secret society plan of interesting members in ritualism, and in adopting the one used made a most happy selection.

Based on Scottish history of the fourteenth century, with the characters of William Wallace and Robert Bruce, and all the old Highlander "love of home" that has crystallized in centuries of clannish Scots the world over, the value of this ritual to the new society cannot be computed, but may be explained by saying that in every town where there was a Scotchman a castle of The Highlanders could be established, and once established, it could not die—and there is always a Scotchman there!

Then, in the uniform rank, the kilts, sporran, tartan, helmet, shield and all the paraphernalia that go to make up a Scotch Highlander, gave rich promise that has been abundantly fulfilled in the uniformed teams of The Highlanders. They always attract attention and win plaudits and prizes against all competitors. The Highlanders' uniformed bands are absolutely in a class by themselves.

The Highlanders has over thirty-five million dollars of insurance in force, one million dollars in the emergency fund, and about four hundred state, district and local deputies reporting to the Lincoln field office under the direct management of Mr. Sharp. The main office is at Aurora, Nebraska, where the society owns its own home—one of the handsomest and most complete office buildings in the West.

The president of The Highlanders is an intensely energetic and aggressive business man. While his life is wrapped up in the promotion of this society, still he is actively engaged in many other enterprises. He is one of the organizers and president of the Citizens' Railway Company, secretary and treasurer of the Lincoln Telephone Company, vice-president of the Woodmen Accident Association, and in fact is connected with many of the large financial interests of Lincoln.

#### THE MIDWEST LIFE

The Midwest Life of Lincoln, Nebraska, was organized in 1906. The authorized capital stock is \$200,000, of which \$120,000 has been issued at \$110 a share of the par value of \$100. All of its participating business is on the annual dividend plan, the first divi-

dend becoming payable upon the payment of the third premium. Late in 1907 the company placed non-participating policies upon the market, and now fully two-thirds of all its new business is issued on this plan. The intention of the management is ultimately to go entirely on a non-participating basis. The company has especially strong local backing, many prominent business and professional men being among its stockholders and directors. It now has \$1,400,000 of insurance in force. Mr. N. Z. Snell, the president of the company, was the prime mover in its organization. It confines its business to Nebraska. The company has never sold any deferred dividend policies, special or board contracts, stock with insurance, nor had any connections with a holding company of any kind, but has confined itself to straightforward and approved business methods.

## OLD SONGS ARE BEST

By EDITH SUMMERS UPDEGRAFF

OLD songs are best, whose tender play  
Of lilt and cadence, sad or gay,  
Brings back with sudden loss and pain  
Old thoughts, old fields, old summer rain,  
So near, and yet so far away.

Once more the quickened pulses sway  
To subtle things that would not stay,  
And murmur like a lost refrain  
Old songs are best.

The lure of moonlit nights in May,  
The light that on far hill-tops lay,  
Strange dreams that thronged an eager brain,  
Lost faces in a ghostly train,  
Wake with forgotten tunes, and say  
Old songs are best.

# PROBLEMS in MUNICIPAL ECONOMICS

By W. C. JENKINS

## LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

IT is somewhat remarkable that great public utility corporations can command admiration and respect in one section of the country, while in another they are the objects of severe criticism and abuse. Is it the fault of the corporations or the people? From a careful study of this subject, embracing conditions in nearly every important city between the Atlantic and the Pacific, I am inclined to believe that much of the ill feeling towards public utility corporations is the result of incompetence, arrogance and indifference at the helm. There are, however, many public utility men who have won a wonderful success in their field, but one and all of their admirers agree that their success was founded on qualities and methods above and outside of their professional skill and abilities. Their success is notable, but the way in which they achieved it reveals the traits which have compelled the admiration and won the confidence of those who, at the beginning, seemed to be confirmed in their hostility to public service corporations and all concerned in them. When such shining examples appear, I have always found the most singularly frank, open, fair-minded men—men who cherish at all times those high ideals of public service, which, according to general belief, are rarely found in business and most rarely in a servant of a public service corporation. The men invite just criticism; they seek out the weak spots; meet the people who have complaints eagerly, cordially, honestly; rectify errors with the utmost alacrity; remove defects the instant they are pointed out, and declare by word and act that they recognize to the full, not merely their duty to their corporation, but their obligations to the public which they are trying with all their hearts to serve.

The first franchise given for the purpose of furnishing gas to the citizens of Lincoln was given March 12, 1872. It is probably one of the simplest franchises ever granted to a public utility company; no period was speci-

fied, and the only limitation mentioned referred to a twenty-one year exclusive privilege. In effect the franchise provided that the Lincoln Gas Company, its successors and assigns, be given a license and permission to build in the city of Lincoln, to manufacture and constantly supply (unavoidable delay and accident excepted) the citizens with a good quality of illuminating gas, at a price not to exceed \$5.00 per one thousand feet.

Clause two of the ordinance provided that the Lincoln Gas Company shall have the exclusive right and privilege of furnishing illuminating gas in Lincoln for a period of twenty-one years from the 9th day of March, 1872.

In 1900 the ordinance was amended, the principal features of amendment being to permit the company to establish and operate the necessary appliances for the purpose of furnishing and supplying electricity for illumination and power.

In the amended franchise the period was allowed to stand as provided in the original ordinance of 1872, the object of the amendment being to permit the corporation to engage in the business of electric lighting and furnishing power.

Under the grant received, the corporation naturally claimed that it possessed a perpetual franchise, and, in fact, the agreement itself bears out this contention. Certain citizens, however, have questioned the perpetual feature of the franchise and at their instigation the county attorney brought the matter into the courts, where it now awaits a decision.

It was evidently the intention of the citizens in 1872 to give the promoters of the corporation every possible advantage to aid in raising the necessary capital to construct the system.

Either through a supposition that the corporation rested secure behind vested rights, or a proper knowledge of what constituted the function of a public utility company, the

men in charge, in the early days, did not create that confidence among the people which is essential to all successful corporations.

It is probable that an unwarranted identity with the politicians was largely instrumental in creating an embittered feeling. This came to the surface each year, when a renewal of the street lighting contract was being made, and finally resulted in the establishment of a municipal lighting plant. Whether or not this municipal plant has been a financial success is an open question and cannot be settled except by the investigation of experts. It is very easy to make statements in reference to the operation of municipal plants, but to arrive at proper charges for legitimate expenses, depreciation and interest is an entirely different matter. At any rate the citizens thought the establishment of a plant was necessary, and it is still in operation.

In 1901 both the gas and electric plants were purchased by the Doherty Syndicate, and a corporation was organized and known as the Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company.

As is always the case when public utility corporations are bought, the purchaser not only buys the physical property and franchises, but acquires or inherits all prejudices and unfavorable sentiment that the predecessors possessed.

There are no American Public Utility Companies that are run on a higher plane than are those which are controlled by the Doherty and McMillan Syndicates, both of which are heavily interested in the Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company.

This is not a mere opinion on my part, but a fact known to every well-informed corporation student, and when the Doherty Syndicate acquired control of the Lincoln plant, its first effort was to meet the people with their grievances, and in an open, honorable manner. It asked no favors that were unreasonable, neither did it consider itself called upon to relinquish rights that it had purchased in good faith, believing them to be originally granted in a spirit of fairness.

There are differences of opinion regarding the specific arrangement that exists between the corporation and the city, but it is the wish of all concerned that these matters be adjusted speedily by the Courts and that they may be placed forever beyond dispute.

The city arbitrarily passed an ordinance in 1906 compelling the company to furnish dollar gas, the existing price being \$1.50 gross and \$1.20 net. The corporation had previously given several voluntary reductions, but the citizens thought the price was still too high, although it compared favorably with other American cities of its class. The company secured a restraining order and the matter is now in the courts.

Another matter which is up for adjudication is the right of the city to impose an occupation tax of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. on the gas plant, and 2 per cent. on the electric light plant business.

The company is capitalized at \$2,250,000 and has a bonded indebtedness of \$1,129,600.

One of the principal complaints made to me by the citizens, is that the company is over capitalized, and that it becomes necessary to impose high rates in order to pay interest on considerable watered stock. This complaint when analyzed admits of no argument, because in the first place, the corporation has paid no dividends on its stock for eight years, or since the Doherty interests acquired control; and again it was necessary to have a reasonable capitalization, because of the fact that under the laws of Nebraska bonds can only be issued for two-thirds of the capitalization. A great deal of money has been sent to Lincoln for the development of the plant and properties on which the citizens of Lincoln are paying only a fair rate of interest, and whatever earnings have been made in excess of this interest the money has all gone back into the property for improvements.

Whatever prejudices may have existed against the old Lincoln Gas Company, it is certain that the conservative business men of Lincoln entertain the highest regard for the local management of the corporation at the present time.

There is no effort to affiliate with the political parties, and the company seeks only to establish itself in Lincoln through methods that have been adopted by every successful public utility manager in the country. The best asset that a corporation can possess is the confidence of its patrons, and this asset the Lincoln Gas and Electric Light Company is trying very hard to secure. This was freely admitted to me by representative bankers and business men of Lincoln. Mr. Homer

Honeywell, general manager, has been with the company for eighteen years and enjoys the full confidence of the people.

The officers are: Henry L. Doherty, President; L. P. Funkhouser, Vice-President; Harry Warner, Secretary and Treasurer; Homer Honeywell, General Manager, and B. C. Adams, General Superintendent.

The street railway history of Lincoln, Nebraska, which would involve the predecessors of the present Lincoln Traction Company, would be full of interest to every student of American public service corporations. It is probable that no American city of less than 50,000 inhabitants has passed through as many acts of a street railway drama as has Lincoln. It has been a long series of political and municipal conflicts, bitter disappointments to investors and more or less dissatisfaction to the citizens in general.

The only encouraging rift in the clouds which has appeared during the past twenty-five years, came a short time ago, when the affairs of the Traction Company were placed in the hands of J. W. McDonald and other local stockholders.

Fortunately for the municipality and the eastern stockholders, the citizens of Lincoln have implicit confidence in the new management, and it is confidentially expected that within a reasonable time a consolidation of the Lincoln street railway companies will be effected, and one first-class system will supply the citizens with traction service.

The first street railway franchise granted by the city of Lincoln, was given to a corporation known as the Capital City Street Railway Company, on August 15, 1883. The corporation was given a blanket franchise, which was supposed to cover any street in the city upon which the company should desire to build. In 1884 the system was in operation, horse cars being utilized.

The original company operated until 1888, when the Lincoln Street Railway Company was organized and acquired the property and electrified the system. At various times franchises have been given to the following street railway companies: Capital Heights Street Railway Company, Lincoln City Electric Railway Company, Lincoln Electric Railway, Lincoln Rapid Transit Company, Lincoln Street Railway Company, North Lincoln Street Railway Company, and the Standard Railway Company. Evidently most

of these enterprises were promotion schemes, as scarcely any were able to build a system, but they were all given franchises, and the Lincoln Traction Company acquired the grant and properties of the Capital City Street Railway Company, the Lincoln Street Railway Company, the Lincoln Electric Railway Company and a part of the Rapid Transit Company's property.

From 1887 to 1896 the corporation showed no marked enterprise or success, and about the latter date the company went into the hands of a receiver. It was at this time that Eastern bondholders sent M. L. Scudder of New York to Lincoln to effect a re-organization. The New York financier acquired control of the property securing the stock at a very low price.

The rapid growth of the city and increased demands for street railway service during the next ten years has made this stock very valuable. It is true that various conflicts with the city and citizens have been experienced, which might have been avoided had the management in past years possessed a better conception of the spirit of the community. Litigation between the city and the corporation has followed various contentions during recent years, and important matters are in the courts at the present time. It is, however, a safe prediction that the present management will permit no unnecessary friction or litigation in the future.

From a careful investigation of the present policy of the corporation, I am convinced that the management fully realizes the necessity of establishing a spirit of confidence among the people. Mr. J. W. McDonald, president, expressed to me his willingness to meet the people on all occasions in a frank, open and honorable manner. He will rectify errors the moment they are brought to his notice, and he fully realizes his duty, not only to the corporation of which he is president, but to the people whom he is trying his best to serve.

The officers are: J. W. McDonald, President; Frank H. Carter, New York, Secretary and Treasurer; J. H. Humpe, General Manager, and F. H. Brooks, Superintendent.

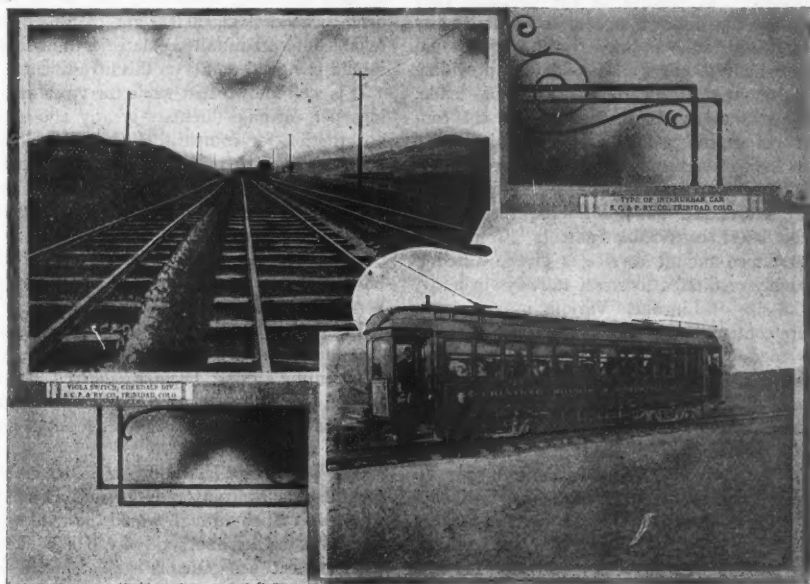
There is no one who will assert that it is for the interest of the city of Lincoln to have two distinct and separate street railway companies, and yet it is the general impression that the organization of the Citizens Railway Company had its origin in necessity.



The existing company at that time either could not or would not meet the demands of the people, and as a consequence it was decided at a mass-meeting of prominent citizens on January 7th, 1905, to organize an independent corporation.

In years gone by franchises had been granted to the North Lincoln Street Railway Company, the Capital Heights Street Railway Company, the Lincoln City Electric Railway Company, and Lincoln Rapid Transit Company. These companies never operated

way Company was being arranged, the interested citizens entered into negotiations with the city for the purchase of the franchises and properties which the Home Railway Company had possessed, and as a result the city turned over its interests to the new corporation for \$1,000 cash, and an agreement on the part of the Citizens Railway Company to pay into the city treasury an occupation tax of one per cent. on the gross receipts after the second year, and two per cent. after the fifth year. Two years ago the city



any street railways, and in the course of time a corporation known as the Home Street Railway Company was organized and acquired the interest in the companies above mentioned.

The Home Street Railway Company made an effort to get started, but sufficient capital was not forthcoming to put the enterprise on its feet. Bonds had been issued by the companies mentioned and when the bond-owners sought to foreclose, the city stepped in with its claim for taxes. As a result of considerable legal difficulty the franchise and physical property came into the possession of the city to satisfy its demand for taxes.

When the organization of the Citizens Rail-

passed an occupation tax advance of five per cent., which the Citizens Railway Company is now paying without protest.

The system is owned by sixty-five stockholders, composed of the best citizens of Lincoln. It has been run economically and has given good service, and it has considerably enhanced the value of property in certain sections of the city.

The corporation has a capital stock of \$1,000,000, of which \$336,000 have been issued at par. It has no bonded indebtedness.

The gentlemen who comprise the Citizens Railway Company organized a subsidiary corporation, known as the Citizens Inter-

urban Railway Company, and have constructed a line to College View, a distance of about six miles. This new enterprise is of much consequence to the city of Lincoln, as it will afford necessary transportation facilities with several important neighboring towns. The new enterprise is receiving the co-operation and friendship of the principal business men of Lincoln.

The Citizens Railway Company has acquired title to very advantageous franchises, and its affairs are in a very satisfactory condition. The owners of the property fully realize the disadvantage to the municipality of two separate railway systems, and would be willing to effect a consolidation, providing satisfactory arrangements could be made. This arrangement must mean that the control of the consolidated system shall be placed in the hands of the citizens of Lincoln.

The company now has twenty-five single truck cars and four new double truck cars of the latest convertible patent. From three to fifteen minute service is given, which is highly creditable to street railways in a city the size of Lincoln. Various improvements are contemplated, such as the construction of a modern first-class power house to supply both the city and interurban lines, which will entail an investment of about one hundred thousand dollars as an initial cost.

The officers are: W. E. Sharp, President; I. N. Raymond, Vice-President; George J. Wood, Secretary, and J. H. Smith, Treasurer.

One of the most important enterprises for Eastern Nebraska is the proposed electric railway connecting Omaha and Lincoln. This has been considered for several years a feasible proposition and on March 4, 1903, a charter was issued by the State of Nebraska for a period of 999 years, to the Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice Railway Company, organized with a capital of \$2,225,000, for the purpose of constructing and operating an interurban road connecting these important cities; but little was done in the way of development for the first three years, on account of the death of Henry Robinson, one of the principal organizers.

The corporation has, however, secured nearly all of the necessary right of way, has made trackage agreements in Omaha and Lincoln, and has constructed about six miles of the line. This is being operated at the present time.

The entire right of way has been carefully surveyed, and nearly twenty per cent. of the total grading has been completed and paid for.

The present movement of traffic between the two terminal cities, now dependent upon the steam railways, is exceptionally great, and indicates that the through electric travel will be very large and of a character similar to that found in nearly parallel cases where interurban systems are in operation.

It is estimated that the entire cost of the system, including equipment, will be in the neighborhood of \$2,000,000, and figuring from reliable interurban railway statistics the system should pay good profits on this investment.

It is well known that while the gross earnings per car-mile fluctuate greatly and give no criterion for comparison, the net cost of operation per car-mile of interurban electric systems throughout the United States is remarkably uniform, and does not vary greatly from about thirteen cents per car-mile.

The probable number of car-miles that will be operated between Omaha and Lincoln per annum will aggregate 1,153,000.

In addition to these receipts it is expected that the road will produce \$500 per mile, as representing gross revenue derived from freight, express, package and mail service thus making the estimated total receipts per annum exceed \$300,000.

The population in the two terminal cities, Omaha and Lincoln, and the various small towns and cities through which the road will pass, is in the neighborhood of 250,000. The distance between Omaha and Lincoln is fifty-four miles.

The line is laid in one of the most fertile farming sections in the United States and traverses a rapidly growing and highly prosperous territory.

This project is considered to be one of the most feasible interurban enterprises in the West. Both Omaha and Lincoln are highly prosperous municipalities, and both have experienced rapid growth and development during the last four years. Lincoln is the capital of the state while Omaha is the metropolis. The state university is located at Lincoln, and directly on the line of this new railroad are several important cities and towns with populations exceeding 1,000. This project will materially enhance the real estate values tributary to the line through the

entire distance, and the beneficial results that will follow the operation of this system will be similar to those that have been experienced wherever interurban lines have been constructed and successfully operated.

I am convinced that the scheme did not originate in the minds of promoters, who were desirous of floating a stock jobbing proposition, but on the other hand, the enterprise was launched by men who were willing to back up the project with their own capital, and who have already expended a large amount of money in construction and the purchasing of necessary right-of-way at both terminals. It is expected the road will be in successful operation about January 1, 1910.

E. C. Hurd, secretary-treasurer and manager, has been with the enterprise since its inception. Mr. Hurd has been identified with electric and interurban railways for the past twelve years. He has great faith in the project and is bending every effort to complete the new railway.

The officers are: Harvey Musser, Akron, Ohio, President; Henry H. Wilson, Lincoln, Vice-President, and E. C. Hurd, Secretary and Treasurer.

#### PUEBLO, COLORADO

The first street railway system installed in Pueblo, Colorado, was financed by William Moore, J. B. Orman, James M. Carlyle and William Crook in 1879. Like most undertakings of this nature it was a small affair, and the franchise provided for power to be furnished by either horses or mules. The time limit of this franchise was twenty years. In 1889 the property was sold to a syndicate composed of Colorado people, Messrs. Downey, Chamberlain, McLees and Hard being the principal stockholders.

About this time a fifty-year franchise was granted to the Pueblo City Railway Company for an electric street railway. This franchise and the property was later transferred to the syndicate which had purchased the old car system, and in 1890 the two corporations were consolidated. The experiences of the consolidated company during the early days of its career were anything but reassuring to those who had originally believed that the proposition was a safe and profitable investment, but it is apparent that there was a woeeful lack of good business judgment on the

part of the persons in control. At about that time the Missouri Pacific Railway reached Pueblo, and large manufacturing plants were being constructed, and it was supposed by a certain class that the city was destined to become one of the most important municipalities in the West. Real estate men became industriously active laying out additions remote from the business center of Pueblo, and inducing people to build homes in these outlying districts. The demand for street railway extensions to these districts were made in a manner that apparently left no alternative to the street railway company than to obey. The real estate boomers asserted in no uncertain language that, should their requests not be granted by the street railway company, franchises would be secured for rival corporations that would build these new lines.

The men at the helm in street railway affairs, through a lack of knowledge of cause and effect, spent immense sums of money in street railway construction that was absolutely unnecessary, and, therefore, a great waste of capital. As a result the company was forced into the hands of a receiver in 1893.

It may be here remarked, that catering to the whims of real estate promoters by street railway corporations has been one of the most potent factors in forcing a great many corporations into receivers' hands. The up-to-date street railway manager, however, is not swayed by the injudicious demands of politicians or real estate boomers. He acts upon sound business judgment and intelligent statistics, and builds only where the lines will, within a reasonable time, become profitable.

The corporation remained in the receiver's hands and was operated by him for two years, or until 1895, when the property was bought by the General Electric Company of New York and the Electric Corporation of Boston. The system was operated by these interests until 1897, when it was consolidated with the other Pueblo electric interests.

In 1899 the system came under the control of the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company, and in 1902 the corporation acquired the Pike's Peak Power Company of Victor, the latter company owning water power plants on Beaver Creek, and furnishing electric power for mining operations in the Cripple Creek districts. It is from this source that a portion of the electric power

used by the street railway company is received at the present time. The company has, however, a steam plant in Pueblo which supplements the Beaver Creek Water Plant.

The corporation is now operating under a fifty-year franchise granted in 1889. It provides for a straight five-cent fare. Nothing is mentioned in the franchise regarding transfers, and the company, under its ordinance, is not compelled to issue them, but in conformity to the general American street railway custom it is furnishing its patrons with transfers.

At the present time the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company is operating thirty miles of track, and it owns forty-three cars, the majority of which are being operated regularly, the balance being used on special occasions.

The regular rolling stock consists of double truck cars, which have been in use for the last five years, and during this period the corporation has spent a million dollars in improvements.

It is no undeserved compliment to the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company to state that there is not a city in the United States, with a population of 60,000, that has a better street railway system than has Pueblo; indeed, its equipment is superior to that of many of the larger cities, and the people of Pueblo are justified in pointing to their street railway system with admiration. Not only does the corporation reflect much credit on the city, but the management has been largely instrumental in making Pueblo one of the prettiest and most progressive of the middle class Western cities.

Mr. J. F. Vail, who has been in charge of the system since the consolidation of the different companies, has always been in the front rank of enterprising citizens, who are willing to lend their time and furnish money for enterprises destined to advance the interest of the city. If a new factory is secured through a bonus of property or money, the Street Railway Company is always the largest contributor.

Among the conservative people of Pueblo, the Pueblo Traction and Lighting Company stands in the highest esteem; its credit is excellent, and its management is most efficient.

During my visit in Pueblo I failed to find a single person who had any just complaint

against the corporation, and upon a personal inspection of the system and investigation into the methods employed, I am convinced that the plant is most up-to-date and in most efficient hands.

The corporation owns the electric lighting plant, and furnishes electric light and power at a lower rate than has been given in any city of its class in the country. Residences are furnished electric lighting at ten cents per kilowatt for the first two kilowatts consumed per lamp per month, and six cents per kilowatt for all additional current. A ten per cent. discount is given for prompt payment and the minimum bill is \$1.00 per month. Business houses are furnished under the readiness-to-serve method with current, at the low rate of four cents per kilowatt for all over seven hours per day. It is working under a twenty-five-year franchise granted in 1900. It is one of the company's slogans that it will sell a man electric light and power for less than he can get it in any other city in the United States.

These advantageous conditions offer extraordinary inducements to the manufacturer who is seeking a location where he can obtain cheap power and enjoy good shipping facilities. Pueblo can offer manufacturers these inducements.

There are, perhaps, few Western cities that have struggled harder in an attempt to improve the public service conditions during the past ten years, than has Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Various conditions have confronted the municipality and the corporations, that have called for the best expert opinion in the country in order to arrive at a proper solution, but it is apparent that the experimental stage has been passed, and that hereafter the corporation will experience much smoother and better sailing. It would be useless to assert that costly blunders have not been made by both the municipality and the lighting and power companies, because anyone familiar with the history of the controversies, is fully aware that the best judgment has not always prevailed. Indeed, it would seem, too, that the men at the head of some of the public utility companies, in days gone by, had lost sight of the fact that the most important asset a corporation can possess is the confidence of the people. This condition, however, has been changed and a more liberal and progres-

sive spirit exists at the present time, and I am convinced that the corporation's attitude is one of fairness and liberality.

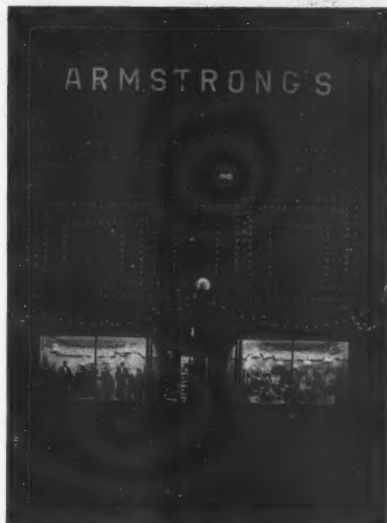
The question of rates charged for gas and electric lighting bear out this fact, and no conservative citizen is making any complaints regarding the prices he is paying. There are, however, complaints regarding the electric service which has been furnished during the past summer, that seems to be justifiable; but when it is understood that the corporation is bending every effort to improve the condition, and that in a short time the facilities will be ample to supply a city of much greater population, full credit should be given the company for the liberal and progressive spirit which it manifests.

Unexpected conditions on account of the light rainfall during the past year, arose in the water supply for generating power, which might not occur again for many years, but the company is adding to its steam plant facilities, so that it will be entirely independent of the water power if such a necessity shall ever arise again.

It is somewhat interesting to note that, contrary to modern spirit, the people of Colorado Springs voted in favor of municipal ownership of the electric lighting system at its last election, held a year and a half ago. It is not possible to suppose that the representative people of Colorado Springs made any investigation into the results of municipal ownership attempts in similar sized American cities, otherwise the vote would have been different. No effort has been made to carry out the will of the voters, however, partly because of a change of sentiment, but principally because the city has no funds to build a plant; neither can the municipality obtain the necessary money, on account of its bonded limit being practically reached.

The Colorado Springs Electric Company, the Colorado Springs Light and Power Company, and the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company, all of Colorado Springs, are under one management, though maintained as separate corporations, and are subsidiary companies of the Susquehanna Railway Light and Power Company. The parent corporation owns electric, railway and gas plants in many of the principal American cities, and its corporation policy is recognized as most liberal and progressive. It seeks only to obtain a fair return on money

invested, and it deprecates the tendency of many public utility companies to acquire vested rights through political or other irregular channels. Whatever may have been the experience of the people of Colorado Springs in the past, it is practically certain that there will be no affiliation on the part of great corporate interests with the political powers in the future. It is contrary to the general policy of the parent company, the officials of which realize that no public utility can ever be built upon a permanent foundation, if it



STORE ILLUMINATION BY A PROGRESSIVE  
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, MERCHANT

seeks to maintain its rates or acquire franchise concessions through political channels.

It is only two years since the corporation has controlled the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company, and about five years since it purchased the Colorado Springs Electric Company. There have been important questions to settle, and when a satisfactory basis is arrived at, the corporation is prepared to give the people of Colorado Springs the most efficient service and the lowest rates of any city under similar conditions in the country.

A recent controversy between the city and the company was of particular interest, because it decided for the first time in a judicial way three questions of importance to those engaged in the business of electric lighting.



It decided: first, the meaning of the phrase, "An arc light light of standard 2,000 candle power;" second, the momentary damage accruing by the substitution of a 6.6 ampere series alternating current arc lamp for an arc light of standard 2,000 candle power; third, the financial damage resulting from the failure to maintain the substituted lamps at their normal operating conditions.



PASSING THROUGH PECKS GROVE  
Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice Railway

The controversy arose over the interpretation of a clause in a city ordinance. This ordinance is known as the Jackson Franchise, and was granted by the municipality to George W. Jackson on September 8, 1898, for a period of twenty-five years. Mr. Jackson later assigned his interests to the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company. The franchise gave the grantee and assigns the use of the city's water supply for the purpose of power generation, in return for his completing certain constructions in connection with the water works of the city, and furnishing the city for street lighting arc lamps of standard 2,000 candle power, at \$66 per annum; and any plant erected by the grantee to become the property of the city at the expiration of the franchise.

Dissatisfaction with the grant of the Jackson franchise and its provisions, had arisen on several occasions between 1898 and 1907. In 1900 the city brought suit to test the validity of the franchise, but the United States Circuit Court of Appeals held it to be valid. Then claims were made that the owners of the franchise failed to carry out important obligations, and had wasted and polluted the city water. In March, 1906, the City Attorney stated in an opinion that the Pike's

Peak Hydro-Electric Company had never furnished, or offered to furnish, the city any electric light of 2,000 candle power each, and had overcharged the city for service supplied and, therefore, had forfeited every right granted under the Jackson franchise, and no longer had any right to use the city water or any part of the city's property. The city refused to pay the lighting bills, and as a result the whole matter was finally adjusted by arbitration—one of the most costly investigations ever undertaken in the West.

This investigation was carried along and ended by the city gaining about \$100, after paying all its expenses in connection with the investigation!

The local officers of the corporation are: R. W. Chisholm, Vice-President; Ira A. Miller, Secretary and Treasurer, and E. P. Dillon, Manager of the Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company, and acting manager of the other two corporations. Mr. Dillon is fully abreast of the times in corporation matters, and has the advantage of possessing an agreeable personality, which is most essential in handling the intricate problems that constantly arise in a corporation office. I predict that in a very short time patrons will have no com-



STEAM RAILWAY CROSSINGS  
Omaha, Lincoln & Beatrice Railway

plaint to make, and will cheerfully point to the city's lighting system with admiration and pride.

There is, perhaps, no one factor that is contributing more to the development of the diversified resources of Colorado than recent undertakings in the development of power for manufacturing and lighting purposes. The vast mineral resources of Colorado, the possi-

bilities for irrigation which the state possesses, and its wonderful climate, are well known to the majority of Eastern capitalists, but their development in an economical manner has been a problem which was not satisfactorily solved, until a few daring capitalists and business men undertook to build transmission lines, for the purpose of generating power from one central point to many distant mining camps and arid districts, which might be reclaimed through economical irrigation projects.

Many projects have been conceived for power development in Colorado, but their practicability was open to more or less dispute, and the projects never materialized.

I was much interested in studying the success obtained by a corporation formed in 1906, and known as the Northern Colorado Power Company. This scheme had an air of audacity which attracted considerable attention when it was first launched. It was the first effort, I believe, in this country to produce electric power at a coal mine, and to transmit current to the center of distribution. This enterprise has been put into successful operation, and the Northern Colorado Power Company has demonstrated the practicability of undertakings of this character, and today the corporation is one of the most important factors in developing the great resources which exist in the northern section of Colorado. The system of the Northern Colorado Power Company consists of a power generating station, located over the coal measures in the vicinity of Louisville, Colorado, with transmission lines to the various important towns north and northwest of Denver, at which town sub-stations receive and distribute the current to the various consumers. Certain large customers are served directly from the power station, or from the transmission lines.

The cities, and their population, supplies, and the local plants owned by the company are as follows: Cheyenne, Wyo., population, 16,000; Boulder, 15,000; Greeley, 10,000; Fort Collins, 10,000; Longmont, 8,000; Loveland, 7,000; Lafayette, 2,000; Louisville, 1,800; Superior, 700, and Timnath, 600. The company also furnishes power to local companies for distribution in Eaton, population, 1,200; Pierce, 1,000, and Ault, 1,200.

Transmission lines are now being constructed to Evans, Platteville, Fort Lup-

ton, Brighton, Windsor, Wellington, Niwott, Frederick and Eric. The latter cities have an estimated population from 500 to 2,000 each, and the total cities served are within a radius of eighty miles from the power house.

The company's first step was to purchase coal mines at Louisville, and construct an immense plant for generating power to supply this territory, then the franchise and plants in various cities were purchased, and



SCENE ALONG THE PIPE LINE  
Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company

contracts made for supplying power to the towns above mentioned. The largest system acquired was the Cheyenne plant, which was bought from a local corporation. Realizing that this move would be of considerable benefit in an industrial way to Eastern Wyoming, the city of Cheyenne, in June last, manifested its appreciation by giving the corporation a new franchise for a period of twenty years, and a lighting contract for ten years. Under this contract the city pays the corporation \$95 per annum per arc light for the first five years, and \$80 for the second five years of

the contract period. The corporation, immediately, voluntarily reduced the power rate to twelve cents per kilowatt. In past years the citizens have paid twenty cents.

Previous to the organization of the company, the various towns were supplied with electric power from local steam plants. On October 1st, 1907, the transfer of the load to



MAIN STEAM PLANT OF THE COLORADO SPRINGS ELECTRIC COMPANY

the new Lafayette station was commenced, and since December 24, 1907, the new plant has been giving admirable service to the entire system. The old plants are shut down and being dismantled.

Anyone who has witnessed the remarkable development of Southern California since the organization, a few years ago, of the Los Angeles Edison Company, and the Pacific Light and Power Company, immense corporations which are now supplying the cheap power throughout Southern California, can fully understand what may be expected in Northern Colorado, as a result of the organization of the Northern Colorado Power Company, and the consolidation of all the small plants into one successful system.

Of particular interest to the agricultural business of Northern Colorado, is the fact that the company has secured a large number of contracts to irrigate farms, that heretofore have been unproductive on account of the inability of the farmers to secure water for irrigation purposes, the flow of water along the existing ditches being below a great deal of these lands. The only method of reclaiming these arid tracts is by pumping water to higher elevations. By this process many thousands of arid acres will be reclaimed.

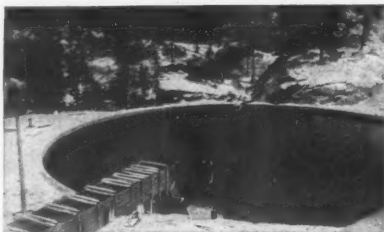
The same process will be adopted which is employed by the power companies of Southern California, and which has reclaimed vast areas of unproductive land.

In the northern part of Colorado are considerable quantities of swamp lands. The company has made a contract to drain these lands and convey the water to the arid land on the hill slopes. Benefits from these enterprises to Northern Colorado can scarcely be measured.

The men at the head of the Northern Colorado Power Company are practical and successful public utility operators in whom the people have absolute confidence. The policy of the corporation, as expressed to me by William J. Barker, President, is the same policy which I have found in force in every successful corporation in nearly one hundred cities, which I have visited within the last two years. The corporation seeks only to obtain fair returns on the money invested, and it proposes to give the best possible service and at the lowest rate.

The officers and directors believe that success can be obtained without any affiliation with politics or politicians, and the company is striving to obtain the confidence of the people, believing that this is one of the best assets a public utility company can possess.

The officers are: William J. Barker, President; J. F. Wallace, Vice-President; George Best, Secretary, and C. H. Williams, General Manager.



RE-ENFORCED CONCRETE SETTLER AT HEAD OF PIPE LINE  
Pike's Peak Hydro-Electric Company

Consolidation of the public utility companies of Trinidad, Colorado, took place the beginning of this year, and the people of that city are greatly pleased with the results. It is manifest that better service and lower rates can be given a municipality of less than

50,000 inhabitants, when the management of the public utility corporation is centered in one set of officers, and only one office maintained. Previous to the consolidation of the Trinidad interests, four different companies had separate office forces. These corporations were: The Las Animas Light, Power and Manufacturing Company, the Trinidad Light and Power Company, the Trinidad Electric Railroad Company, and the Stone-wall Valley Electric Railroad Company.

On January 2, 1908, the Southern Colorado Power and Railway Company was incorporated with a capital stock of \$1,500,000, and the following officers were elected: Joseph J. Henry, President; K. C. Schuyler, Vice-President; L. C. Duncan, Secretary, and Henry N. Siegfried, General Manager. The authorized bond issue is \$1,500,000, but only \$1,000,000 are now outstanding.

The consolidation of these interests marks the beginning of an era of industrial activity in Southern Colorado that will bring this section of the state into considerable prominence. The territory around Trinidad possesses abundant resources, and the gentlemen at the head of the consolidated corporation had the development of these resources in mind when they organized their corporation.

Trinidad has a population of about 15,000, and is the commercial center of Southern Colorado. It is in the midst of the largest coal and coke producing area in the world. The total capacity of the open camp coal mines adjacent to Trinidad is in excess of 8,000,000 tons annually, and ten thousand miners and coke workers are given employment. It is in the market point of a large sheep raising industry, five million pounds of wool being shipped each year. Tributary to Trinidad there is a population of 60,000.

From the above statement of facts, it will be seen that a corporation seeking to develop and furnish power in this resourceful territory will, necessarily, meet with sufficient encouragement from the business element to warrant the expenditure of considerable money.

The Southern Colorado Power and Railway Company's transmission lines are about eighty miles, and with contemplated extensions will become one of the longest electric power systems in the state.

The liberality of the city of Trinidad in its franchise agreements has encouraged the corporation to invest a large sum of money in

improvements and extensions. The franchises covering gas and electric business are broad, liberal and advantageous, and run from twenty to twenty-five-year periods, from August 15, 1908. The franchise provides for twelve and one-half cents per kilowatt for electric light, \$1.50 per thousand feet for illuminating gas, and \$1 for fuel gas. The franchise for street railway in Trinidad runs for fifty years, from August 13, 1903, while the interurban line is perpetual. There are no unfavorable restrictions in these franchises. The spirit of the municipality seems to have been to aid the corporation in every possible way in placing itself upon a solid financial foundation by giving franchises that would make the bonds issued by the company very desirable investments.

A new lighting contract, dated April 1, 1908, running for ten years, provides for lighting of the streets of Trinidad on a basis of \$96 per arc light per annum. Under this contract there are now in operation one hundred arc lamps, and this number will be materially increased in the near future.

The requirements for success in this corporation, I am satisfied, are present. Its franchises are broad, liberal and of long duration. It will have complete control of the power situation in Southern Colorado and above all, the company is in the hands of practical public service operators of many years' experience.

Mr. Henry N. Siegfried, manager, is one of the best known public utility operators in the West. He has been identified with the construction and development of some of the principal power and lighting companies in several states, and understands the business in its every detail.

Mr. K. C. Schuyler, Vice-President, is one of the leading members of the Colorado bar, and is well known throughout the state.

Mr. Joseph J. Henry, President, is a well-known public utility man, having organized and re-organized about fifty public utility companies, among them being the Northern Colorado Power Company, a \$1,000,000 corporation, furnishing power to twenty-one cities and towns in Northern Colorado, and also power to the Colorado & Southern Railway; and the Consolidated Power and Light Company of Deadwood, S. D., a \$3,000,000 corporation. He also organized the Southern Colorado Power and Railway Company.

# CONSERVATION OF OUR FORESTS

By T. B. WALKER

IF the consumption of our timber supply continues at the rate that has prevailed in the past, it will practically exhaust our forests within thirty years, unless effective means and measures are devised and put into operation for the protection and conservation and reforestation for a future supply.

The case is a serious one, but is not past all surgery by any means. Nor is it an incurable malady, but it is one that requires well-considered and vigorous treatment along practical lines. The general policies to be devised and the plans to be put into operation should cover not only the government timber, but also private holdings. Success will require radical departures from present methods, and development of more economical processes of manufacture and use, and effective plans for reforestation.

Careful investigation should be made of existing conditions to ascertain the extent and location of our present supplies and how they are being utilized. But more than this, there should be included a careful investigation of the causes that have been responsible for the denuding of our forests. In this way only can past errors be discovered and avoided and a comprehensive plan be worked out for the conservation of our timber resources for future use.

According to the best general estimate there has been cut and utilized in a very wasteful manner about thirty-five per cent. of our coniferous or pine forests. About fifteen per cent. more has been wasted, leaving about fifty per cent. of the total original supply for future use and waste.

Of our hard-wood forests, it may be estimated that about twenty-five per cent. has been utilized more or less wastefully, about fifty-five per cent. wasted without being utilized, and in round numbers something like twenty per cent. remains for future use.

During the nineteenth century, mainly, we consumed or wasted about four-fifths of our hard-wood timber and about one-half of our pine timber.

During that period the use of the hard wood relieved the pressure on the pine supply. The hard wood being now largely exhausted, the future burden of this and succeeding centuries must be borne in large part by the coniferous timber.

If the per capita demand continues as in the past at the present time, it would require more than four times the quantity during this century compared with the last. If we have only the one-half of the original supply left, it must be conserved and multiplied at least four times to supply this century, and to have an amount standing at the end equal to or greater than the amount started with, as an absolutely necessary beginning for the next century.

From this may be appreciated the seriousness of the necessity for conserving our present supply and of increasing it to the utmost for the future. Eighty per cent. of the existing timber supply has been transferred to private ownership, hence the necessity in the general interest for co-operation between the private owners and the government in the work of conservation.

## HOW WASTE HAS OCCURRED

Conservation means use without unnecessary waste and with proper provisions for renewal of supplies.

Forest fires have seriously wasted the timber. The destruction of standing timber by wind and fire has more than balanced the normal growth of the forests.

Immense quantities of timber have been wasted in the production of lumber. There has been great waste in logging. Only the better trees and logs have been taken, others being left for destruction by fire, wind and decay. There has also been great waste in manufacturing. Unnecessarily thick saws have been used; wastefully thick slabs have been cut; lumber has been cut thicker than necessary, and wasteful trimming and edging have consigned to the wood-pile or burners vast quantities of good material, which might have been utilized if the market demand had warranted its being saved.



And there has been wanton wastefulness on the part of the people themselves in the use of our lumber supplies. Thicker and better grades than necessary have been demanded, making waste in quality. There has also been reckless waste in quantity. Over forty per cent. of all the pine lumber produced goes into boxes. After being once used these are broken and burned. Unnecessary waste in quantity and quality is found on all sides in construction of houses and in other uses of lumber.

#### WHY WASTE HAS OCCURRED

Waste by fire has occurred largely from lack of adequate methods of providing beforehand against damage and destruction from fires when they occur.

As to waste in production, they are not wholly or essentially or primarily chargeable to the lumbermen. Investigation will show that these men have been subject to such conditions of production that the wastes have practically been forced upon them. They would be more than willing to co-operate with the government in every reasonable way in devising and putting into effective operation the best practical methods of conserving our timber supply, which in importance to the nation ranks next to the food supply.

The waste in consumption by the people has been due largely to the lack of appreciation of the necessity of more prudent use of our heritage of wood. A generation ago our forests seemed inexhaustible. The folly of wasting our timber resources was naturally not understood or considered. But it should now be clear to all that the time has come to husband our timber resources and discontinue our waste of them.

#### DEALING WITH FOREST FIRES

Destruction by fire is such a menace to our forests, and to all included or tributary property and life, that its control requires the most careful thought and investigation. At first it would seem a practical and complete protection to have the forests thoroughly patrolled and all fires promptly extinguished. But this plan may lead to greater damage than would result from entire neglect.

If fires are prevented for many years, the accumulation of needles, cones and brush and of small trees may lead to fires so general and destructive as to consume in one burning an empire of timber, with all other included

property and living beings. Systematic burning at frequent intervals, after careful preliminary preparation, would save the forests from any great damage or such disastrous fires. For the carrying out of a safe general plan, such burnings should be periodically done under and by public authority.

The large hollow or defective-butted trees should be cleared around, and the hollows or cavities should be filled with loose dirt. All combustible material should be cleared away from around the small trees with low limbs, lest the fire burn them up completely, and mount on them to the destruction of the large trees.

As a part of a general conservation scheme, the private owners might reasonably be expected to do all the necessary cleaning up on their own lands, in preparation for the periodic burning to be carried on by the government.

#### DISTINCTIONS AND DIFFERENCES

Formerly Uncle Sam was "rich enough to give us all a farm." On this theory our public lands have been, to a large extent, given away or distributed to private ownership at nominal prices. It was well to donate the prairie land for homes, and it was wise to use the hard-wood timber lands for the same purpose.

The title to the pine timber land should not have been so parted with.

In handling the public lands the radical distinction between the hard-wood lands, to be used personally for homes, and pine-timber lands that are practically usable only in large tracts by the men engaged in supplying the public demand for lumber should have been recognized.

Through failure to do so was made the serious mistake of disposing of the pine-timber lands in small tracts to entrymen only, who had no use for the land, only to speculate at the expense of the government or the public generally. And the lumbermen have had to purchase from such entrymen, at prices demanded, to the great disadvantage of the lumbermen as well as the public, by whom separately or severally the larger timber prices and carrying charges must finally be largely paid.

#### PRESENT CONDITIONS OF PINE LUMBER PRODUCTION

Under the existing policy of our Government in its disposal of timber lands, it has

been difficult or impossible for lumbermen to acquire tracts of land sufficiently large and compact to make practicable the economical production of lumber. As the lumbermen cannot acquire timber land excepting through purchase from holders of small pieces, many such holders must be dealt with, and the lumbermen are forbidden by law to devise any plan by which they might secure timber lands at lower prices or in more compact holdings.

This indirect method of transferring to the lumberman the lumber lands that only he can use, through the speculative middleman, who makes a big profit, renders the original cost of pine-timber supply unnecessarily high.

Under this policy, the lumberman is compelled to invest large sums in timber land, the annual interest charge on which necessarily adds greatly to the cost of stumpage, as a charge on the consumer or a loss to the manufacturer.

In addition standing timber is generally taxed heavily by State and local authorities, the only unharvested crop is subject to taxation.

These heavy annual charges render it necessary to convert the timber into cash as promptly as practicable, and to follow the wasteful methods of cutting and manufacturing previously referred to. The conditions act as an effectual bar to forest conservation.

#### RESPONSIBILITY FOR DENUDING THE FORESTS

The largest share of the responsibility for the destruction of our forests will, upon investigation, be found to lie at the door of our national government and an adverse public sentiment.

Until recently, practically no heed has been paid to the necessity for timber conservation, and if it had been predetermined to compel the wasting of our timber supplies, there could hardly have been devised methods more certain to produce that result.

The fundamental condition for economical production of lumber is access to large compact tracts of suitable timber at minimum expense for carrying charges of interest and taxes, and protection from foreign competition having advantages over the home producer.

The national government should not have parted with the title to the pine-timber lands. The timber itself should have been disposed of in suitably large tracts direct to those who intended to use it in supplying the public

with lumber. The timber should have been cut under rules calculated to prevent waste and to provide for a renewal of supply by reforestation and should have been paid for as cut at prices corresponding with those paid by our Canadian competitors. Such sufficiently large tracts would warrant expenditures sufficiently large to provide for economical production by installing large plants with the best machinery for cutting and handling the logs and lumber. In this way could have been secured for all future time the best and most satisfactory and economical way to supply the public demand for lumber.

#### "FREE LUMBER" HOSTILE TO FOREST CONSERVATION

The impression prevails that removing the small duty now imposed on foreign lumber would help to conserve our forests. But investigation will show that "free lumber" would in fact hasten the destruction of our remaining timber supply.

Profiting by our experience, Canada has adopted a timber policy much wiser than ours. The Canadian government retains the title to practically all the timber lands. It grants to lumbermen at a nominal annual charge the right to cut timber on large compact tracts of land, the lumber to be paid for as cut. In this way lumbering in Canada is performed under most advantageous conditions. Canada imposes no taxes on the timber, the logs, or the mills. So the Canadian lumberman is not required to make provision for either taxes or interest charges on his timber supply.

Having his timber land assured in large compact tracts, the Canadian lumberman can build his mills and other lumbering facilities in such a way as to secure the most economical production.

Under these conditions, even with wages equal in the two countries—which they are not, except in Ontario and the Rocky Mountain section, and were not anywhere until recently—the Canadian lumberman has advantages of production over our lumbermen equal to at least twice the present tariff on lumber.

Whatever presses the timber owner to hasten the conversion of his timber works against economical production and against the conservation of forests owned by him? Removing the small duty now imposed on foreign lumber would not delay the cutting

of our timber, but would tend to increase the cutting and increase the wastefulness of it. "Free lumber" would have the opposite result from that hoped for by some of its advocates.

#### CONSERVATION BY MAKING COMPOSITION LUMBER

A practical way to increase greatly the usefulness of our timber supply, thus conserving our timber resources, is by making what may be called "composition" lumber. This can be accomplished by cutting thin veneering from steamed logs and cementing three or more of these thin sheets together. Or two of these thin sheets, with a sheet of cotton canvas between, can be cemented together. These thin composition boards will be much stronger, in proportion to thickness, and less likely to warp, than ordinary lumber, and will serve equally well a large number of purposes.

It will cost more per square foot to manufacture this composition lumber than the old-style of rapidly-sawed lumber. But, as so much greater amount of surface measure can be made from any given quantity of timber, the extra expense of manufacture may be more than balanced by the increased

product. As finishing lumber it would probably bring as high or higher prices.

The making of this composition lumber, taken in connection with other economies made possible by better conditions of manufacture, would produce three times as much surface measure of lumber as would be afforded by the same timber if handled by the wasteful methods that have prevailed. This would be equivalent to working a very material enlargement of our timber supply.

#### CONSERVATION DEMANDS CO-OPERATION

As the national government now owns only about twenty per cent. of our remaining timber lands, the rest being in the hands of states and private owners, the general government cannot in and of itself secure adequate conservation of our forests. To accomplish satisfactory results in the way of conservation will require the co-operation of the national government, the states, the timber counties and the individual owners. This will require mutual consideration and mutual concessions in the interest of a wise public policy—a policy which in the end will work vast good to all concerned and to the public at large.



# The Hearth of Today

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

THE FIRST CASTING MADE  
IN AMERICA.  
BAUGH'S IRON WORKS  
1642.  
PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF LYNN  
BY  
JOHN E. HUDSON,  
A DESCENDANT OF  
THOMAS HUDSON,  
THE OWNER OF THE SITE OF THE  
IRON WORKS, TO WHOM THE FIRST  
CASTING WAS GIVEN.  
THIS CASE PRESENTED BY  
CITIZENS OF LYNN  
1892.

"As the kettle is an example of the state of the art of iron founding in 1642, so the tablet is also typical of the skill of American foundry men in 1892. It is as it came from the mould at the foundry of the Magee Furnace Co."

*Boston Herald.*



DONNING a new lavender necktie and white vest, "on a fine, hot day in September," garments especially unsuited to the nature of my quest, I started out to learn just how stoves and heaters are made, for these are now the representatives of our fathers' hearth-stones and are the firesides of today. This was a desire long entertained and often revived whenever I recalled my boyhood visits at grandmother's. The pride and solicitude with which she cared for and regarded the brick hearth and new stove are associated with boyish memories that still have an enduring charm.

What pleasant recollections they are—

of rich, brown-crust, new-made loaves; light pie crust, aromatic gingerbread, pies of peach, squash, custard, cranberry, rhubarb and mince, with savory pots of beans, and steaming brown bread! When she smiled benevolently at one of "her boys," with a new ginger cooky fresh from the oven in hand, ah, what delicious memories arise! It always makes me hungry to think about it. To me, as to the peoples of ancient days, there cluster no more romantic memories than around the kitchen hearth. In the complex religion of the Romans it was believed that their Lares and Penates, the tutelary and household gods, were domiciled



THE KITCHEN OF THE FAIRBANKS HOMESTEAD IN DEDHAM, MASS., WHERE A MAGEE RANGE SUPERSEDES THE OLD FIREPLACE AND BRICK OVEN



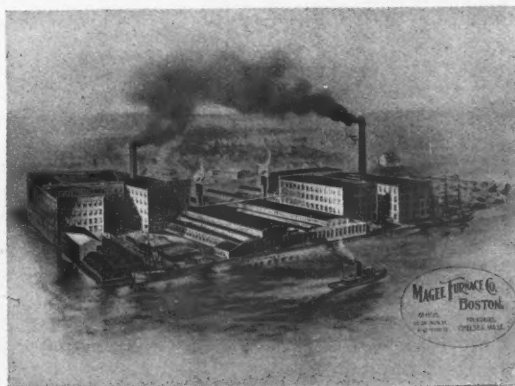
A TYPICAL RETAIL REPRESENTATION OF MAGEE RANGES

on the hearthstone, and hence it became a venerated spot.

The old-fashioned New England kitchen, with its great brick fireplace flanked on one side by the large brick oven and on the other by shelves loaded down with shining plates, pewter and glasses, all sparkling with cleanliness and indicative of thrift and neatness, never fails of interest, even in these days of modern apartments. Such a picture was presented to me in the old Fairbanks house at Dedham, Mass., the ancestral home of Vice-President Fairbanks. Here is a hearth that combines the old and the new—the open fire-place and a brick oven, with a Magee range. New England cookery has long been considered the world's standard of culinary merit, and I felt that the housekeepers who read the *NATIONAL* would be interested in learning something about the ranges that are recommended by the leading cooking-school teachers throughout the country, and that have been the "Standard of Quality for over Fifty Years." There have been many changes in fashions of cooking and heating appliances since

the beginning of things. In the early part of the last century there was little beside the old fire-place and brick oven; then came the Franklin Heater and wood-burning cook-stove, and so on to the goods of today, that are found on the sales floors of house-furnishing and hardware stores, awaiting removal to the well-appointed post of honor in the American homes.

So to the Magee Furnace Company's foundries in Chelsea, Mass., we went on what I think was one of the hottest days of the season. We were conducted to the very site







OFFICE  
OF THE  
PRESIDENT



OFFICE  
OF THE  
TREASURER



SUPERINTENDENT'S  
OFFICE  
AT THE  
FACTORY

SHOWING THE EXECUTIVE, OFFICES

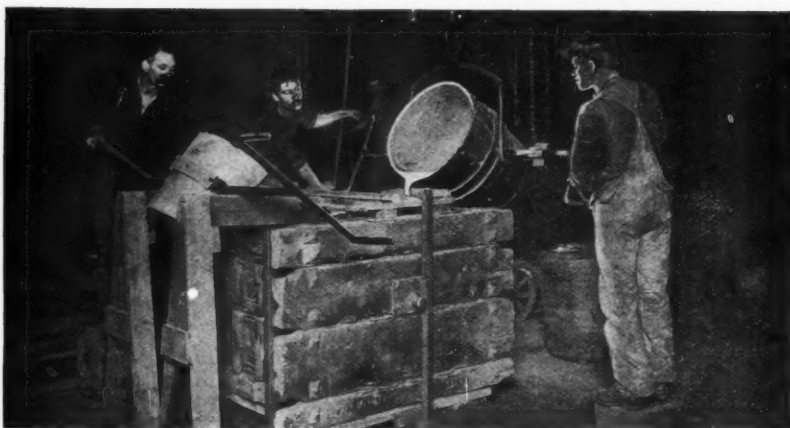
on which John Magee, one of the pioneer stove manufacturers, a great many years ago, laid the foundation of the present foundry that makes the largest line of heating and cooking apparatus under one man's name in the United States, comprehending everything from the smallest cooking stove to the largest heater, whether coal, gas, steam or hot water.

As we entered the office my attention was arrested by the portrait of this man whose name has become, indeed, a household word throughout the United States. It was a strong-lined face, somewhat lengthened in appearance; but there was something in the countenance that indicated the sterling honesty and intelligent efforts of the man. John Magee was a leader among his workmen, and labored beside them as was the custom in early days. He set the pace, and he asked of his men only that they do as much and as well as he himself was accustomed to make of a day's work. Some of the older workmen still remain, and could not say enough of the great-heartedness of this Scotch foundryman.

The plant, consisting of twenty-three separate buildings, is located on Boston tidewater, and is connected by a single drawbridge with its wharfage which has a deep water channel and a frontage of 750 feet on the north shore of Chelsea Creek. The area covered by the Magee works reaches almost as far as the eye can sweep, embracing twelve acres in all, about the size



GENERAL OFFICES OF THE MAGEE FURNACE COMPANY



POURING A BIG WATER HEATER—TWO LADLES FULL ARE POURED AT ONCE TO INSURE UNIFORMITY ON ALL SIDES

of an ordinary village farm in New England. On the wharf were piled vast supplies of pig iron, moulding-sand, sawed and dimension lumber, coal, coke, limestone and other materials used in the manufacture of modern ranges and heating apparatus. In fact, this foundry is supplied with material coming from territory as widely apart as Maine and

the Mississippi, and the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

\* \* \*

Grasping a handful of wet moulding-sand, which comes from the banks of the historic Hudson, the golf player would instantly exclaim: "How good that would be for a golfing tee!" It would certainly deserve the admiration of President-elect Taft. The sand holds its form like putty, and has been carefully prepared for its present use by being dried and bolted, until it has become almost as fine as talcum powder; and so tempered that it may be used to make the perfect moulds into which the castings are poured.

No one can appreciate the painstaking care necessary in the making of Magee cooking and heating apparatus until he has visited the factories where these goods are made. The individual parts of Magee Ranges and Heaters are made largely of cast-iron which has proved to be the most indestructible and heat-radiating material.

Few young people of today know the difference between a cooking stove and the cooking-range, a problem that troubled our grandmothers but little. When the cook stove superseded the old-fashioned method of cooking before the open hearth fire, the new invention had four top covers and two oven doors opening at opposite sides. It was designed to set well out into the room, with the funnel at the rear end leading into the chimney and a pretentious hearth at the front.



A POURER WITH HIS LADLE OF GLOWING METAL QUICK FROM THE CUPOLA



ONE OF THE GREAT CUPOLAS—THE HUSKY POURERS WITH CRUCIBLE LADLES  
WAITING THEIR TURN

The modern range is larger but more compact, having six top covers instead of four, sets back with one side to the wall, and has the fire-box at one end with the oven in the center and the funnel leading from the top, with occasionally a hot-water tank or gas appliance attached to complete the ingenious, labor-saving equipment of the kitchen.

The first thing that impresses the average

purchaser of a stove or range is its appearance, and the consideration of its practical workings comes later.

The Magee Ranges impress one with their substantial air rather than giddy ornamentation. The Magee style is the kind that "wears well," an expression we often hear applied to people. Its neat appearance, in contrast to the superficial, does not pall in the long run.



VETERAN MOULDERS—TAMPING SAND INTO A FLASK AND GIVING A FINISHING  
TOUCH TO THE MOULD FOR A FURNACE DOOR CASTING

Years ago the New England housewife was convinced of the excellence of the Magee, and the tradition of this superiority has passed down through generations of young wives as they set up housekeeping, succeeding to the silvered years of serene age. The average woman has just such an attachment for her range as she has for her sewing machine, and as a true sportsman has for his rifle. She becomes a partisan of her stove

she considers "the styles" in cooking apparatus, and if a Magee is chosen she knows she will not need another for many years.

The Magee Furnace Company have long stood in the front rank as makers of heating apparatus, and today enjoy the distinction of having the largest all-round line of heating goods under one name in the United States, comprehending what is required for a small dwelling to a large public building.



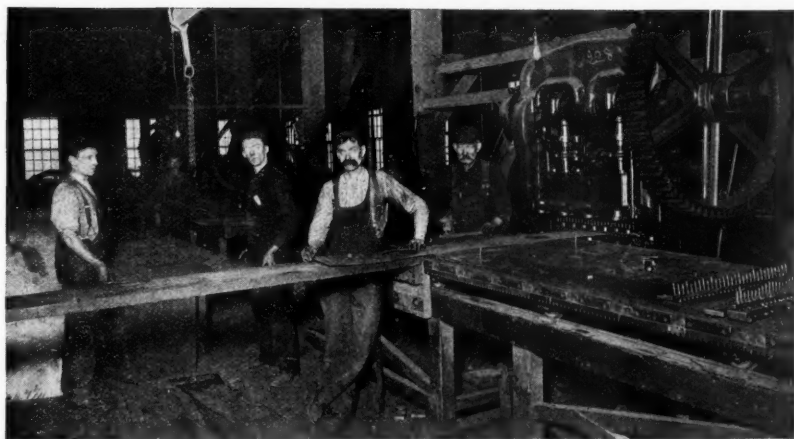
MACHINERY ROOM—WHERE SOME OF THE MOST EXACTING MECHANICAL WORK IS ACCOMPLISHED WITH LATHES, DRILLS, ETC.

or range, and never loses an opportunity to tell her neighbors of its superiority.

Woman's love for the beautiful has been understood by the makers of Magee products, and their ornamentation combines artistic castings exquisitely surfaced and finished; but Magee excellence as the standard in cooking is of the first importance, "for the bread is the life of man." In most American homes the range is one of the chief features of its ordonnance; and when the farmer's wife goes to town to buy a new stove, or the bride selects it for the new home outfit, it is an important matter. Long and carefully

In this connection, it might be well to add that the Massachusetts laws in regard to heating and ventilation have long been recognized as the American standard all over the country. In providing effective and sanitary heating apparatus for schools and public buildings, there is a sharp advance from the old barrel or box stove in the little red school-house, with its rattling windows and wide cracks, to the more scientific apparatus of today. Even in distant cities heating specifications many times require "according to the Massachusetts standard." The regulated introduction into the home of an abundant sup-





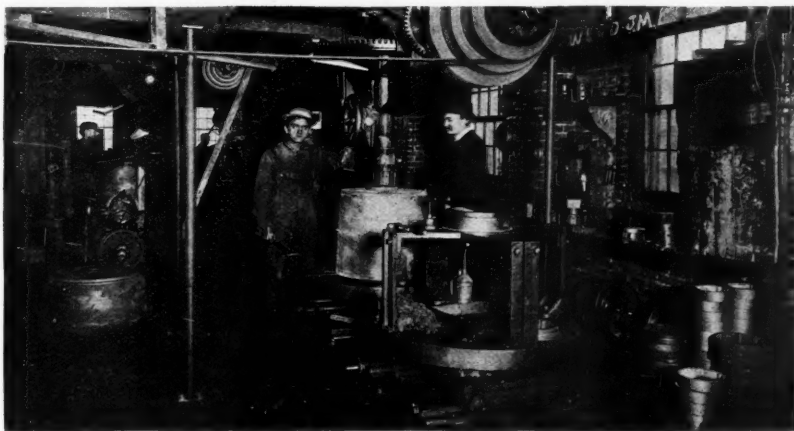
ONE OF THE POWERFUL PUNCHES—BOILER-HEADS ARE MADE OF WROUGHT IRON PLATES THAT PASS THROUGH MANY SUCH MACHINES IN THE PROCESS OF MAKING

ply of fresh air by means of modern heating appliances has, according to eminent authorities, been a great factor in stemming the ravages of the white plague and other infectious diseases.

The same quality of iron is used in the low-price Magee products as in the more costly, for there is but one standard of quality in their manufacture. A perfect stove can be made from no one particular kind of iron; a mixture or blending of cast metal made from various ores is necessary to secure a perfect

casting and a durable product. Cast iron varies in its proportions of silicon, sulphur, manganese and phosphorus coming from the different iron mines, and the proper blend is a matter of the first importance at the Magee foundry. It must neither be too soft nor too hard; too slow to take heat or too quick to soften under it.

As we walked through high-vaulted areas, observing the powerful machinery turning in obedience to the will of careful mechanics, or revolving with deafening clatter where



BIG TAP MACHINE—THE MOST EXACTING CARE IS GIVEN TO CUTTING THREADS AND ALL THE LITTLE DETAILS

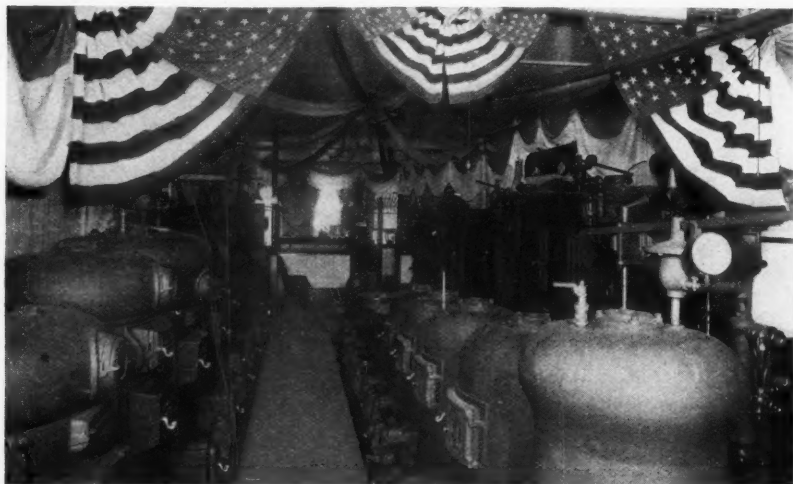
the tumbling mills were at work, it seemed almost like a walk from one quarter of a small city to another. Surely no visitor to this great plant could find his way around without a guide.

The great engines were reaching and recoiling with an awesome exercise of power, seemingly conscious that making heating and cooking apparatus for the Magee trade allows no time to waste. And the furnaces under the big boilers had such an "appetite" for coal that it seemed like being in a menagerie at feeding time to see the monsters fed.

Passing through another archway, we paused a moment to watch the workmen

be, although a trifle larger than the desired iron casting, to allow for shrinkage in cooling. From these wood models an iron pattern is cast, which is also very carefully finished through various processes.

The final castings are made by workmen who place the moulding-sand in "flasks" or wooden cases, and imbed the patterns therein; the sand is so tempered that when the mould is removed it retains the shape exactly, and as each flask is made up of two or more parts, these, when placed together and tightly fastened, contain a perfect matrix of the desired shape. The molten iron is then poured in,



A GLIMPSE OF THE COUNTING ROOM THROUGH A VISTA OF MODERN HEATERS

in the sand blast room cleaning castings; they were hooded and enveloped, save only little peep-holes for the eyes. This is one of the methods of giving Magee products their beautiful satin finish.

Now for the Pattern Room, where the designers conceive new constructions and see for the first time the realization of plans after months of study to meet every possible requirement. The whole range or heater is designed by an expert, who lays out every part according to scientific laws and ratios. The pattern-maker's part of the work is very much like modeling in a studio. The patterns to be used are made of wood, free of knots or blemishes; they follow the exact shape and outline of the design that is to

making an exact replica of the master pattern. In some castings "cores" are required which are made of flour and sand carefully bolted, mixed and shaped in forms so as to produce the exact shape of any aperture desired; and these have to be prepared in advance by baking in ovens. The making of these "cores" remind one of baking New England brown bread on Saturdays.

Some picturesque fire and smoke effects are seen at the mouth of the great cupola in which the iron is melted; for when that violet flame arises over the molten mass, the iron appears to burn like timber until it glows with a white heat. The fire was started at twelve, high noon, and at two-twenty the pouring began.

In filling one of the two cupolas, which are among the largest in New England, having a daily capacity for one hundred thousand pounds of iron, there are placed alternate layers of coke, lime stone and metal; and four different grades of pig iron are put in, superimposed one layer upon the other, to obtain just the right blend. It was interesting to watch the "stage men" on the upper landing, fork in hand, filling the cupola from the

a huge heater was "broken out" from one of the flasks, and as it lay there a perfect form yet livid red in the sand, when shaken out from the blackened flask there was something almost of dramatic resurrection in the spectacle.

When the "pouring" begins the moulder of the longest standing is entitled to the first rank, consequently those who have seen the longest service finish their work first.



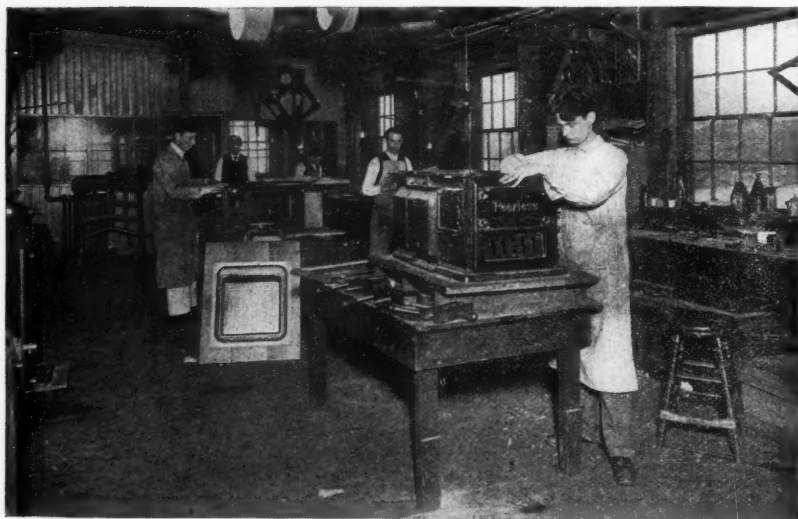
AN ARRAY OF HEATERS SHOWING MANY SIZES RANGING FROM SMALL TO LARGE TYPES

cars of coke, etc., accurately weighed to make just the right proportion.

As the molten metal came pouring out below, the pourers, with long crucible ladles, each caught his portion from the steady stream of white flowing iron. What could be more picturesque than these brawny men, dripping with perspiration, rushing to fill their ladles and bearing their heavy burden of glowing metal to their flasks! Here and there great "bull ladles" were being carried by cars on various tracks and then lifted by cranes operated by compressed air in order to pour the molten material into the moulds. After some curious pyrotechnic effects

Not all the castings were iron; we were shown the brass department where certain classes of heaters are made for an exacting trade.

A large fireproof building located within 600 yards of the line ravaged by the great Chelsea fire in 1908 is the "pattern building," where all the Magee patterns, valued at hundreds of thousands of dollars are stored. Here are preserved the original models necessary to make the castings. This building is the fortress that must be protected at all hazards, and the company's fire department had five streams playing on this structure during the Chelsea fire, realizing that the "Fire



A QUIET CORNER—HERE THE DESIGNERS AND PATTERN-MAKERS ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO IMPROVE "THE STANDARD OF QUALITY"

Proof," as it is called, must be saved if nothing else. The entire plant, however, was providentially preserved, and hundreds of workmen were able to immediately resume employment.

In the yards beyond, "flasks" are piled high in the order of streets, and representing very large investments.

The accounting system in force in this factory is one of the wonders of modern methods. Every one of the 25,000 castings made daily, and the various processes in the work are accurately recorded from date to date, so that the exact conditions of each stage of its evolution can be known. The cost of material laid down on the wharf being determined, the



BAKING THE CORES—THESE ARE ENTIRELY CONSUMED WHEN THE CASTING IS POURED, LEAVING DESIRED APERTURES

cupola, or melting-cost is charged up against so many tons of this or that material that enters into the composition of the molten iron. On the other hand, the cupola is credited with so many pieces or pounds of casting as they are produced, and the cost of each type of range or heater is tabulated in one account.

I was just beginning to wonder if the demand at all seasons took care of the immense output of the Magee foundries, when we entered one of the great storehouses. One after another, we passed through them, but

look upon a Magee Range or Heater without increased interest because I have seen them manufactured and I know something of the various processes through which each heater or range must pass.

After all is said about the great factory and equipment, the process of economic production and the securing and putting into the goods the best material that can be obtained was to me the greatest revelation. Back of all this stands the personality of the men who are carrying on the business, commercially and otherwise, in the same spirit



A CORNER OF THE WHOLESALE WAREROOMS IN BOSTON

they were fast being depleted of their fullness, as this was the shipping season when the stock requiring months to manufacture and store away compactly, like honey in hives, is being sent to widely-divergent parts of the country's confines. While the spring demand for ranges is strong, it is in the fall that the shipping force knows little rest; for then both ranges and heaters are ordered rushed out to supply the wants of belated buyers.

After finishing the inspection of the factory, and as the workmen passed out, I felt that much had been added to my store of knowledge. The great muscles and manly faces of the brawny moulders indicated physically perfect manhood. Never again can I

that inspired John Magee. Never before have I known of an organization more thoroughly in harmony or better adapted for the work in every working department, producing a household altar of health and comfort, than that which I saw at the Magee offices and factory.

Had I been a merchant looking for stock, and likely to buy an important bill of goods, I could not have expected or received a more cordial reception in every department of the works. But I went as an interrogating editor, to get information of interest to thousands of NATIONAL subscribers, many living in remote sections of the South and West; and yet everyone, from the humblest workman to the executive heads, seemed to ex-



emply a standard of courtesy which I believe it would be hard to find in any similar commercial corporation.

My photographer who has been fifteen years in the occupation of taking pictures among all sorts and conditions of society, remarked about this, and declared that he had never had an assignment of work where such good nature and willingness to oblige were shown by the men as was extended us among the Magee workers.

It is rugged, grimy work, and yet these moulders and pourers, covered as they are with dust and smut all day, enjoy the privi-

sense, is a waste of time. And this may explain why their product has been the "Standard of Quality for over Fifty Years."

The Magee Furnace Company believes in thorough mutuality with its trade, and in cultivating the closest acquaintance with their representatives everywhere. In the Boston offices are reception rooms where dealers from all parts of the country are welcomed to make their headquarters during their stay in Boston. In these reception rooms are hung photographs of public buildings, libraries, churches and homes, situated from Maine to California, that have been per-



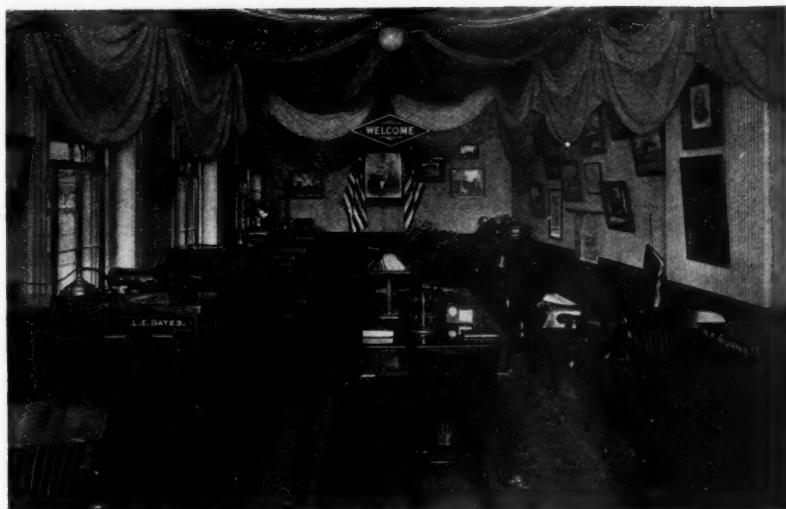
PACKING DEPARTMENT—ALL REMOVABLE PARTS ARE SAFELY STOWED IN OVEN AND FIRE BOX

lege of daily bathing; modern facilities are supplied the men, and universally made use of.

If, as some aver, there is a relationship and an influence of mind upon matter, then I can understand why Magee products have become ideal firesides of today. The very atmosphere is full of contentment in every part and stage of the work. The same spirit is cultivated among the commercial salesmen. It is a pleasure to give one's trade to such people, as every dealer realizes. One gets more than merchandise in dealing where the co-operative spirit is the basic principle—he gets a touch of magnetic force that makes him happier and more appreciative. A transaction in which one or both parties are not benefitted to some extent by something more than profit, in the sordid

factly equipped with Magee cooking and heating apparatus. There are also pictures of out-door signs painted in many languages; but the one word which all people alike have come to understand is one of five letters—"Magee"—embossed upon every product of the largest manufacturers of heating and cooking apparatus under one name in the United States; and the distribution covers all parts of this country, and abroad to some extent.

Upward of thirty gold medals and awards have been given the Magee products, beginning with the Centennial in 1876, at which the historical "Signing of the Declaration of Independence" was cast in iron and given out as souvenirs. The signatures and reading matter of the Declaration was marvelously clear and discernible.



THE MAGEE COMPANY'S RECEPTION ROOM IN BOSTON WHERE VISITORS AND RETAIL DEALERS FROM ALL POINTS ARE MADE TO FEEL AT HOME

After making this tour through the foundry and looking over the myriad details and parts of a common parlor stove, range or heater, it is surprising that they can be manufactured and merchandised at the prices for which they are sold.

There is one thing characteristic of all the members of the Magee Furnace Company, and that is their thorough knowledge of the "know how." They realize the necessity of having goods that are just what the purchasers desire, and also the urgent need of keeping in personal touch with the consumers. The personnel of the company is certainly

reflected in the excellence of its product.

Brushing the dust from my clothes after the tour of the foundry, then with a good wash and a few extra touches to the white vest, I felt as if I had been well repaid for the long walk in the afternoon and my journey through the hot foundry, by learning at first-hand so much concerning the "Hearth of Today" as exemplified in the production of the Magee Ranges and heating equipment; and especially in meeting the men whose life-work and devoted service is embodied in the Magee products known as "The Standard of Quality for Fifty Years."



GREAT CHELSEA FIRE OF APRIL 12 1908—MAGEE FACTORIES MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING



PLANT OF THE FIRE ISLAND OYSTER COMPANY, BAYSHORE, L. I.

# THE ROMANCE OF THE OYSTER

By GARNAUT AGASSIZ

## PART IV. THE BLUE POINT OYSTER INDUSTRY

**H**EADING the *cartes-de-jour* of all the fashionable hotels and restaurants in the country, occupying a chief place in the nation's banqueting halls and on the tables of its homes, inviting the indulgence of the epicure, commanding the respect of all, the Blue Point oyster for many years has stood out conspicuously as the arch-aristocrat among shellfish. Its fame has spread to every corner of our own land and to Europe, and it has become to the lover of a good oyster on the half-shell what champagne is to the lover of good wine.

Some there are who may disagree with this statement, for during the past few years other oysters with distinctive names have clamored for, and in some cases obtained, a certain degree of recognition; in certain quarters, even, command a higher price; but, everything considered, the Blue Point still retains its enviable, we might even say impregnable, position in the hearts of that portion of our people which knows and loves a good oyster on the half-shell.

The action of some of the larger hotels and restaurants in substituting for the Blue Point oyster oysters from other sections, must not be attributed in any sense to a deficiency on the part of the latter, for the Blue Point is today, as yesterday, without question the best oyster for half-shell purposes grown in the United States, but to a practice, common among unscrupulous dealers and growers, of selling these hotels and restaurants, with a view to a greater profit, any small oyster, no matter what its place of origin, for the Blue

Point ordered in good faith. And many of these substitutes, having been very indifferent oysters indeed, have brought down on the Blue Point ill-deserved and unjust criticism and caused a false depreciation in its value.

As flavor, shape and whiteness of meat are the three cardinal requisites of the half-shell oyster, so the Blue Point, possessing these qualities in a marked degree, is essentially the half-shell oyster par excellence.

Nor are these characteristics its only claim to distinction. No native oyster has longer keeping qualities, as is shown by the fact that the Blue Point district practically monopolizes the American-European oyster trade. From a point of nutrition, also, it is as rich, if not richer, than any other oyster to be found in the United States, while its unquestioned purity renders it a remarkably safe food, for whatever may be said of some of New York State's other oyster grounds, no one can gainsay the crystal-like purity of the waters of the Great South Bay, into which the authorities prohibit the emptying of anything of a deleterious nature.

A rigid examination of the Blue Point oyster district has been conducted recently by Dr. Walter Bensel of the Health Department of the City of New York, with the result that a clean bill of health has been officially issued to the Blue Point oyster, Dr. Bensel having credited it with being one of the few really pure oysters sold in New York City. Another fact to be remembered is that the Blue Point district is from forty to fifty miles from



CULLING ROOM OF THE N. S. ACKERLY & SON COMPANY, SAYVILLE, L. I.



THE EXCELSIOR BLUE POINT OYSTER COMPANY'S PLANT, SAYVILLE, L. I.

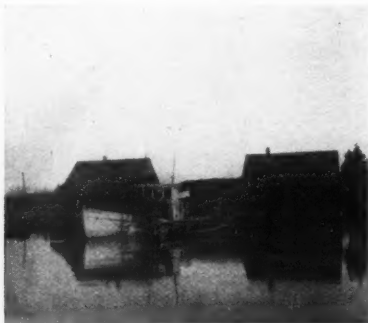
the metropolis. According to Dr. Wiley, Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, Department of Agriculture, without question the greatest living food chemist, an oyster is a safe and nutritious food, unless taken near the effluents of big cities; and it being a physical impossibility for the waters of the Great South Bay to be affected in any way by New York's sewage—for, besides the barrier of distance, there is a physical barrier—Fire Island, which it would in no way be possible for any sewage or other foreign matter to pass—the Blue Point may be said to have received a bill of health from this eminent scientist as well.

Oyster farming in the Great South Bay is as different an occupation to oyster farming in Connecticut,

Rhode Island and other deep-water localities as the intensive farming of the East is to the extensive farming of the West. In the first place, all told, only nine thousand acres are under cultivation in the entire Blue Point district, yet from these nine thousand acres some 700,000 bushels of oysters are gathered annually. Fifteen hundred men are employed in the cultivation, harvesting, cull-

ing and shipping of the product, while some fifty steam and gasoline boats, not to mention innumerable sail and smaller craft, are almost constantly engaged.

As propagating grounds, the Blue Point waters are not very successful, but for maturing purposes they are unsurpassed. Less than one-sixth of the annual crop is native to the Great



PLANT OF THE VAN WYEN BLUE POINT OYSTER COMPANY, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.



South Bay, the balance being made up of oysters transplanted from other waters—chiefly Long Island Sound and Gardiner's Bay—and allowed to mature; an oyster, as was pointed out in the last article, being absolutely dependent on its maturing grounds for quality, flavor and shape.

The total Blue Point product being less than 700,000 bushels a year, which includes opened as well as barreled stock, it can be seen very readily that a large proportion of the oysters sold under the name Blue Point—at least five or six million bushels annually—are not Blue Points at all, but are sold under that name that they may command the increased price to which the surpassing excellence of the real Blue Point oyster entitles it.



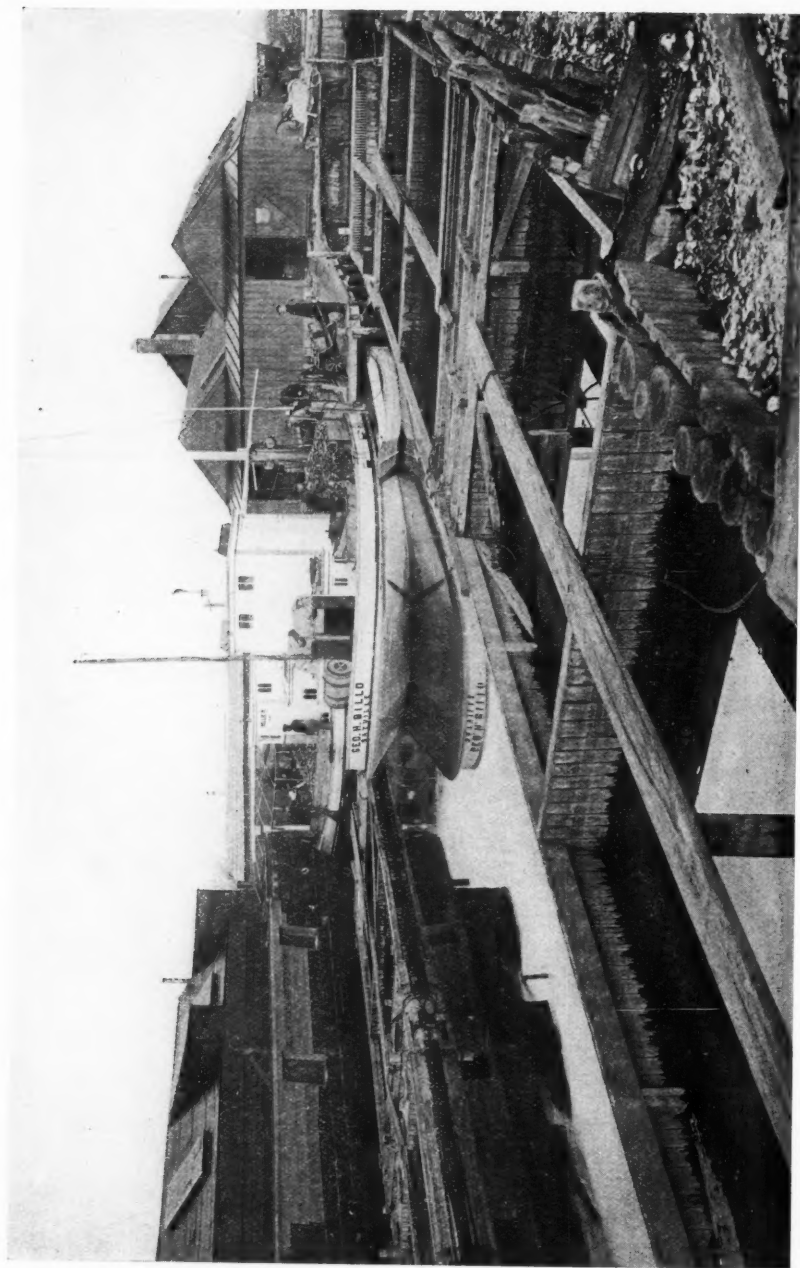
OYSTER PLANT OF FREDERICK OCKERS,  
WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

In almost every city, town and village of the country, restaurateurs and dealers can be found who advertise the Blue Point oyster and sell another. They justify themselves on the ground that "Blue Point" as a name has ceased to be regarded as a geographical appellation, being now interpreted by both the trade and the public as any small, well-shaped oyster. This,

however, is not the case. Blue Point is today as much a geographical appellation as are Cape Cod and Puget Sound, and the growers of Blue Point oysters have as great right to its exclusive use as have the tea-growers of Ceylon to the name which their island bears. When a dealer or restaurateur sells another oyster for a Blue Point, even when he feels that the "other" oyster is just as good, he



PLANT OF THE NASSAU OYSTER COMPANY, PATCHOGUE, L. I.



OYSTER PLANT OF THE N. S. ACKERY & SON COMPANY SAYVILLE, L. I.

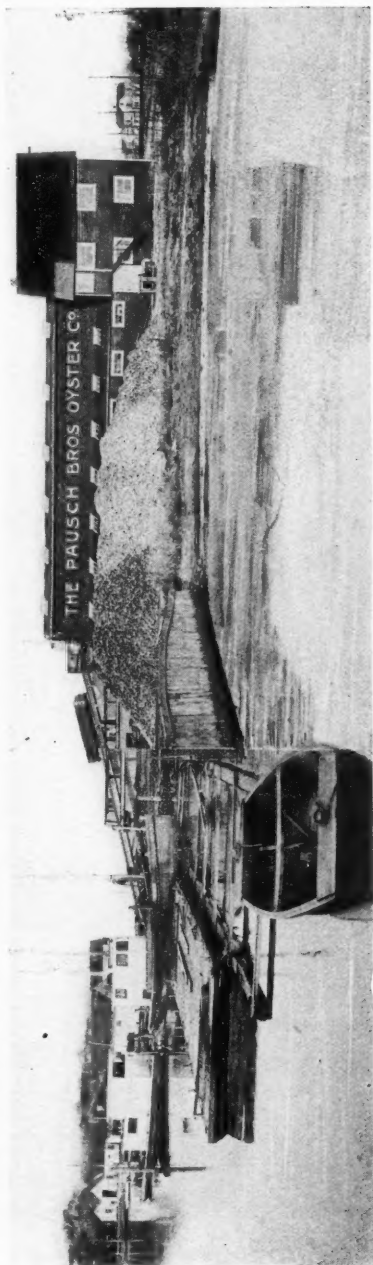
is perpetrating a fraud on the public whom he is supposed to be serving.

The New York Legislature, after giving the question very careful consideration, arrived at the same conclusion, for last session it incorporated the following provision into the Shellfish Bill:

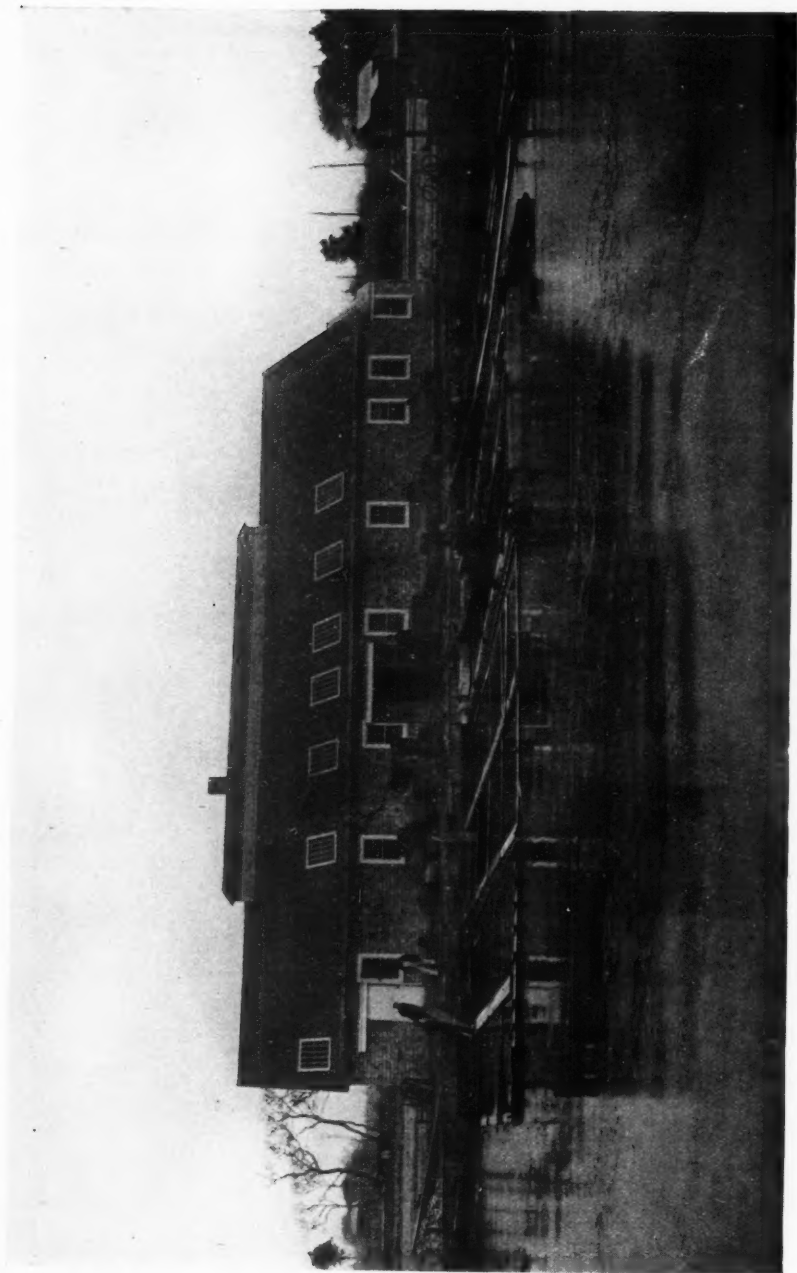
"No person, firm or corporation shall sell or offer for sale any oysters, or label or brand any package containing oysters for shipment or sale, under the name of Blue Point oysters, other than oysters that have been planted and cultivated at least three months in the waters of the Great South Bay in Suffolk County."

This measure, however, is of benefit to the Blue Point growers only in so far as the sale of oysters in New York State is concerned, and then only when properly enforced, as today it is not, the hotels, restaurants and dealers of every other state in the Union being still in a position to trade on the reputation of the Blue Point and serve for that Blue Point any oyster they may see fit.

It would seem, therefore, that the Federal authorities might well introduce, under the Interstate Commerce Act or Pure Food Law, some measure that would afford to these growers the protection to which they are justly entitled. Only recently there went into effect in France an executive decree, issued by the president, having for its primary purpose the protection of those established wines and brandies, which, like the Blue Point oyster, derive their names from the districts in which they are produced—or did until other districts stepped in and stole their birthright. The provisions of this law are very rigid indeed, and its enforcement is placed in the hands of at least five departments of the government. Under the new law every champagne grown beyond the borders of the old province of Champagne, even when manufactured by the same firm and under precisely similar conditions, must be so labeled; the wines of other districts must no longer be confused with the products of Bordeaux and Burgundy, while the term cognac must be confined to the brandies distilled in the departments of which Cognac is the market town. Then why cannot a similar law be placed upon *our* Federal statute books, not alone for the protection of the Blue Point, but for all generic designations, whether of oysters or oranges?



THE PAUSCH BROS. OYSTER COMPANY'S PLANT, BAYSHORE, L. I.

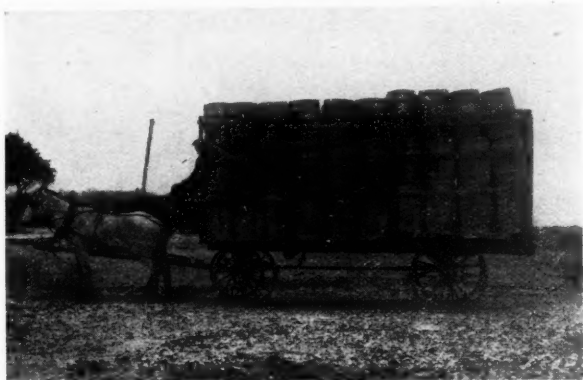


PARTIAL VIEW OF THE NEW PLANT OF JACOB OCKERS, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

While the Blue Point oyster was first introduced to the public less than sixty years ago, the genesis of the Blue Point industry may be said to antedate this event by hundreds of years at least, for tradition tells us that long, long before either the English or Dutch pointed their ships' prows to the land of the setting sun the Long Island Indian, idling away his



THE "MYRTLE," QUEEN OF THE NASSAU OYSTER COMPANY'S FLEET



TRANSFERRING BARRELS FROM FACTORY TO PLANT

summers after the manner of his race, and, after the manner of his race, making no provision for the future, was dependent entirely upon what the sea offered for his winter's sustenance. The advance guard of civilization, landing on these shores, was propitiated by peace offerings of oysters and other shellfish, and for many years thereafter the oyster was a recognized medium of ex-

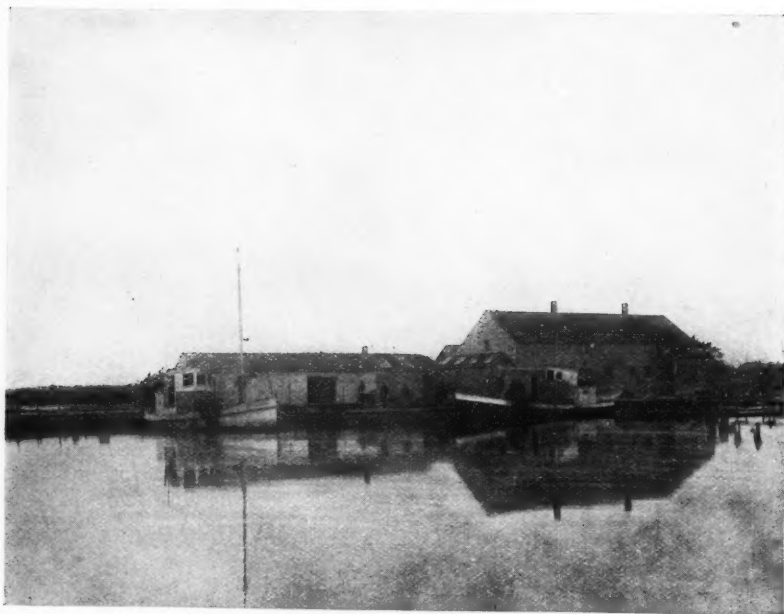
change between white man and red. These first "Blue Points" were, however, very different from those of today, judging by the many fantastic stories of their great size and weight carried back to the fire-sides of the Old World.

The first known attempt to place the Blue Point oyster industry on anything like a commercial basis was in the year 1790, when the town of



OYSTER PLANT OF E. BROWN & BRO., BAYPORT, L. I.



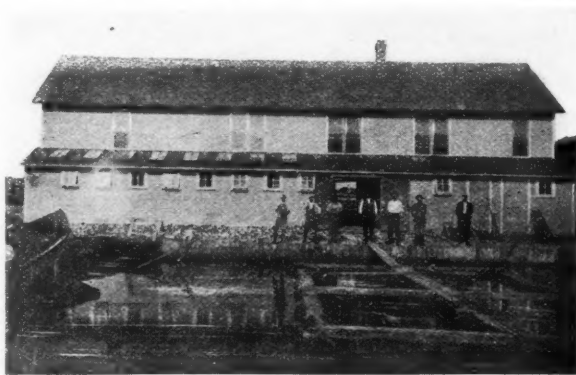


WESTERBEKE BROS.' OYSTER PLANT, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.

Brookhaven instituted a form of taxation by which a stipulated sum was derived from every load of oysters gathered for marketing purposes, oysters caught for private use being exempt from toll under the provisions of the statute defining the naal rights of the free fisherman.

"About the year 1810," says Mr. James Herring, Secretary of the Blue Point Oyster Growers' Association, who has made a very exhaustive study of the early history of Suffolk County's shell-fisheries, "from some unknown cause, the oysters ceased to propagate in the Bay, and gradually became scarcer, until between the years 1825 and 1830 they were very scarce indeed, and proportionately dear, bringing a price in

some cases of five dollars a hundred. Such fabulous stories are told of the great size of these oysters, the last of the old crop, as they were called, that if they were not well corroborated by the monster shells that are even today occasionally found in the deeper waters of the Bay, they would seem incredulous stories indeed.



THE PLANT OF THE J. A. COCHRANE & SONS' COMPANY, BAYSHORE, L. I.



A BLUE POINT OYSTER FLEET OF TEN YEARS AGO

"Before very long the oysters had disappeared entirely, and their failure was justly regarded as an appalling calamity, for it not only threw many able-bodied men out of work, but reduced to worthlessness a very large investment of capital and equipment. About the year 1839, however, a public-spirited citizen of Sayville determined to test once more the possibilities of the Great South Bay in the matter of oyster cultivation, and with this end in view brought in from Virginia a few loads of seed oysters. Planted in the Bay, these oysters spawned and increased so rapidly that all the beds in the

eastern portion thereof were found to be bountifully seeded with very healthy young oysters, and, the oysters continuing to seed the bay year after year, prosperity returned once more to the oysterman of the Great South Bay.

"In the year 1836 what is now known as the village of Sayville was a mere hamlet of perhaps a dozen houses, and a meeting of the inhabitant was held to decide on a name and petition the Post Office department to establish a post office. The names of Edwardsville, Greenville and Judea were canvassed without result, when one of the parties present,

who was of Spanish descent, suggested the name of Seville, from the city of that name in Spain, and on ballot being taken the majority was in favor of same; but the secretary of the meeting blundered in his spelling and wrote the name 'Sayville' and it was so forwarded to the Post Office Department at Washington and adopted.

"About the year 1847, certain Sayville oystermen staked off



THE BAYPORT BARREL FACTORY

Where nearly all the barrels used in the Blue Point trade are manufactured



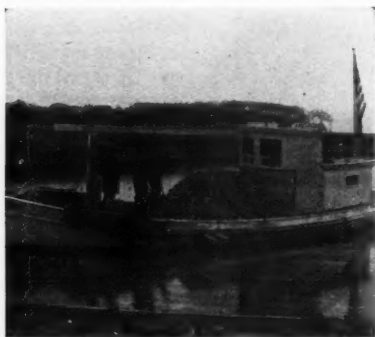
BEEBE BROTHERS' OYSTER PLANT, SAYVILLE, L. I.

some ground on what is known as California bed and planted a number of loads of young oysters thereon from the eastern part of the bay, and in 1849 they went there to see how they were doing and found that the oysters had all lived and were in such large quantities that one of the men seeing the shells had a bright yellow color from a moss or sponge that grows in that locality, exclaimed: 'It's a California.' And the California bed has been its name until the present time."

While recognition on the part of the oyster-loving public of the surpassing excellence of the Blue Point did much to build up the industry, it is only of comparatively recent years that it has been even partially developed, for the native Blue Point oysterman, typically Long Island in his conservatism, failed to take advantage of the extraordinary chances

for development that offered until the Connecticut grower, ever on the watch for opportunity, showed a disposition to turn his attention to the Great South Bay, and the Blue Pointer realized that his very future was in jeopardy. Then it was that by revolutionizing his methods of business and by a broad policy of expansion, he laid the foundation of his present success. In the ten or fifteen years that have

intervened since then, the Blue Point district,

FRANK ROGERS' OYSTER PLANT, BAYPORT  
LONG ISLANDOYSTER BOAT OF W. VAN POPERING, WEST  
SAYVILLE L. I.OYSTER PLANT OF G. VAN DER BORGH &  
SON, WEST SAYVILLE, L. I.



A WINTER SCENE OF THE GREAT SOUTH BAY

A typical obstruction that the Blue Point system must meet and overcome

common with the other sections of the oyster industry of the North has progressed rapidly, until today every acre of ground capable of cultivation has been taken up. The old sail-boat has been superseded by the modern gasoline and steam craft, constructed especially for the business;

the old shop has been replaced by the new and modern plant; the old methods of handling and shipping have been relegated to the past, and the industry itself reincarnated with the progressiveness which is the true secret of industrial success in this as in other lines of trade.





By BENNETT CHAPPLE

**D**URING the past months many subscribers have sent to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE personal reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, which will appear in the February issue in a series of sketches celebrating the centennial of the birth of America's immortal statesman. We want to make this as complete a collection of hitherto unprinted incidents and recollections as possible, and if any reader has a good story, a verse, old war-time pictures or personal incidents relating to Lincoln, we would be pleased to have them sent on to us as promptly as possible, as the time is now growing short. This idea was suggested at a late date by a number of readers who are enthusiastic admirers of Lincoln, and the best material which has yet appeared concerning him is coming in from those who were close to him in those trying days when the real greatness of the man was scarcely recognized.

Many stories are told in cloak rooms, in hotel corridors and by the Washington guides, who are especially versatile in regard to new anecdotes concerning Lincoln at the present time. Old admirers visiting the city now have difficulty in locating the haunts familiar during the war. Washington has undergone a very complete transformation in many places; even the old house where Lincoln died, and Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street, where he was assassinated, have been almost obliterated in the swirl of sky scrapers, yet every scrap of information and personal reminiscence concerning Lincoln is more valued as the years pass by.

**A WELL INFORMED CREDIT MAN**  
**T**HE great business leadership of New York City in world affairs is in a large measure due to the constant recruiting to



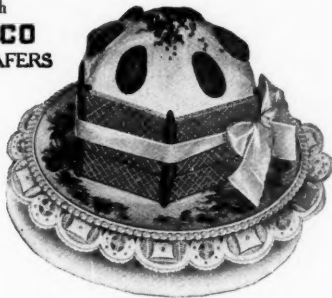
PAUL H. SHERIDAN

its business enterprises of young men from the West and South—ambitious, well-trained and capable. Mr. Paul H. Sheridan, treasurer of the Carnegie Trust Company, at thirty-one years of age, is a type of the Western young man who has made a place for himself in New York, through hard work



Charlotte à la Princesse

Made with  
**NABISCO**  
SUGAR WAFERS



No other dessert confection has  
ever so satisfied that wholesome  
desire for a delicate sweet as

# NABISCO

## SUGAR WAFERS

### —RECIPE—

Remove center from a six-sided fruit cake and fill with  
Cocoanut Macaroons that have been soaked in lemon  
syrup, then spread over layer of apricot preserve.  
Cover edges with Nabisco Sugar Wafers; keep in  
position with Royal Icing. Ornament corners with  
almond paste. Tie around with pretty ribbon. Before  
serving fill up center with whipped sweetened cream.  
Decorate with Festinos and chopped Pistachio nuts.

IN TEN CENT TINS

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Don't fail to mention "The National Magazine" when writing to advertisers.

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

and careful application to his duties. He was born in the little town of Brooklyn, Michigan, and spent his boyhood in Muskegon, and the first money he ever earned was in the lumber camps of Northern Michigan. This early training gave that rugged constitution so necessary to the strenuous life of a great city. When fifteen years of age, he came to New York City, securing employment with the Wells, Fargo & Company's Bank as messenger. The bank steadily and rapidly promoted him, until he had filled all the positions in the institution up to that of paying teller, receiving the full confidence and trust of his employers, which he merited by his strict integrity, close attention to his duties, and by fully informing himself of the special feature of each post he took in quick succession, and showing the happy faculty of identifying himself with each position.

In 1903 he left the Wells, Fargo & Company's Bank, and went to the International Banking Corporation, which he served with ability and fidelity until June, 1907, when Leslie M. Shaw, then president of the Carnegie Trust Company, called him into the service of that institution, appointing him assistant secretary of the Carnegie Trust Company. Rapid promotion, which had marked his earlier career, attended him in his new place, for in a brief ten months he was elected to his present office of treasurer. It is said he is one of the best-informed credit men in the banking community.

\* \* \*

### THE KEEN KUTTER

A KEEN KUTTER cabinet has been installed on the mechanical floor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE's home, and the busy workers there have passed a vote of thanks; first, to the man who thought of the *idea*; next, to those who are responsible for the superior workmanship of the array of glistening tools; and finally to the one who was responsible for the installation of the outfit in our workroom. The cabinet is so handily arranged, a niche for each tool, that no time is wasted searching for some special implement—exactly what is wanted is always within easy reach.

The outfit, too, contains so many delightful surprises:

"Well, I wish I had such-and-such a tool," someone will say.

"Look in the Keen Kutter cabinet," instantly comes the response, and there, invariably, is to be found just what the man wanted, and the very best of its kind.

As soon as the idea is generally known, the value of a Keen Kutter cabinet will be understood and no factory in the country will be without one in each department. Its remarkable usefulness will also insure its installation in innumerable stores, shops and households where saving of time is an important consideration.

The Keen Kutter cabinet is the first to be put on the market in which the tools are all of the same brand. "Keen Kutter," the trade mark which stands for quality, is graven on the glistening tools, but more than that, it is wrought through and through in the very life of the steel. There is a fascination in the equipoise of the group, which is strictly individual and characteristic of the Keen Kutter cabinet. The expression which originated with Mr. E. C. Simmons, "the recollection of quality remains long after the price has been forgotten," is most appropriate as applied to the Keen Kutter cabinet—because it is so true.

\* \* \*

### THE AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS COMPANY

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, when he gathered together the material for his new printing office in Philadelphia, could not have felt more pleasure than I did when I unpacked my first "case" bought of Marder, Luse & Company. That clean, neat case, with the "e" boxes in handy prominence; those bright, silvery letters, were a joy that can be understood by every printer.

Type founders have played an important part in the development of the art preservative, and when one speaks of them the first name that comes to mind is the American Type Founders Company, the concern that succeeded to Marder, Luse & Company's business.

Since my first initiation into a printing office, I don't think a week—certainly not a month—has elapsed without my getting something from this type foundry, that unfailing reservoir of compositors' materials. When the printer runs out of "sorts"—that is, certain letters—the American Type Founders are very popular people.

# VICTOR



Photos copyright Dupont,  
Fahy, Mishkin.



- |                   |               |
|-------------------|---------------|
| 1 Caruso          | 15 Abbot      |
| 2 Sembrich        | 16 Farrar     |
| 3 Melba           | 17 Caruso     |
| 4 Scotti          | 18 Homer      |
| 5 Gadski          | 19 Gadski     |
| 6 Homer           | 20 Eames      |
| 7 Journet         | 21 Ancona     |
| 8 Farrar          | 22 Campanari  |
| 9 Caruso          | 23 Scotti     |
| 10 Plancon        | 24 Battistini |
| 11 Eames          | 25 Melba      |
| 12 Schumann-Heink | 26 Plancon    |
| 13 Dalmores       | 27 Eames      |
| 14 Tetrizzini     | 28 Calvé      |

The actual living, breathing voices of  
the world's greatest opera singers in all  
their power, sweetness and purity.

Hear the Victor—any Victor dealer will  
gladly play it for you. \$10 to \$300.

Write for catalogues of the Victor and Victor Records.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co. Montreal, Canadian Distributors



To get best results, use only Victor Needles on Victor Records

A complete list of new Victor Records for January will be found in the January number of Munsey's,  
Scribner's, McClure's, Century, Everybody's, Current Literature, and February Cosmopolitan.

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

It might be supposed that the immense number and variety of articles required to complete an equipment and keep the presses of the country busy would exhaust the resources of any foundry, but the American Type Founders Company always keeps in touch with printers and publishers, and thus accurately gauges the consumption and supply. It is especially appropriate that the branch office of the American Type Founders Company should be located almost within a stone's throw of the birthplace of Benjamin Franklin, for no one can speak of movable types without remembering the man who developed "print-craft" in America.

\* \* \*

### CEMENT USED FOR BUILDING

IN view of the ravages of fire, and the remarkable heat-resisting qualities of cement, it is certainly the building material of the age. Its wide and varied utility, especially to small users, makes it of interest to everyone. Though extensively used, its properties are not generally understood, so that the January exhibition of cement products and appliances to be held at Cleveland, Ohio, the Fifth Annual of the National Association of Cement Users, is of special interest to the general public. Here a good opportunity will be afforded to study the many uses to which cement can be applied and the great advances that have been made during the past year. The large Central Armory will be filled to overflowing with exhibits and the convention to be held at the Hotel Hollenden will bring together the foremost experts of the country. Many papers will be read and discussed and valuable information can be obtained concerning the proper use of this new material. This exhibition is the event of the year to those interested in cement, and it looks as though 1909 gatherings would be the largest in the history of the industry

\* \* \*

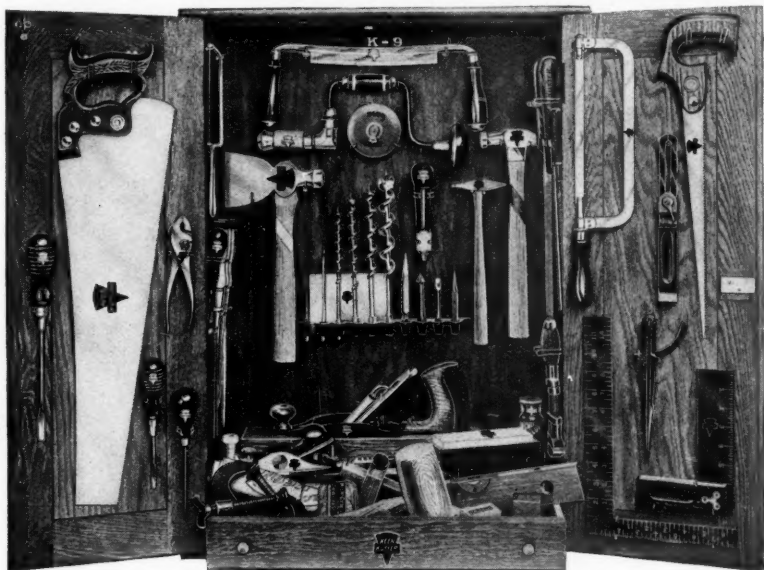
### LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

IT is interesting to know that the famous Liebig's Extract of Beef—the oldest product of its kind—and bearing the name Baron Justus von Liebig, a very distinguished physiologist and chemist of sixty years ago, is a South American product. Unquestionably the greatest cattle-raising countries in the world are Argentina, Uruguay, and

Paraguay in South America, whose grassy plains surpass even those of our own great West. Here the Liebig's Extract of Meat Company, as early as 1868, had some 28,494 acres of land and a herd of about 12,000 cattle. Every year these figures have rapidly increased; this year the total area of their numerous ranches amounts to 1,302,386 acres, upon which are herded 224,406 cattle. The Liebig Company owns seven ranches in Uruguay, ten in Argentina, nine in Paraguay, and rents ten others. To visit all the ranches of this company and spend only a day and night at each place would occupy the best part of three months. The pastures of these ranches are spread over 2,000 miles, the largest being 160 square miles. Even in our own country of ample space, such an area makes one "sit up and take notice." These ranches are situated along the valley of the Uruguay River, where the soil is wonderfully fertile and where the finest cattle in the world are grown. In a single year the Liebig herds consumed over 4,000,000 tons of grass and 700,000,000 gallons of water, all for what? To be turned into Liebig's Extract of Beef through a mysterious and wonderful metamorphosis, as the dewdrop becomes the wine of the grape.

These interesting facts were noted in a *London Lancet* article, an authority on these subjects; this paper sent its own commissioner to the South American countries to visit the Liebig ranches and factories. The *Lancet* says, speaking of Liebig's Extract: "From time to time we think it of interest to give an account of the processes involved in the manufacture of various foods which are well known to and largely consumed by the public. It is obviously impossible in very many instances for the medical profession or the public to ascertain for themselves the conditions under which these food products are manufactured, and yet it is very desirable that some assurance should be obtainable that not only are the foods themselves of excellent quality and in sound condition, but that they are manufactured under the strictest demands of hygienic practice.

"In making Liebig's Extract of Beef, the finest portions of meat are selected, and reduced to the condition of mince-meat by machines especially constructed for the purpose. This pulpy mass is then transferred to large pans or kettles, each capable

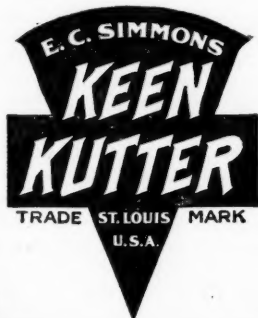


No. K. 9

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To save the trouble of collecting a useful set, and to provide a place sufficiently good for the proper care of fine tools, the Keen Kutter Tool Cabinets have been designed. Small and large assortments, but every tool a Keen Kutter, every tool guaranteed.

The only tool cabinets made containing a set of guaranteed tools under one name and trade-mark.

Cabinets are beautifully finished—fitted with racks and hooks for every tool. Drawers are supplied with numberless accessories, such as screws, nails, wire, glue, clamps, sand paper, etc.

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St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.



of holding four tons, in which it is left with its own weight of pure filtered water. After the addition of more water the mixture, by means of steam jackets is carried to a certain degree of temperature which is determined by a consideration of the condition of the meat. Generally the temperature is between 80° and 94° C., but it is never allowed to exceed the last figure as otherwise the extract would contain gelatin. During this process fat continuously rises and is skimmed off. The more or less clear liquor is then run off and the work of concentration is commenced. Fat is again skimmed off until at length the watery extract or soup is practically free. The fat so skimmed off is of the very finest description, being that which occurs in the interstices of the meat cells.

"Concentration proceeds again in a vacuum vessel, and at a certain point the liquor is filtered, concentrated again and filtered again through a battery of filters known as a filter press. The final stage is reached when the now syrupy liquid is placed in a special concentrator provided with a revolving worm, and through which steam is passing. It is very essential if complete uniformity in regard to consistency and composition of the extract is aimed at that during the last stages of concentration the mass should be continually stirred. The treacly mass is then run off while hot into tin canisters of varying capacity, and is ultimately dispatched to the distributing factories in Europe for subdivision into small parcels in the form in which the public receives it."

With this introduction by the *London Lancet*, and with a knowledge of the fact that before the cattle reach the place of slaughter they are carefully examined by the veterinary surgeon, who is required to certify that each animal is free from disease, the little jars of Liebig's Extract become more than a mere food. Associated with this strengthening preparation of beef is the romance of the great ranches of the Southland, where the finest cattle are grown and where purity and perfect cleanliness are paramount considerations.

\* \* \*

#### A SOCIOLOGICAL MEETING

ONE of the notable gatherings on the Cape each year is the sociological meeting held at Sagamore Beach, in response to an invitation from Mr. George W. Coleman,

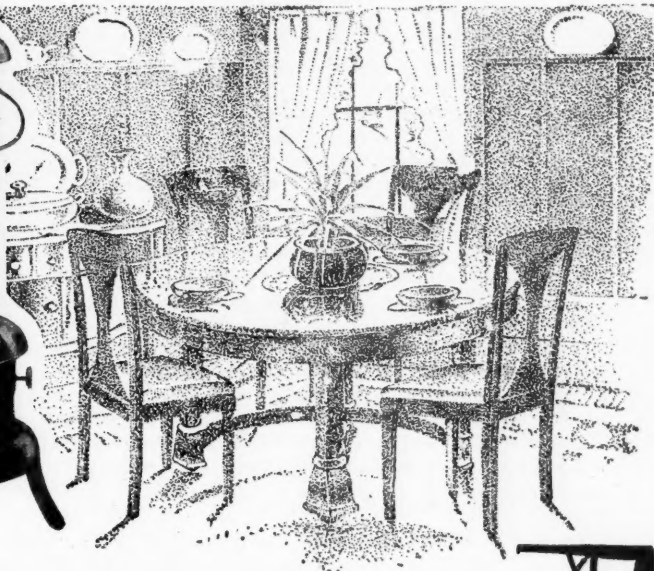
publisher of the *Christian Endeavor World*, and his charming wife. The time was ripe for a sociological gathering to consider social standards and ideals. Sagamore Beach was an ideal place to meet, fanned by the bracing sea winds, and every breeze fragrant with the odor of sweet fern, pine and the tang of the salt marshes. At the Bradford Arms and the Sagamore Lodge, guests were entertained, receiving a welcome that would have done credit to the real, old-time Cape Cod hospitality. Sessions were held in the morning and evening, leaving the afternoon free for recreation. While difference of opinion existed at the meetings, there was a broad spirit of tolerance, and the exchange of ideas was instructive and inspiring. The occasion had something of the earnestness of the Brook Farm experiment, although the discussion was of a more practical and enduring nature. Mr. Coleman was a host entirely equal to the occasion, and the conference for 1909 promises to surpass all previous gatherings.

\* \* \*

#### THE AMERICAN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

A PHASE of American business life that has attracted much attention from foreign visitors is the large business houses and institutions having their own organ or newspaper, edited by employer and employees. One of the brightest of these publications is the *New England Telephone Topics*. Every month the 10,000 employees of the New England Telephone Company receive a copy. Under the care of Mr. Feeny, the editor, every number is full of bright, stimulating, sketchy material. The spirit indicated in this publication is very wholesome. It shows that a corporation need not be the octopus and devourer that it has been pictured by demagogues during the recent campaign. There are good and bad corporations, just as there are good and bad people, but more and more they are coming to see that, if they are to exist at all, their first duty must be to the public.

Those who have analyzed the matter say that the sense of responsibility and the *esprit de corps* engendered by belonging to a great corporation are good things when the standards of the company are right; an employee naturally reflects the aims and purposes of the company for which he works.



## While the Fire is Low.

A hot breakfast in a cozy warm room starts one right for the day. A cold dining room spoils the enjoyment of the meal.

The dining room or any room in the house can be heated in a few minutes with a

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For instance, you could light it in your bedroom to dress by, then carry it to the dining room, and by the time the coffee is ready, the room is warm. Impossible to turn it too high or too low—never smokes or smells—gives intense heat for 9 hours with one filling. Every heater warranted.

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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

[It appears that the telephone company has sentinels constantly on the watch for public needs. For instance, when a fire occurs in a suburb, in order to meet the extra work and answer promptly all inquiries for missing friends, several extra operators will be sent down from the central office. In a case which recently came within my own experience five operators were sent at midnight to a suburb on such special work.

Boston is the original home of the American Bell Telephone Company, and the managers of the New England Telephone Company's sprightly periodical have access to an amount of valuable material which will make every issue of the little paper of great value as historical data. Do you ever stop to realize that less than twenty years ago the telephone came into general use, and is now considered almost as essential a part of household equipment as a door bell?

\* \* \*

### HARMONY EN TOUR

"WHAT the bee is to the flow'et" the touring artist is to dwellers in the small cities and towns, inspiring and uplifting them with his musical genius and bringing to them a knowledge of good music not otherwise obtainable. Standing at the head of the list of distinguished musicians engaged in this work of intellectual enrichment are Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Joseph Levine, Ernest Schelling, and Ernest Hutchinson, who carry the bewitching harmony and dulcet tones of the Steinway Piano into every section, bringing the possibilities of the instrument within the ken of thousands of music-lovers who look as eagerly for their coming as the small boy does for his Santa Claus.

The small cities respond readily with a good audience for "musicals," and long after the artist has departed, his memory is kept green by the nobler ideals, loftier aims and deeper purposes implanted by good music.

\* \* \*

### FIRE INSURANCE

MEMORIES of youth throw a glamor of personal interest over certain things and subjects. Every time that the question of fire insurance comes up I recall early days in the little village where my father was an old-fashioned fire insurance agent. The

"panic year" had come; failures followed thick and fast. There was a desperate struggle for employment among men who had been in good circumstances and failed and now were in urgent need of work to obtain a livelihood for their families. Among other collateral undertakings, my father tried his fortunes as a fire insurance agent, and no man ever followed a profession with more energy.

How well I remember the big black books with long red lines and bold lettering—"Hartford Fire Insurance Company"—over the top of each page, and those big, fat envelopes and policies that look large enough to blanket a horse. Although there were several companies on his list, it always seemed that the "old Hartford" was the prime favorite; something in the way the company wrote their agents and cared for the individual interests of every policy holder made a lasting impression. There was always a strong demand for Hartford blotters and tin signs and calendars; the little old town and farming district surrounding it had a fine majority that would have voted for "Hartford" every time. Everyone had some recollection of how his father or his grandfather had insured in "the old Hartford."

The children of our household always knew when father had secured a new insurance policy, because then he indulged in a five-cent cigar, which supplanted the old copipe of ordinary times. He had earned his fifteen-per-cent. commission—why not a little extra luxury for one whose every thought was for his family? In the village many little tin signs might be seen nailed over the doors; those old Hartford blocks of gold were regarded as almost a charm against destruction by fire—a token for good, like the horse-shoe nailed over the door to keep out witches and evil spirits.

With such early associations, it was natural that the first time I visited Hartford, Connecticut, I should look for the home of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. Here for ninety-nine years—I love to be exact—the old insurance company, through the stress and storm of financial panics, from '37, '97 to 1907, and the ravages of conflagrations such as the world has never before known, has endured steadfast on its solid foundation. In peace and war, through ups and downs of national history, under all possible

# THE TELEPHONE COMMONWEALTH



***On November 3 the universal usefulness of the Bell System was shown as never before. It was an intimate, integral part of the election machinery. And by the time old Trinity Steeple chimed midnight the Bell Service had reliably informed farmers and householders throughout the nation that Mr. Taft was elected.***

THE returns telephoned by seven o'clock from election district to election district in Erie County, New York, indicated by a rule the politicians follow that Taft had carried the State of New York.

By eight o'clock the crowds in front of the newspaper offices knew it.

By eleven the approximate size of the majority in Ohio was known.

In the newspaper offices of the single city of Philadelphia, between 200 and 300 Bell telephone operators were announcing the bulletins to every subscriber who "rang up."

In thousands of newspaper offices over the country, tens of thousands of operators were doing the same thing.

In what other country could it have happened?

Comparison is futile. Yet as a telephone achievement it only marks the *passing point of progress* reached by a service which set out in the beginning to occupy the *whole field* of telephony.

The apparatus, the operators, the lines—the whole equipment of the service simply measured up to the *busiest hour capacity* of the Bell Companies.

But it is an object lesson to those who are really interested in the development of the telephone to its point of greatest public utility.

It emphasizes the value of federation in national telephone work—the necessity of co-operation, of a common investment which *provides an equipment, on a business basis*, capable of carrying the country's telephone traffic at the *busiest hour of the busiest day*.

This cardinal principle which guided the original Bell Telephone Company remains the guiding influence in the affairs of the associated Bell Companies.

There is an investment in the equipment of these companies to-day of about \$600,000,000. The wonderful development which has resulted from this unexampled investment, which is being increased at the rate of over \$50,000,000 a year, has given America the leadership of the world.

The press of other countries hold up the Bell Telephone System as an example of what the telephone systems in their own countries *might become* under proper management.

The press of Paris has been agitated for some months over a "telephone crisis," brought about by the "extreme inefficiency" of the service, which is conducted by the Post Office Department.

After much debate a programme has been announced, calling for *five* new telephone exchanges in Paris to cost \$6,000,000, and cable work estimated at another \$6,000,000, *a period of four years being allowed for the execution of this work*.

An English telephone expert examined the working of the Bell Telephone System during the present year, as compared with the system of England.

"I venture to say," he wrote in The London Times of August 12, 1908, "that ninety-nine out of one hundred business men in Great Britain would gladly pay *twice* the rates they now pay for trunk telephone calls if they could be assured of a service approaching the efficiency of the American service."

Every subscriber to the Bell service becomes a member of a great, national telephone *federation* whose watchword is *promptness*; a brotherhood of *quick communication* which is the life of American civilization.

## American Telephone & Telegraph Company

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## LET'S TALK IT OVER

circumstances, the Hartford Fire Insurance Company has never been known to fail in meeting an emergency. Who can tell of the wonderful part it has played in the economic development of the country, not only because of investments which have been a remarkable feature of national financial success, but because when the little home or the business of a life-time lies in ruins the "Hartford's" payment of fire-losses enables its policy holders, with renewed courage, to take up the burned threads and begin anew.

Speaking of fire recalls the sturdy fight of Independent Fire Company No. 1, with the old hand-engine, "Blackhawk," prize-winner at many tournaments, to save Billy Hill's bakery. He had a Hartford tin sign over his door, but the agent and the neighbors wanted to save Billy's household gods for him.

Loss by fire has become a burning economic question; the insurance agent is no longer obliged to argue the necessity of fire insurance—the one question now debated is the most adequate protection and the character of the company behind the policy.

When great disasters like those of Boston, Portland, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco and Chelsea occur, the great question comes uppermost—How many and which of the companies will be able to weather the storm? Was there ever even a suspicion that the Hartford payments would not instantly be made? If all companies had its solid basis and conservative business methods, there would never be any question of their being able to meet liabilities, even in times of giant disasters.

Now my father smokes a twenty-five-cent cigar every time a new press arrives on our

floor, ready to be insured in the same good old company. For my part, the trust of my early days has never faltered, and the moment fire insurance is mentioned I recall my father's old agency and promptly suggest the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

\* \* \*

### THE VICTOR RECORDS

MANY critics say that Caruso is the greatest tenor that ever lived. He is certainly the greatest tenor of the times. His voice is wonderful for power, and wonderful for sweetness. He is a robusto tenor and a lyric tenor, both in one. His voice has a quality you can't describe—full of passion and feeling—a voice with a soul. And you hear it on the Victor as you would hear it if you were sitting in a box at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York—every note, clear, full and perfect as if he stood before you. You actually hear him breathe. Caruso gets \$3,500 every time he signs at the Metropolitan, and yet on the Victor he comes right into your home and sings for you any time.

So do Calve, Eames, Plancon, Scotti and Tetrizzini, the singer who created the last big musical sensation in New York. The Victor list of records is full of the best the opera season affords. And if you don't care for Grand Opera Songs, but would like to hear Grand Opera singers, turn to the Victor record list and there you will find the beautiful old time ballads—the songs of heart and home. There is the "Last Rose of Summer," sung by Adelina Patti, and "Home, Sweet Home," sung by Mme. Sembrich, and "Auld Lang Syne," "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Annie Laurie" and "Suwanee River" by others almost as well-known.





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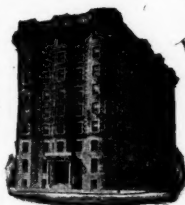
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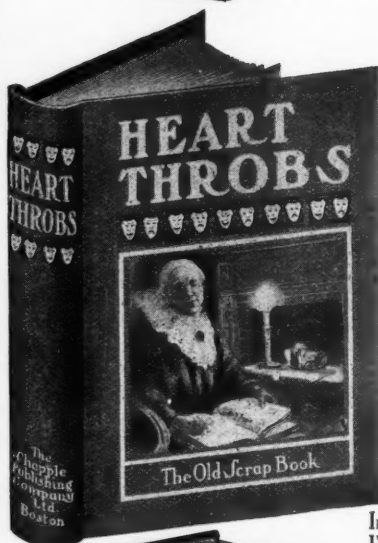




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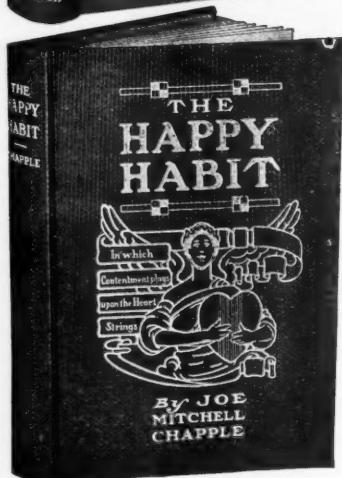
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Second—What is **THE HAPPY HABIT**?



In regard to The Happy Habit, having written the book, I'll have to refer you to the exceedingly generous notices of book reviewers. It is a singularly appropriate title and like Heart Throbs it's a book that "just grewed." For twenty years I have been going around like a human camera taking snap-shots which I have developed on little happy habit prints, bringing out the bright spots and cheery sunshine of every day, in a wholesome conversational way—the way I would delight to "tell you about it" if we were friends together.

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

**SPECIAL OFFER**—Either Heart Throbs or The Happy Habit can be had at any first-class book store, price \$1.50. If you choose you can have either book in combination with a year's subscription to the National Magazine (\$1.50), of which I am editor, for \$2.00, or both books and the magazine for \$3.00. To those who desire them I will be glad to send autograph copies.

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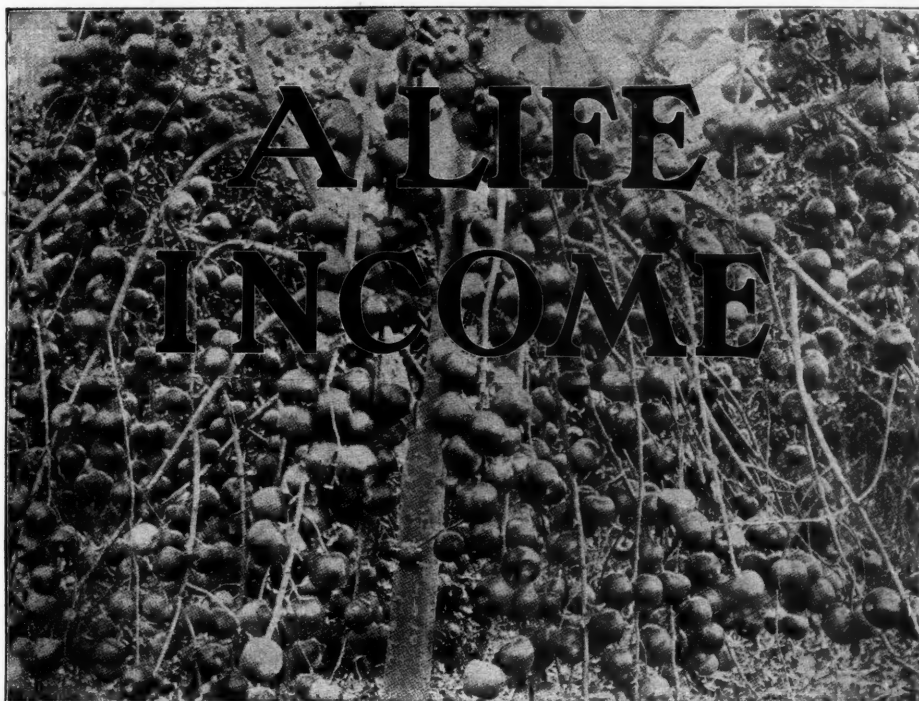
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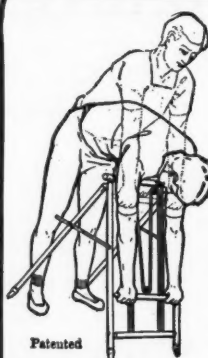
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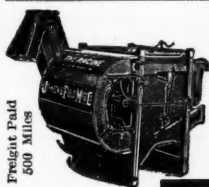
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MAGAZINE**  
BOSTON, MASS.

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Proprietors and Manufacturers

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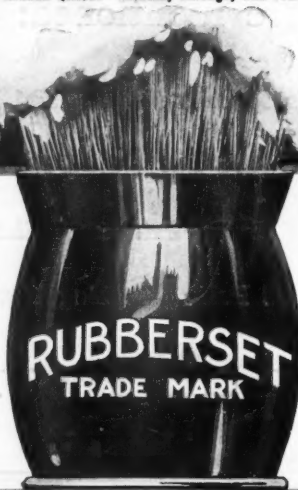
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